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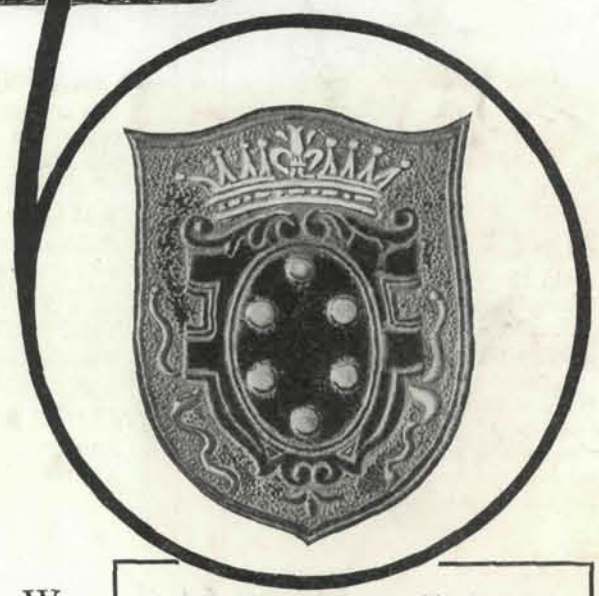

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

HARRY RAGLAN had an absent-minded way of marrying the wrong woman. When he realized his mistake he was always in such a hurry to get rid of her that any price seemed fair. Even a huge alimony bill, however, failed to keep him completely happy.

Meanwhile Regis Mulholland, who worked in his office, watched Raglan's tempestuous and costly ventures with quiet desperation. And the alimony bill kept mounting.

Then came the crash—

Next week George Agnew Chamberlain thrusts you into a maelstrom of love, treachery and high finance in the opening installment of "Marriage for Revenue." Get ready to take a flier.

UNTIL a few months ago Mark Twain's dictum about the weather held good for money as well. Everyone in this country was talking about it; no one did anything. Now various surprising things have been done, but the talking continues. There's a self-appointed expert in every drawing-room and smoker. Give him half a chance and he'll explain the gold standard so clearly that you couldn't tell it from the North Pole if you held them side by side. Upon this uproar of conflicting voices we pour, like oil on troubled waters, the calm, judicious findings of John T. Flynn. Listen closely and you will learn the relation of money to the health of the Republic. And what of it.

AT a masquerade you expect the unexpected. Anything is likely to happen and frequently does. But even so, to find a new self there is a little startling. You'd hardly believe it unless you went through the experience yourself. Luckily there's no trouble about that—you can do it in Natalie Shipman's delightful and romantic short story "Rose in Bloomers."

MOST war stories reach their conclusions swiftly and finally on the field of battle. But there are others that only begin there. They conceal their meaning like the separate parts of a jig-saw puzzle until accident or fate throws certain men together and the pieces of the puzzle click into place. That's what happened at the casual meeting of Major Walsh and Baron von Genthner in a Berlin restaurant. "Attention Mr. Smith." Quentin Reynolds tells the story.

BRASSIL FITZGERALD writes the romance of a "Campus King." John B. Kennedy, Edward L. McKenna, Selma Robinson, Ray Tucker and Alan LeMay put on an act apiece. We furnish the music—and part of the applause.

This Week

●

December 9, 1933

Cover by George de Zayas

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RAY TUCKER
Cradle Snatchers. **Reformers—with designs on the young.** **Page 9**

GEORGE S. BROOKS
The Last Season. **A unique football story.** **Page 10**

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER
The Terrible Twins. **If you think all twins are terrible try managing elephant twins.** **Page 12**

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
Rolling Down to Mexico. **Fill her up; we have a new world to motor through.** **Page 14**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Lesser Evil, **by Frederick Skerry.** **Page 16**

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ALAN LeMAY
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Who's Afraid of the Big Brown Shirt? **Engelbert (David) Dollfuss vs. Adolf (Goliath) Hitler.** **Page 20**

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EDITORIAL
Fight for Honest Money. **Page 58**

●

Any Week

ADMITTING that by plowing his crop under, the cotton farmer may have thereby lost his favorite topic of winter conversation, Mr. Paul Zemmer of Charlotte, North Carolina, adds that "many of them are wondering whether they haven't lost also the respect of their mules." A nasty possibility, we'll admit.

"Once your mule acquires an idea," says Mr. Zemmer, "it's a fixture, like his tail, and not to be surrendered without a tussle. Every cotton mule remembers the sting of the whip when first he let a careless hoof injure the tender stalk. A few such nips and it soaks into him that he is expected to walk between, not on, the rows. Imagine, then, his consternation when one fine morn he is harnessed to the plow and commanded to walk squarely down the rows! If he proceeds or not (and many refuse, I'm told), it is on uncertain feet and with a heart that is breaking for his boss, who, he reasons, has gone loco."

IN SORROW rather than in anger, Mr. Bruce Browne of Los Angeles, University of Southern California '27, "regrets" that Bill Cunningham's stories of how Mr. Chick Meehan built a football business for New York University give the "impression that Southern California was in the same situation as N. Y. U. as to lack of morale and cohesion" when it hired Howard Jones to coach its famous team, and "that S. C. had deliberately gone about to hire a coach who would put it on a big-time basis." Such impression, laments Mr. Browne, is erroneous and unfortunate. "The reason Howard Jones was secured," explained Mr. Browne, "was that the University of California had been regularly on the long end of the score when it played S. C. and this was not at all appreciated by our alumni."

"PERHAPS," writes Mr. W.B. Barrows of Orleans, Loiret, France, "you'd be interested to hear of the high compliment paid you by the French government. When one gets mail at the General Delivery wicket at a French post office they stick on a postage-due stamp—thirty centimes for letters or first-class mail and ten centimes for newspapers—to encourage us to have our mail delivered to our home address. When I went to get my Collier's the clerk stuck on a thirty-centime stamp. Which proves that you're first-class."

A VERY discerning and appreciative people, the French. Like Mr. George Parke of Carthage, Mississippi. Among other amiable things, he says that if he had the "sense, variety, humor and human interest" the editor of this department has, "I wouldn't be editing a column; I'd be running a country, like Mussolini." Naturally we've considered the idea but, being just a trifle lazy, we've elected to stick to this until the people take us by force.

MR. GEORGE T. WILLS of Camden, New Jersey, has fears. He fears that the repeal of prohibition "will be a flop because the public is getting so sick and tired of hearing about it that thousands of patriotic drinkers will go on the water wagon in self-defense so as to escape hearing any more about it."

REMEMBER what they used to tell us? They said that the shares and so forth we used to buy were stuff to put into safe-deposit boxes and forget. Like us, Mr. M. P. Keating of Pueblo, Colorado, was able to do everything except forget. He was looking into his safe-deposit box the other day. Ruefully he turned away and wrote to us. "Can you tell me," he inquires, "how those stocks and bonds came to be known as securities?"

READING here a short time ago that there's a town in Indiana whose streets are now lush with grass, Mr. Harry S. Swanson, Secretary of State, Lincoln, Nebraska, invites your attention to the town of Tryon, Nebraska, where "they tried to make grass grow in the streets and, failing, they now haul hay and scatter it over their streets to keep the sand quiet and permit traffic to move."

AND one of our readers offers himself to us for sale for ten thousand dollars. He says he weighs a hundred and eighty-five pounds, is five feet nine and twenty-seven years old. But he neglects to give us his name and address and includes not even a hint concerning what we'd do with him if we owned him. Not that it matters. He doesn't know that we've been offered a whole football team with five substitutes, total weight three thousand and forty pounds, for eighty-five hundred dollars.

But we'd have to feed it.

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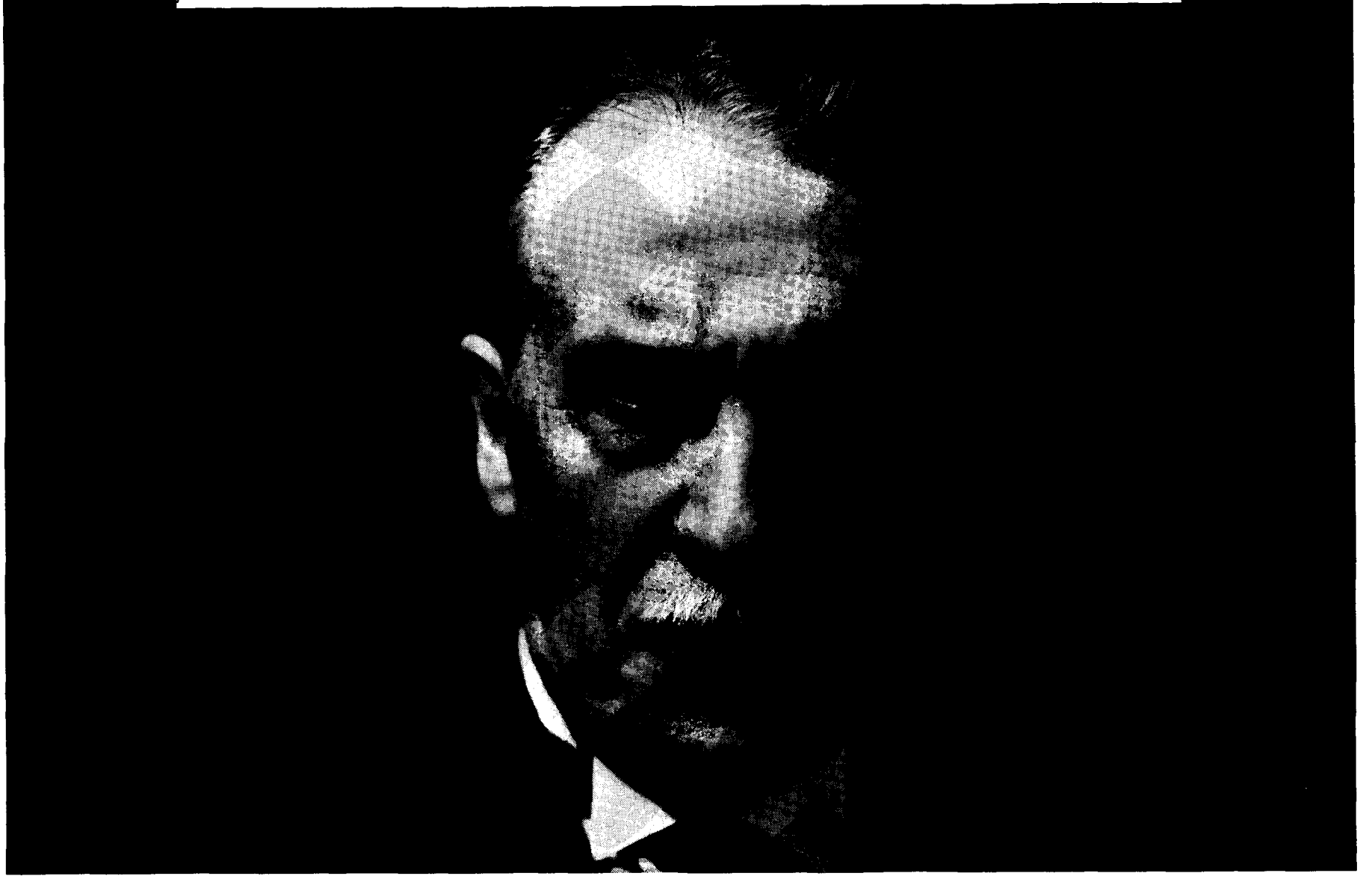
Insured for a Million but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the Same!



When this man's company took out a cool $1,000,000 worth of insurance on him—he was no tender sapling likely to be blown over by a big breeze! He was *sound*—through and through. And his *teeth* were sound, too.

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" BEGAN IT...

"Pink tooth brush" is a threatening condition of the gums which should be dealt with at once. Use Ipana with massage

But he's an important man, and according to his male secretary—"so busy that his mail alone takes a special staff"! He's so busy that if he finds time to clean his teeth at night as well as in the morning—he considers that his teeth are in luck!

When his dentist told him a few years ago that he'd better massage his bleeding gums—with Ipana—he nodded, and then forgot it. He didn't know then what he found out eighteen months later—that "pink tooth brush" is often the tragic forerunner of gingivitis or Vincent's disease, and that it may threaten the *soundest* teeth.

Today—he's a Dental Cripple, and he'll tell you that nobody appreciates their teeth until they're *gone*.

Massage of the gums, any dentist will tell you, is just as important as cleaning the teeth. Without massage, gums tend to become weak because today's soft foods give them little stimulation. They tend to bleed, to deteriorate.

See to it that *your* gums are kept firm. Do it by following the advice of dental authorities. Clean your teeth with Ipana. Each time rub a little extra Ipana into your inactive gums. The ziratol in Ipana aids in hardening the gums. It will pay you to add gum massage—with Ipana Tooth Paste—to your daily regime.

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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Dual-alignment (Gem's great patented feature) locks the blade unbudgingly at five points and sets it so precisely that you can't scuff your face, miss a hair or skip a wrinkle. The flat, bevel-sided top gets everywhere—into dimples, around the nostrils and into all clefts.

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Gem Micromatic Razors, made in one piece with no takedown parts, are guaranteed *unbreakable* for a lifetime.

Gem Micromatic Blades last so *much* longer that their per-shave cost is lowest of all.

Handsome, gold-plated sets sold everywhere at $1.00. (*De luxe Christmas sets at $5.00 and $6.00.*) Or, if you're a "Doubting Thomas", spend a quarter and send this coupon for a demonstration outfit.

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Enclosed find 25¢ for complete trial Gem set with a single and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1.00 outfits.

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Stuffed Shirt

By Roland Pertwee

The story of a man who had to go to Paris to learn the truth about himself—and the girl who taught him

AT THE back of the recording box, among rolls of carpet, stage props, a make-up table and electric equipment, walked a girl. In her hands fluttered a few sheets of script. Her eyes were shut and her lips moved mechanically. Then her eyes opened and she stamped on the floor.

Was it this way that the chance she had waited for so long should come? Had all her faith and capital been invested in this? To be given a part to play that had no truth in it. To speak lines that no real person would ever utter. Life could not be as cynical as that.

One of the camera crew stopped and touched her arm.

"What a break, kid, to get your first part in a Raynor Galt picture!"

Raynor Galt! By all accounts, a great man. Surely he would understand how the conscience of an artist rebels against speaking lines that have no relation to human instincts or emotions. She must talk to him—explain her point of view. Meanwhile . . . Get the stuff into her head.

Her eyes closed and her lips moved again, silently.

Raynor Galt entered the studio and took his seat in a canvas chair bearing his name. He stared at the set.

It was a simple and homely set—a kitchen parlor. The window sills on the outside were dressed with synthetic snow. The property man was hanging pretties on a Christmas tree.

"You!" said Galt, addressing the man.

"Me, Chief?"

"Abolish yourself."

The man withdrew. Off the set he gave vent to his opinions. That guy Galt! One of these days somebody was going to take a swing at him. That smooth, baby face of his was going to collide with a shut fist, traveling fast.

But a man with as many smash hits to his credit as Raynor Galt had no need to bother about the feelings of lesser fry. Success had made him invulnerable—callous. He could do what he liked.

FROM the ateliers of the Latin Quarter, Raynor Galt had gravitated from canvas to the screen; from "shorts" made on Long Island to super-productions in Hollywood; from a sensitive, striving art student to one of the most successful movie directors on the Coast. Raynor Galt had had the breaks. His triumphs owed little to personal genius. He had discovered a formula—and it sold. What genius he had once possessed lay buried beneath the dust of boundless self-opinion.

Other people's troubles had scored no lines upon his face, which is why, notwithstanding his forty years, a spurious youth still clung to it. He went through life unmoved and insensitive and unaware that success had robbed him of the joy of looking forward to anything.

He passed both hands over his very fair hair and yawned.

The picture would be finished with the close of this day's work. Then what? He supposed that he and his new wife would go away somewhere. Europe? Juan-les-Pins? It was not an amusing program.

His assistant director came up.

"Ready to go, sir?"

"I suppose so—yes. Oh, that new girl! Show her to me. And don't take all day!"

He did not hear his assistant swear as he went to fetch the girl.

Sheila Faye came on through a door in the back of the set.

"Stand there!" said Raynor Galt's voice. "Let's have some light."

An electrician intoned: "Hit your lights."

Sheila Faye could not see Raynor Galt, because he was hidden behind the arcs that blazed up at his command. Obedient to instructions she stood without moving.

GALT wondered at first what Hofer, the casting director, had been thinking of. The girl looked like a bit of crumpled paper tossed away as useless. His eyes traveled up and fastened upon her small, threadbare face. From it a pair of dark eyes stared wisely and with courage. She posed as if standing for a still picture. She reminded him of his early days as a student in the ateliers of Paris.

The appeal that she made was not to the senses, but to something finer and forgotten in him. He could not remember in years seeing anybody who struck him as being so real as this girl. Sensibility had lined a face otherwise young. She did not seem to have anything to do with Hollywood or with pictures. She was like a piece of life—actual, eager and sensitive.

Unaccustomed to giving more than a passing thought to the human material supplied for his pictures, he resented the interest she wakened in him.

"For pity's sake relax and move about a bit."

She obeyed, readily, with movements that were natural and never aimless. She went to the fire and warmed her hands. She was, Galt saw, an artist.

He was offended. A novice was not expected to show such ability.

"That'll do—that'll do!" he protested. "Sit down facing the window."

She did so, revealing a finely drawn, hungry profile. Her chin was small and purposeful. Once more she had fallen into a pose and was holding it.

"You're not an artist's model, girl?" he said.

"I was once."

The reply flattered his powers of discernment.

"Paris?"

"London and Paris. I used to work at the Atelier du Garde. Then I was left

He had almost forgotten Sheila Faye until he saw her standing on the model's throne. Somebody cried, "Here is a bird without wings!"

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"And now," said the girl, "I *am* fired. But before I leave this floor, I'm going to tell you something, Mr. Galt"

James W. Earley

five hundred dollars and came out here to try my luck in pictures. This is my first chance."

Galt sighed.

"An amateur!"

"No. I've done some acting—hoofing—on the road. Went to Paris with The Peerless Troupe and was stranded."

"May we have your life history some other time?"

He could not tolerate listening. He started to explain the part she was to play.

"Yes, I've *read* it—I *know* it," she said; hesitated, took courage and added: "It's all wrong."

GALT did not believe he had heard aright.

"It may interest you to know that I wrote the script myself."

But that did not frighten her. She just looked sorry.

"You wouldn't know," she said. "You're a success. I'm supposed to be a waif off the street. You wouldn't know that kind of girl."

A stillness fell in the studio, for Raynor Galt had been challenged. The event was unheard of. He summoned the aid of sarcasm.

"Teach me," he said.

Sheila Faye did her best.

"Where's a kid off the street going to learn to talk like a cross between a regius professor and an old Virginian mother?"

Galt was staggered, for women never answered him back.

"You were not invited to rewrite the script, Miss—Miss—"

"Faye—Sheila Faye."

"Miss Faye. You're here to do as you are told—by me."

Her composure was unshaken.

"This is my first chance," she said. "Naturally I want to get it right."

The assistant director had never heard anything like it.

"Fire her!" he suggested.

But Galt had his own methods of dealing with insubordination.

"Everybody on for rehearsal," he said.

Without rising from his chair, he attacked her every movement and intonation. She fought back on every point. Inevitably it was a losing battle. The final run-through revealed a piece of acting stereotyped in every detail.

"Let's shoot it," said Galt.

SHE made one last protest before the silence bell.

"You don't really want me to do it that way—that old-fashioned way?"

Galt marked a tremor of passionate indignation held in check.

"If you would be so kind."

"You've asked for it," said she.

A number was cried aloud and a pair of wooden tongs clapped noisily. The scene had begun.

A knock at the door and the girl walked in.

Her written lines were never spoken. She came down to her chalk marks and quoted:

"The lamp of our Youth will be utterly out: but we shall subsist on the smell of it,
And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and suck our gums and think well of it.
Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work,
And that is the perfectest hell of it!"

Until she had finished, Galt lacked the initiative to give the command "Cut it."

"And now," said the girl, "I *am* fired. But before I leave this floor, I'm going to tell you something. You're a spoiled child, Mr. Galt, with less knowledge of art or life than the guy who does geometrical designs for oilcloth. Life is

(Continued on page 52)

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Cradle Snatchers

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

Despairing of a generation that not only knows what it wants but insists on getting it, the apostles of Reform are laying their nets for the young. The younger the better: they won't throw any of them back

Illustrated by George Shanks

ALTHOUGH presidential and congressional latchkeys no longer hang low for the visits of reformers, as they did during the last decade, the self-anointed keepers of the public morals know no discouragement. They have not been reformed by the nation-wide demonstration that the people want a rest from official and unofficial censorship of their personal conduct; they are more incorrigible than the intemperate villain of Ten Nights in a Barroom, who would not go home until he was thrown out of the saloon.

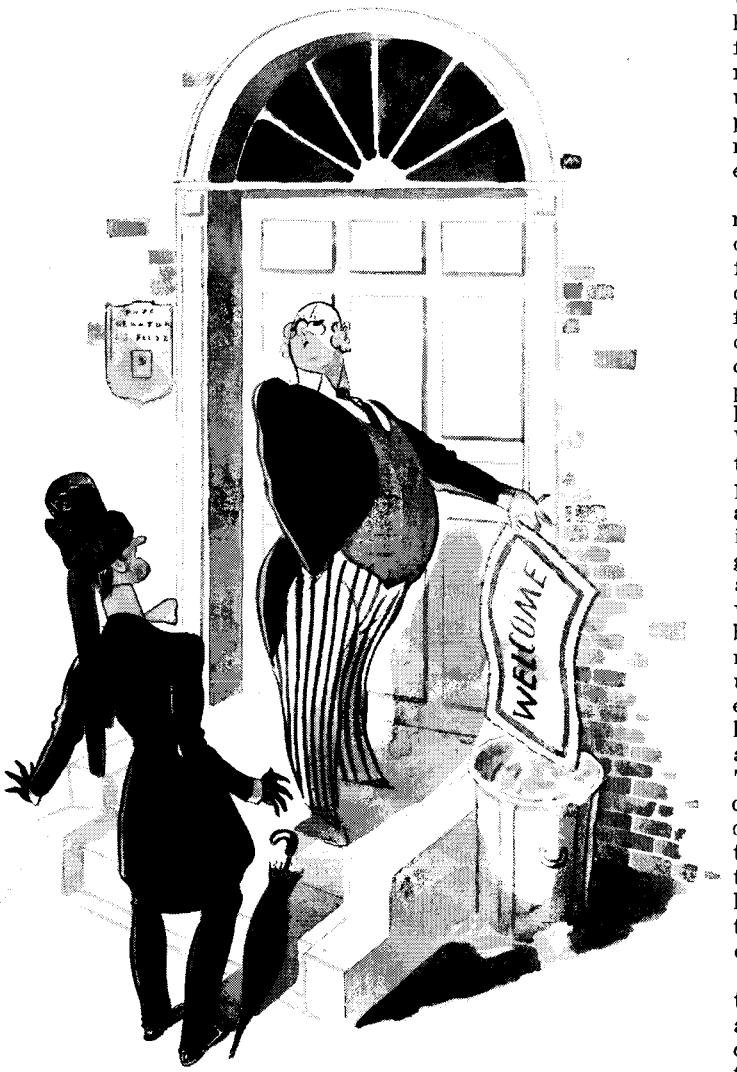
The present period of liberalism, which permitted a President to wage a successful campaign for repeal and to smoke openly while doing so, a Secretary of the Treasury to twang a guitar over the radio, a Postmaster-General to dedicate a race track in Texas, and a Hugh Johnson to ionize the air with "hells" and "damns," impresses them as only a brief halt in the forced march of a conscript army toward purity and perfection.

Although they disagree in their diagnosis of the causes of the remarkable revulsion of sentiment which swept the United States in the last year—a reversal that manifests itself in nudist colonies, legalization of liquor and scrapping of blue laws, the guardians of godliness are agreed on one thing: 50,000,000 sinners can't be right.

Reform Row clings as tenaciously to the narrow slopes of Capitol Hill as Rum Row remained off the Jersey Coast during the days of triumphant "thou shalt nots," and the dwellers in both dingy and palatial shrines of reform within a few blocks of the national legislature profess a strange lack of concern over the nation's erring ways. They deplore and deprecate, of course, but with an ecstatic gleam in their eyes. Though they cover their faces lest they look upon a panorama of legalized gambling and prize-fighting, fan dances and barbarous night clubs, increased consumption of tobacco, sexy motion pictures, and, root of all evil, governmental sale of liquor, they profess a cheerfulness explainable only on the basis that the reform instinct, like mother love, dotes upon ugly and unregenerate ducklings. The uglier, the better.

They are in a delightful daze. Their attitude seems to be that they don't know what hit them, but they're glad it did. It gives them something and somebody to pray at again. It will, they console themselves, arouse "our people" from the lethargy that overcame them after they had written dry and blue laws into federal and state constitutions.

Making inventory as well as prayer, they plead guilty to mistakes of policy and judgment which they would not admit in the past. They deplore the fact that they mixed up too much in politics, following such false gods and goddesses as Bishop Cannon and Mabel Walker Willebrandt. They have discovered that statesmen, including a President or two, are weak sisters of holiness in a political pinch, and that they must reform the people before they try to dictate to the White House and Congress, and to reënthrone prohibition and its correlated commandments.



These are trying days for the professionally righteous

The same policy commends itself to those pleasant persons who measure a "nation's degradation" in terms of cigarettes, gambling, pugilism, nudism and dancing — with or without fans. They will henceforth depend for refreshment of spirit and redemption of a nation upon prayer rather than politics, upon education rather than ballot-box evangelism.

This shift of emphasis means a decentralization of the grand army of reform, and an eventual exodus of the evangelists from the capital. Instead of chasing through the corridors of Congress, parading departmental hallways and ringing White House doorbells, they will carry their appeal to red schoolhouses and white churches. Seeking to educate and evangelize the younger generation which knew not the wickedness its elders embrace, they will turn to elementary and high schools, universities and their own extension courses; they hope to rewrite textbooks and reorganize curricula. They will light their camp fires on the doorsteps of legislatures from Maine to Texas, figuring that they can handle small political units more effectively than massed forces on Capitol Hill.

The reformers will work to save as much territory as possible from the encroachment of evil, confident that they can elect selectmen and state legislators more easily than a President and a Congress, and keep them straight once they are in office. Their patience is appalling. In their farewell to Washington, the scene of such sweet victories, they say that they will never again advocate national prohibition until assured that it will stick. It may require a generation or more, but what is that to a martyr? Better fifty years of legalized liquor than a cycle of unaccepted and, therefore, unenforceable prohibition! They predict that liquor will yet bring back the excesses of an older day and, as O. J. Christgau of the Anti-Saloon League puts it, "the people will be disgusted after a while with swearing, staggering and spitting in the streets, and with empty pay envelopes on Saturday night.

"Repeal," sighs Mr. Christgau, "is like an old house burning down. You are sorry because of a sentimental attachment, but you know that some day a stronger structure will arise in its place."

Street scenes under repeal, in the drys' conviction, will glorify their cause more than paper precepts of prohibition. They also expect that the social sins charged to Volsteadism—racketeering, bootlegging and other forms of lawlessness—will continue during the "temporary suspension" of the Eighteenth Amendment, thereby disproving the wets' arguments.

Ha-ha-ing heartily, the venerable Dr. Clarence True Wilson denies that there is any reason for discouragement. This cheerful spark plug of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals is too busy planning for the future to bother about the present

(Continued on page 36)

Street scenes under repeal, in the drys' conviction, will glorify their cause more than paper precepts of prohibition

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The Last Season

By George S. Brooks

Males have a sneaking suspicion that the woman who understands football is a rare bird. This is the story of a woman who knew a few things you won't find in a rules book

MRS. DAD BENTON tossed unhappily upon her twin bed and heard the big clock strike each hour from ten to seven. She also listened to the steady drumming of November rain.

"Darn it," she thought bitterly. "They'll be playing in a duck pond. And there isn't a webbed foot on our squad."

At seven o'clock the phone rang. She ran downstairs without stopping for her slippers. "Hello."

"Hello, Kitty."

"How's the team, Dad?"

"Okay," he replied, trying to keep his voice cheerful. He'd taken the squad off campus the noon before. He liked to keep the boys quiet for twenty-four hours before the Depew game.

"Think it's clearing up?"

"It seems lighter," said her husband. "I'm sending an assistant manager down for my storm hat and slicker. Have them ready, will you, Honey?"

"Yes, Dad. You can't do much with a passing game in this slop, can you?"

"It will be cleared off by game time. Sure to." He didn't believe it and neither did she. "I think you'd better sit in the press box. No use in your getting chilled. I'll have a chair put up there for you."

"Thanks." The press box was covered. That was how much he thought it would stop raining. "Anything else?"

"Nothing, Kitty." His voice sounded tired. He was too old for this grind. That hard cold he caught last fall was almost pneumonia. It had frightened her. And he worried so when the team didn't win. She knew it would add years to his life if he'd just resign and buy that suburban place near Dad Junior's.

"How's the Brewster boy's stomach?" That halfback was just like a sick cat when he was nervous.

"Okay, so far."

"Here's luck, Dad."

"I hope so. We need it." The phone clicked.

"Darn," muttered Mrs. Dad. "Darn everything. Darn light, clever teams and passing halfbacks who couldn't work in the mud. If they only had a line like that 1909 squad—or was it 1910? They were mudders. Darn alumni clubs and engineering profs who flunked good backs. Darn the weather." She caught herself. The weather might be a godsend for Dad and herself. Dad would take a terrible beating today. Then he'd simply have to retire. He'd be thrown out. That was the best thing, since he wouldn't quit of his own free will. It would hurt him, today's score. But it was all for his own good.

How she hated Depew, from the handshaking president of the university to the lean-faced Tommy Artz who coached them. Artz wasn't fit to be a doormat for Dad's cleated shoes.

She climbed the stairs slowly, letting out the braid in her hair as she went. No wonder Dad was gray. Look at the skinny youngsters with flivver legs who came to college these days. Even Dad couldn't make a team from such material.

Kitty paused. She must call him back. Tell him to give the Brewster boy minced red and green peppers on his roast beef at lunch. Best thing in the world for a tricky digestion. And young Collins ought to have a spoonful of bismuth in a glass of water at 9:30 and again at noon.

Before she dressed, she did her bending exercises, touching her toes fifty times. Not so bad for a grandmother. But this morning the thought didn't cheer her. So she lay down on the rug and bicycled with her feet for five minutes more. It was no use. Her morale was still lower than a glee club basso.

She ate her coddled eggs and dry toast slowly. The morning paper commented upon the wet field, prophesied rain and colder, quoted odds of 4 to 1 against Jackson College. "No team is 4 to 1 better than Dad's, not even if he had to put me in at quarter," she assured herself. "Artz has weight and today he has a slippery field just when it counts. But they needn't add up the touchdowns yet."

THE doorbell rang. She handed a bundle wrapped in a light rubber coat to the freshman who stood dripping on the steps. "Tell Dad I said for him to put on woolen socks. They're in there. And don't drop it. There's a pint of whisky in the slicker pocket. Someone might have a chill. If they don't, tell him I said to pour it down the referee and umpire between the halves. We want the breaks today and it might help."

She cleared away the breakfast things, placed paper, kindling and logs across the andirons in the fireplace. The room would be cozy for Dad right after the game. She made an Irish stew with plenty of onions and set it simmering in the fireless cooker. Dad liked stew better than anything else. He was going to take this hard today. Too bad. He should have quit after his last unbeaten team.

She found the press box fuller than a first reunion. Newspapers always featured the Jackson-Depew game. There were forty years of tradition behind it. It didn't seem possible, thought Kitty, that she'd seen twenty-five of them herself. No, only twenty-four. She missed the 1907 tie because she was in the hospital having Dad Junior. The darned baby spoiled one whole season for her. That was a flimsy excuse of Dad Junior's for not coming to the game. It was nonsense, his having to work. She knew the real reason. He didn't want to see his father's team kicked around. Junior knew his being there would make Dad feel even worse.

Kitty settled herself on the chair, which was too narrow for her hips. She adjusted her marine glasses, placed pad and pencil upon her knee, ready for the notes she meant to take. Then she looked about her.

Freshman managers were down upon the field, rolling back the tarpaulin that covered the playing surface. But it hadn't done much good. The boys sank to their shoetops in the boggy end zones and along the sidelines. A canvas cover was a good protection from a shower. A steady downpour like this soaked right through it.

On her right, a telegraph operator was clicking his key and eating an apple. He wrote something on a sheet of yellow paper which he passed to the reporter in front of him.

"What's your guess on the Princeton-Yale game?" asked the newspaper man.

An anemic youth with a splotched face looked up from his typewriter. "I like Yale today."

"How much do you like 'em?"

"Dollar."

"It's a bet."

Fools, thought Mrs. Dad contemptuously. Why risk anything, even a dollar, on something they can't know about and can't see?

ON HER left sat an old man with a typewriter before him and a hot-water bottle upon his knees. He typed a few preliminary sentences, pausing now and then to warm his fingers upon the rubber bag. Poor circulation, she reflected. Exercise would help that.

"Come out fighting, old Depew,
Come, ye warriors, tried and true,"

blared their band as the other team slithered out upon the field. Kitty rose from her chair.

"Lookit Artz's boys. Lookit the size of them. That center must weigh two and a quarter. And they're fast for big men," exclaimed a reporter.

"Made to order for a rainy day."

"Just too bad for old Dad Benton."

She winced to hear the pitying tone they used.

"Yeah. They'll take this game and Dad's scalp."

"The alumni are waiting for an excuse. They want him out. They want a younger man. Someone like Artz."

"Trouble with old Dad, he isn't a showman."

"That Artz, now. He's a great showman."

She blinked hard and sniffed a little. She hoped there hadn't been any mistake about the minced peppers. Young Brewster would need all the stomach he had, if they were to hold Depew to a

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The ball bounded toward the Depew goal line. A Jackson end dove into the mud and covered it

low score. Poor old Dad. He'd gambled everything on a light, fast, smart team and a dry field.

Football certainly taught fortitude and self-control. But the coach was the one who learned it most.

"Over forest, hill and stream
Rings a cheer for Jackson's team.
See them smashing, crashing along!
Hear a mighty, roaring thunder
As they tramp their foemen under,"

implored the soggy crimson and white bandsmen, but they played it more like a dirge than a quickstep.

HER team was running out. Dad himself was down there just below her, talking to his pet halfback, his kicker, and his ends. Probably he was saying a last word about getting down under punts. His shoulders were stooped beneath the slicker. She knew how he felt, because she felt the same way herself. Why hadn't he quit before? It would take all the fun out of their retirement, to have it forced upon them. Dad ought to go out in a blaze of glory, not just let go.

She looked across the field. Tommy Artz was on the sideline. She focussed her glasses upon his face. He was grinning triumphantly.

At the center mark, the team captains shook hands and stepped back, while the referee tossed a coin.

An assistant manager with a megaphone stumbled down the steps to the front of the press box. Beside him was a Depew representative. It was their job to identify the players for the radio broadcaster and the news writers.

"Depew wins the toss. Depew will defend the south goal. Depew will kick to Jackson."

Telegraph instruments clattered. The hungry operator bit into another apple.

"McCabe of Depew kicks to Brewster on Jackson's 5-yard line. Brewster returns it to the 27-yard line where he is downed. Scalzi made that tackle."

She made a note that Scalzi should have been blocked out by the right guard.

If Dad could only win today and resign on the heels of his victory. Even a tie would save his face.

"Second down. Ten to go. Yancey stopped Peters for no gain."

My boys had better kick, she thought. They can't buck that Depew line. Kick and pray for a break. They are kicking. Good boys.

"Depew's ball on their 37-yard line. First down."

The megaphone voice went in one of her ears and out the other. She didn't need a megaphone to tell her about football. She raised her glasses to look at the other coach. How was he taking this? Grinning, probably. But he wasn't. He was ordering their Number 9 to warm up.

SHE glanced at her program. Player 9 wasn't listed among the substitutes. Perhaps that meant 9 was really ineligible. Artz would think nothing of sending in a ringer. The named players began with 15. It was peculiar. Very peculiar.

"Here's the massacre," called a reporter, cheerfully. "Who's got the cigarettes?"

Depew came out of the huddle. The quarterback received the ball from center, spun around as if to run the end, then stopped short with the ball held in his outstretched hands. The fullback's foot drove it high down the field in the prettiest quick kick Mrs. Dad had ever seen. It sailed high over the safety's head and plumped in the mud on the Jackson five-yard line.

"There's headwork," someone gloated.

"Jackson was caught flat-footed. Depew gained twenty-five yards on an exchange of kicks," added the megaphone.

It was a brilliant play even if Artz had engineered it. She looked towards their bench. Number 9 was not being

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Illustrated by Edmund F. Ward

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The Terrible Twins

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

An elephant comedy in which two bad actors stage a snappy act—but Old Mom cops the spotlight

THE Grand Amalgamated Circus was nearing the end of its yearly travels; three weeks of long jumps and it would be in winter quarters. Everybody had become chummy again after a hard season. Debts were being paid. Old quarrels were becoming unimportant and vague.

Mr. Platt, the general manager, was making out contracts for next spring, gradually getting around to the married performers after looking out for the welfare of young, pretty and single girls; Mr. Platt had a leaning that way. The show was in Montana; usually it hit the far South at this time of year. Business had been good on the West Coast, routes had been changed; now the show was highballing for the barn.

Even the elephant line shared in the general spirit of jubilee, especially Old Mom, the herd leader. She was knocking off an extra watermelon and six added apples a day, the gift of Pokey Boanes, the bull boss, and fed from the small hands of Winnie Morris, his twenty-year-old niece, just finishing her first season as a circus girl. Pokey had just found her a new job.

"Do you get the picture?" he asked her, tilting his gold-braided cap over his left ear. Winnie was feeding Old Mom her daily supply of apples. "Do you get it, kid? You a headliner in vaudeville?"

The girl tilted her head.

"Oh, go on!" she exclaimed. "Old Mom and the babies will do the headlining."

"Yeh? I suppose they put pretty girls in the show business to keep 'em from getting lonesome. But at that," he capitulated, "I guess it's the whole ensemble that'll knock 'em."

Whereupon, leaving the girl and the eighty-odd-year-old elephant, Pokey Boanes strolled casually toward the treasury wagon to impart the big news to the general manager.

"You know them twin baby elephants that Clancy's bringin' on from Spokane," he announced as he leaned in the doorway. "Well, I've just sold 'em."

"What do you mean, sold 'em?" asked Mr. Platt, smoothing his tie before the wrinkled treasury wagon mirror.

"To vaudeville. You said for me to book the bulls if I had a chance. Well, I got it. Old Mom and the twins in a wow act."

The general manager felt his smooth-shaven chin.

"Not bad. You ought to put a pretty girl in there somewhere."

"Well, ain't I? Winnie, my niece. She's pretty enough."

THE general manager rubbed thoughtfully at the turkey-like wattles beneath his chin.

"Winnie, eh?" he asked. "Yes, yes, a beautiful girl. I was remarking to myself only yesterday—"

"Now about this act," snapped Pokey Boanes, "I got it all framed up, see? I—"

Here he halted, while the general manager signed for a telegram.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Platt, as he began to read. "But we can't have anything too intricate."

"Don't you worry," boasted the bull boss. "Them punks know this routine backward."

"All the cute tricks, eh?" It sounded like sarcasm, but Pokey didn't notice.

"You got it. Clancy gets in with 'em tomorrow mornin', don't he? Tomorrow afternoon, me an' Old Mom'll have 'em goin' through their routine like a crooner through a megaphone. Then three weeks for polishin' up, the show closes an' there you are, Old Mom, Winnie and the Baby Elephant Twins, openin' for Jubilee Week at the Palace and then for eighteen straight on the subway circuit."

The general manager glanced at him, creased the telegram, ran it through his fingers and sat looking out the treasury wagon window.

"You certainly talk a good show," he ventured absently.

"Ain't I got it? An elephant schoolroom, see? With a big desk for Teacher. That's Old Mom. And a little desk for Winnie—get the picture? An' two dunce stools for Babe an' Virginia, the baby elephant twins. They're sittin' up there when the curtain raises—"

"Yeh, I know," cut in Mr. Platt. His attitude had undergone a sudden change. "Then the little girl pleads with the harsh old school-teacher to take the sweet little dunces off their stools and the mean old schoolmarm relents and then the darling little punks are so happy they go right through an act on their stools which aren't stools at all, but elephant performing tubs."

"You said it. You said it," agreed Pokey vehemently. "Ain't it a riot?"

"Riot's the word," answered the general manager and passed over the telegram. Blankly the elephant superintendent read the barking words of the yellow slip, evidently sent in a state of mind which had no regard for expense:

FORCED TO DRAW ON SHOW FOR FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS TO SQUARE SQUAWKS ON TERRIBLE TWINS STOP HAVE CHASED EXPRESS MESSENGER OUT OF CAR TWICE WRECKED TWENTY CANS OF MILK AT FERNDALE AND BUTTED TWO TRUNKS OUT OF OPEN DOOR WITH TRAIN GOING AT HIGH SPEED STOP WHOEVER DECIDED TO SHIP THESE HOWLING DERVISHES WITHOUT CRATING WAS PLAIN NUTS STOP HOPE THE FIVE CENTURIES HOLD OUT BUT DOUBT IT STOP HAVE BULL BOSS MEET TRAIN WITH OLD MOM AND PLENTY OF CHAINS AND ROPES

CLANCY

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The bull boss did the only possible thing. He handed back the telegram with a shrug and a smirk and said:

"Well, after all, Clancy don't know bulls. Old Mom'll handle 'em."

SO, WITH his braided cap on the back of his head and his bull hook a little sharper, Pokey Boanes took Old Mom down to the station the next morning to meet Babe and Virginia, the elephant twins. Quite a crowd gathered about the wrinkled old elephant. The train came in. The train went out again. The crowd got bigger and bigger, then scattered precipitately.

The police answered a riot call. Someone turned in a fire alarm. But there was neither a riot nor a fire, only the Terrible Twins making their wreckage-bestrewed way through a second-hand store, while Old Mom bellowed vainly from the sidewalk outside and Pokey Boanes sent Clancy to the circus lot for help. After that the circus fixer handed out shakedown money to square the squawks while the Terrible Twins, finally corralled, allowed themselves to be dragged to the show grounds.

They were eight years old, were Babe and Virginia, young enough to retain their baby fat, and big enough to be more than two men could hold, once they got started. Now, their round heads weaving and their wobbly trunks swinging in fiendish thoughtfulness, they stood chained fore and aft to stakes beside Old Mom, who, like a fretful grandmother, bawled with concern over the treatment of her new charges. Old Mom loved babies. So did Pokey and he resented the remarks of Clancy, now relating the high spots of the trip from Spokane.

"After all, Clancy," he argued, "you don't know bulls." That was vicious; Clancy was off the second show with yearnings toward a job on the big outfit. "I'm grantin' that these punks may be a bit spooky—"

"Sure, you'd stick up for 'em!" Clancy sneered. "You was the one who said to buy 'em."

"Am I denyin' it? It ain't nothin' against 'em that they're easy excited an' act before they think. What babies don't?"

"These don't," growled Clancy, shuffling away in disgust. "When these hyenas do a thing, they mean it."

Pokey Boanes let that go and, calling to Winnie to put on her practice clothes, made ready for a morning workout.

The wrinkled old herd leader chirruped delightedly as she watched the preparations. She hadn't trained a punk in a long time; under the usual conditions it meant a grand vacation. Some other elephant now could take on the hard work of pushing wagons and spotting cages. Old Mom's job, judging from past experience, would be merely to go through a routine, pretending great delight in its accomplishment, so that the punk might see joy in it also. Then, for long stretches of time, the old elephant would merely loaf, while trainers attempted to persuade the babies that the act was as much fun as Mom had indicated. Then, too, there would be the petting, and the extra feeding of carrots or slices of apple and watermelon rind; all these things are a highly necessary part of elephant education.

Suddenly they changed sides, wrapping the long neck chains about the ancient herd leader's forelegs in a swift, convulsing grip

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

SO, WITH cooing and satisfied grunts, she wrapped her trunk affectionately around the bull boss as Pokey Boanes affixed long neck chains leading from the Terrible Twins to her. That the Twins themselves viewed the procedure with squealing displeasure affected Old Mom not in the least. All babies acted that way when faced with the unusual. Gayly, with upraised trunk and mincing steps, Old Mom started forth. But the Twins held back, bawling, their feet braced.

"Pick 'em up, Mom!" snapped Pokey Boanes. Old Mom obeyed, merely by leaning harder against the neck chain. Squalling and spraddle-legged, the Terrible Twins were dragged half across the menagerie. Then a led-stock man passed in front of the trio, with a zebra.

Evidently the Terrible Twins didn't like zebras. Babe let out a whoop and dodged quickly in front of Old Mom. Virginia caroled a like protest and shot straight under Old Mom's belly. Then, as suddenly, they changed sides, wrapping the long neck chains about the ancient herd leader's forelegs in a swift, convulsing grip which caught her off guard. She weaved, and swayed drunkenly, her hind legs widespread in an effort at balance. Then down she went, with a thump that resounded throughout the whole tent.

Old Mom bellowed and struggled. Pokey Boanes hooked her wildly in an attempt to make her rise. The Twins continued to bawl and squeal and follow opposite plans; as soon as Babe had scampered over her head in one direction, Virginia decided to try the opposite side. Then, reaching the end of their chains, they would swap places again.

In the midst of the turmoil, Clancy walked through the menagerie, viewed the tangled scene, and started forward to make a crude remark. This, he was about to say, was the first elephant rodeo he ever had seen, what with two men apiece hanging on to the neck chains of the bucking Twins, and Old Mom in lassoed impotency on the ground. But suddenly he changed his mind with the burst of an inspiration which he hurried to take to the general manager. Mr. Platt, upon receiving it, rubbed thoughtfully at his wattles and decided it was not at all a bad suggestion.

THE matinée ticket jam was growing thick in front of reserved seat and general admission wagons before Old Mom and the Twins were untangled. The show would be on in another hour; muttering, the bull boss took his charges back to the picket line. After a time, Winnie came by, quite elated about something.

"I wouldn't worry so much, Nunkie," she said to Pokey. "There are plenty of other elephants."

"Yeh? Who says so?"

"Why, Mr. Platt. I was just talking to him. He said if I couldn't work these, he'd get me some others. He was just awfully nice."

"And fatherly!" snapped Pokey.

"Of course. He said he'd do everything he could to make me a hit in vaudeville."

"Go get your entry costume on!" Pokey snorted. "There goes first bugle." Then, after the girl had departed, he went into his little canvas lean-to outside the menagerie side wall, and took a heavy swig out of a bottle.

"Billin' himself in!" he grumbled. "With the old fatherly stuff. An' she falls for it!"

Following that, he took another drink, and, under the influence of a third, stalked out to the treasury wagon.

"If you want to see them Twins worked as baby bulls should be worked," he announced gustily to the general manager, "just drop around to the big top after the matinée."

Accordingly, Mr. Platt dropped around. Surrounded by elephant men, the Terrible Twins were dragged, squalling and protesting, into the ring. Pokey Boanes started to put them through their routine. The first command was a lay-down. The Twins refused to budge.

"Throw 'em down!" commanded Pokey. A dozen men raced to the task. The Twins were forced to the ground.

"Aw-right!" shouted the elephant superintendent. "Pick it up now—to your places!"

But the Twins, eyes bulging, legs stiffly extended, merely lay and yelled and screamed. A great noise came in answer from the menagerie. There was tremendous trumpeting and the sharp crack of a breaking tent stake, followed by shaking ground, as Old Mom, with two attendants dangling from her ears, roared through the big-top connection to her yowling charges.

"Hook 'em up to her an' take 'em back to the picket line," said the elephant boss sadly. Mr. Pratt strolled forward.

"It didn't work out so good," he suggested. Pokey snorted.

"How'd I know Old Mom was goin' to butt in?"

Mr. Platt laughed unctuously.

"Well, better luck tomorrow. You know," he added as he side-stepped out of the ring, "now that we've promised this little girl a vaudeville engagement, we've got to keep our word."

POKEY BOANES walked straight away from that, back to the menagerie. Desperately, he sat down on a bale of hay and tried to think. It was useless. Then he walked up and gave Old Mom a deliberate kick on a shin.

"You females is all saps!" he announced. But in that he was not wholly correct.

Old Mom had gone into the menagerie expecting to find her two darlings screaming from torture. She had found them, instead, in a tantrum, a state easily recognized by an old head who had assisted in the training of more than a hundred young bulls. Now she stood thoughtfully morose, while beside her the Twins squealed and fretted and slapped at each other. Or butted into her legs from the rear, caving them at the knees and causing her to scramble wildly for balance.

Night came. The show loaded out, a bull being shifted out of its regular car that room might be made for Old Mom's new charges. The train rumbled on its way. Old Mom tried to sleep. Impossible. The squealing and grunting and sudden gusts of temper from beside her were incessant. The other and more placid bulls did not seem to mind. But Old Mom had gone through a nervous day.

Morning came and a new town. There was another attempt at training, which came to the same end as previous ones. Back in the menagerie, the punks flopped to the ground, went immediately to sleep, arose full of energy and began anew their incessant noise. On the third day, the bull boss began to discern a certain air of irritability about Old Mom. No longer did she trumpet gayly to her charges, or stroke them affectionately. And there were long moments when she merely stood, thumping the end of her trunk against the ground. Clancy came by.

"Guess you've heard the news?" he asked in heavily simulated sorrow. "Mr. Platt don't think so much of the act."

"Who does?" growled the bull boss. "But it'll work out—just gimme time—it'll work—"

"Mr. Platt says you ought to have a good workout Sunday an' settle the matter. Then, if it's a flop, maybe I'd better jump out to Chi and get them two little bulls we had last year. Can't go back on this contract."

"You mean them White show bulls? We ain't got time to break them with Old Mom!"

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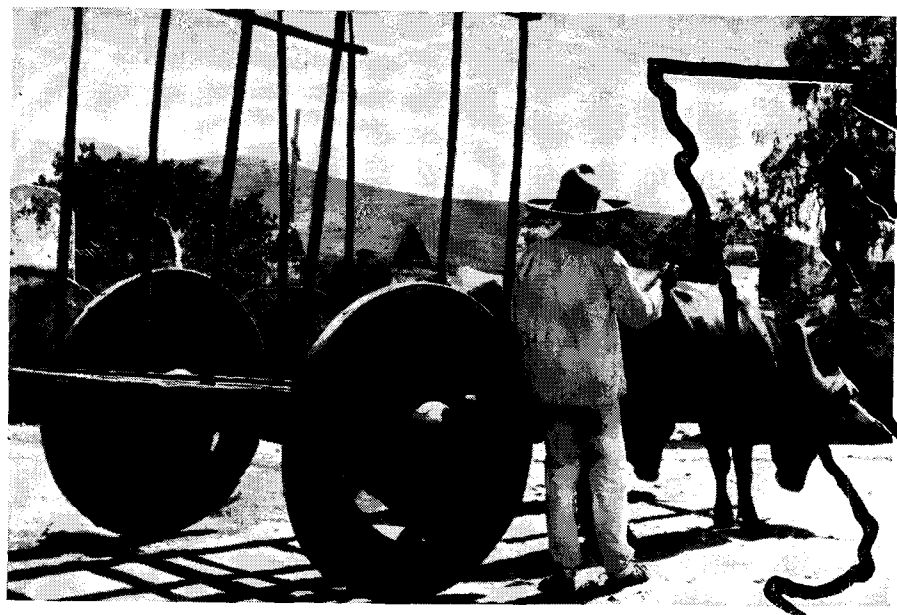
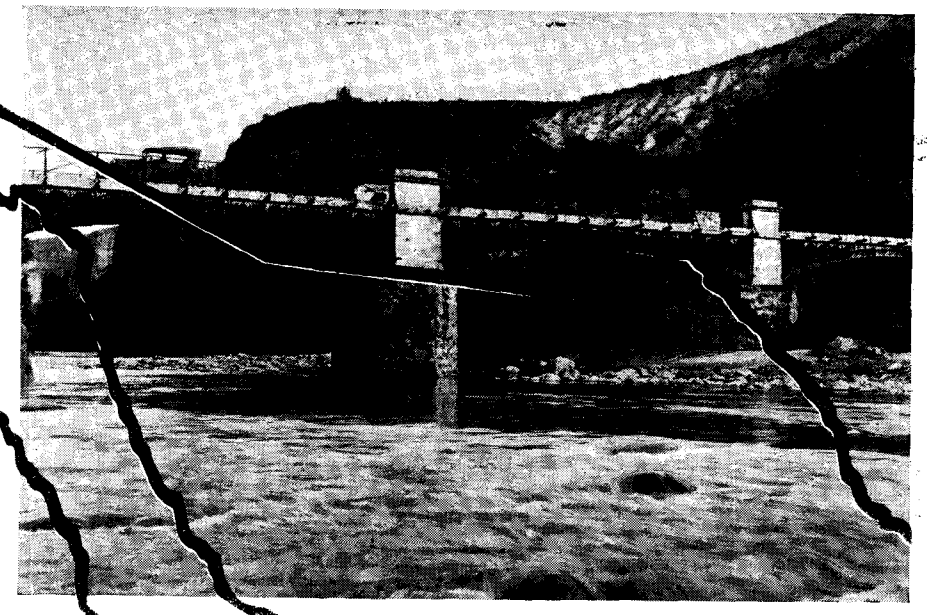


The bullock cart, picturesque and primitive, and the antithesis of the new order in road-building Mexico



Bridge at Tasquillo, one of eighty similar links in the new highway that joins America with Mexico's capital

Rolling down to Mexico

By William G. Shepherd

Here's a new country for you, as foreign as any place on earth. Within a year you'll be able to get in your car and drive there along a highway that leads straight to its center, straight to Mexico, D. F. And once south of the Rio Grande you'll feel like a child of Alice in Wonderland by the Rover Boys

DON'T try it yet. Wait until next year but don't miss it then—if you can help it. It's still dangerous now, for ordinary, everyday drivers. You can get caught face to face with another car on the narrow roads that wind around the shoulders of the great mountains and either collide and go over the thousand-foot edge or back up a mile or two around the mountain curves. Or you can get caught on the narrow roads in the heavy, wet mountain fogs that hang over the mountains for a few hours almost every day.

But, beginning about November 1, 1934, every American who tours in his motor car and can possibly make the trip will sooner or later take to this astonishing new road which the government of Mexico has been most efficiently but most quietly building. Russia may be the biggest show on earth just now for American tourists who can afford it, but wait until the Mexican Federal Highway is opened. The road will reach a distance of 783 miles from Mexico City up to the Rio Grande, at Laredo, Texas.

When it is finished we Americans will at last be able to go abroad on our own rubber. We'll need no ocean liners. Canada may be "abroad," just a little, but not much. Canada is most positively not foreign, pleasant as it may be; you're only visiting relatives in Canada, though it's fine to do that from time to time. But Mexico! Well, it's one of the "abroadest" countries in the world, for Americans or for anybody else. China could not be more strange to Americans, nor its customs, traditions and people more interesting.

Our millions of touring motor cars will gain new pleasure value when at last, within a year, we Americans find ourselves able to cross the Rio Grande and whirl so far south and so deeply into the real tropics that Florida itself will seem to be only a part of the great north that lies somewhere above the Tropic of Cancer.

Those tires of yours, indeed, in the trip to Mexico City, will actually cross the Tropic of Cancer and take you into the equatorial zone, and then you can roll straight on *due south* for another six hundred miles until you run bang into the Pacific Ocean itself at a wide beach where the great ocean no longer lies west of North America but dips underneath it and holds our vast continent in its lap. Down there, at Acapulco, Mexico's Atlantic City, park the old family car and stand on the beach and look straight to the south. Only about 1,000 miles farther lies the equator. And almost straight ahead of you on this same equator, not much farther away than New York from Chicago, lies one of the strangest places on earth, the Galápagos Islands.

The old family car will hardly know itself amid such unusual surroundings; it will indeed have taken you a long, long way from home in terms of climate, history, tradition and people. But in mileage you will have rolled down south of the Rio Grande less than the distance from New York to Chicago, or from Seattle to San Francisco.

Mexico's Gift to North America

You will have learned how to measure distance in kilometers instead of miles. You will be telling of how many kilometers the old wagon can go on a liter of gas. You will be pronouncing words like Ixtacihuatl and Tamazunchale, just as easy as pie, though, like tourists who have already gone through to the City, you may pronounce the latter word "Thomas'n Charlie." But what matter, except to the citizens of that quaint old Aztec town? Just as you have run into Canada or maybe across the continent, so you will almost surely, one day before long, take your family in complete tourist luxury down the length of marvelous old Mexico.

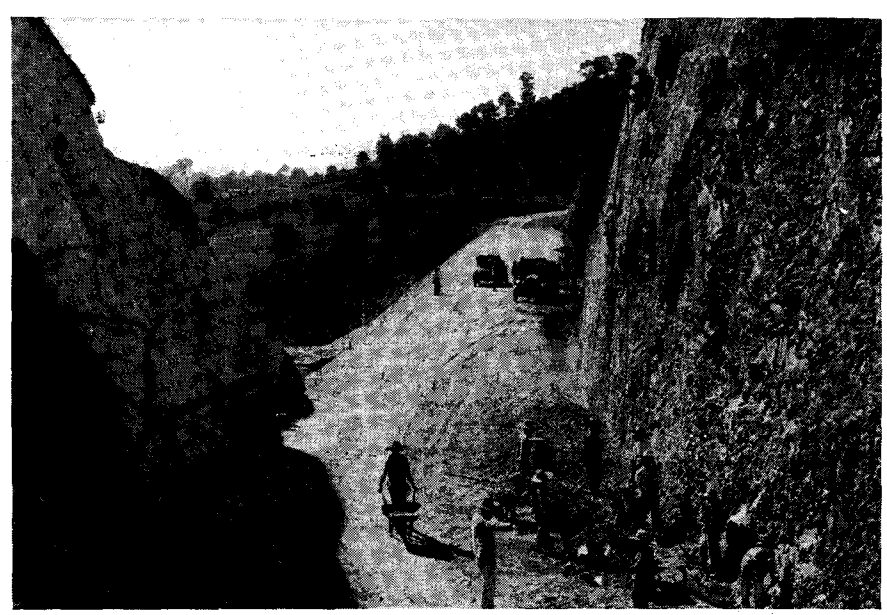
This road is Mexico's surprise gift to North America. It's even more than that. It's her gift to all South America as well, for the highway that the Mexicans have been hewing through her mountains and stretching over eighty bridges and across her great central plateau is the first 1,000-mile link in the great Pan-American highway which will surely reach some day across the soil of twelve nations, from Canada down across the equator to the lower tip of South America. And then who'll want to go touring in Europe?

When my feet were previously on Mexican soil, in August of 1914, Mexico was in chaos. You wouldn't have given a nickel for all the peace and order that could be expected in that distracted land within the next half century. You'd have to get a whole new generation of Mexicans to get any sense into Mexico. You couldn't hope for anything for her or from her. American troops were in Vera Cruz. President Wilson was afraid to take them out for fear of wholesale slaughter among Mexican factions.

American lives and property were in danger. True enough, the tyrant Huerta had fled; pressed out between the fingers of armed diplomacy—in the presence of sixty-two battleships representing seven nations—like a slimy watermelon seed. But up in Mexico City we American and British correspondents were waiting for Pancho Villa to take the city on behalf of Venustiano Carranza. He was already storming its outskirts. Part of the city's water supply was cut off. So was part of the lighting system. Mexican families were fleeing. It was the biggest story of the day in the newspapers of the world.

Bigger and Better Headlines

Mexico had been in trouble for four years, ever since the flight of President Porfirio Díaz. But now Mexico was on the verge of going completely bang. The incredibly wild and cruel Villa himself, with his bandit army, who had never up to now done more than seize country districts and small towns, was going into bigger work; he was going to seize



From Mexico City to the Pacific at Acapulco, over a ledge blasted from a shoulder in the Sierra Madres

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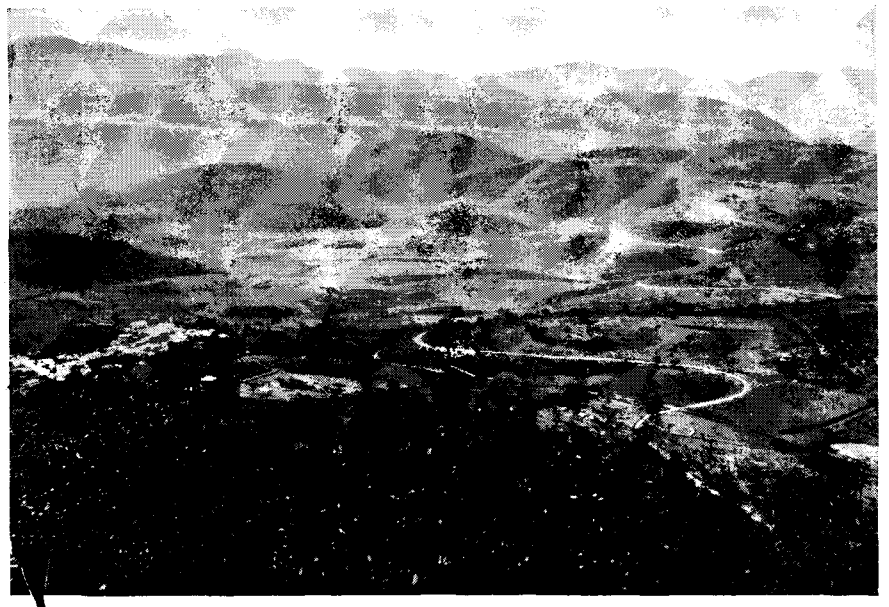
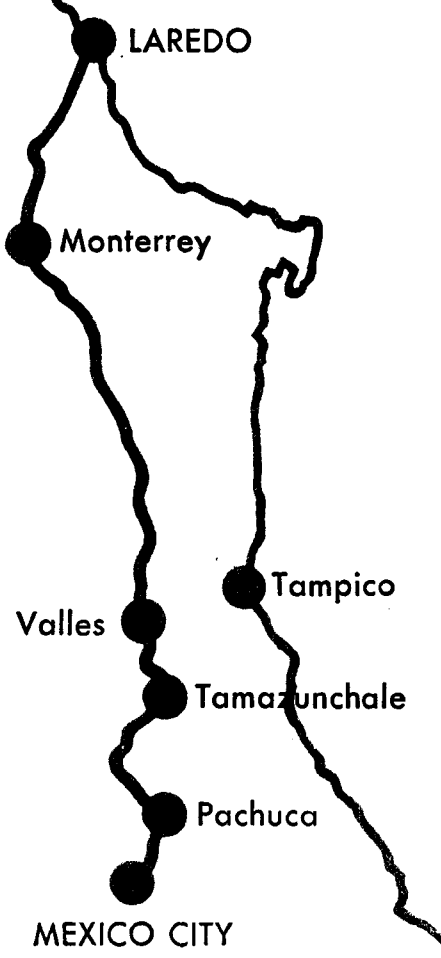


Down from the mountains to the attractive town of Jacala, which is to be made an important tourist center



the very capital itself. Then goodby, poor old Mexico, from the list of civilized nations. Back to barbarism. What a whale of a newspaper story that would be, when the murderous Villa came in! We were all ready for it. Jimmy Hare, who gained his first fame as war photographer for Collier's Weekly, went out with his cameras to take pictures of the fighting on the outskirts of the city. At the usual risk of being blown up, he secured some of the most exciting battle pictures of his six-war career.

But we reporters never wrote the story of what happened even though Villa did seize the town. History says he seized it. That's all we know about it. I didn't see it fall. We didn't wait for the town to fall. Mexico abruptly became a squeezed lemon for reporters. A bigger story broke loose.

One early August forenoon we received floods of cablegrams from our New York offices. "Forget Mexico," they said in effect. "Europe's at war, the world's on fire. Hurry back. You're assigned to Belgium."

Within three or four weeks I saw, in various Belgian and French cities, most of the dozen correspondents who had been waiting to see the Mexican capital fall. They were waiting for Paris to drop into German hands.

Villa took the capital, Carranza went in as president. Carranza was driven out and killed. The World War went on, and Mexico, with no one looking on, continued to go from bad to worse. Obregón followed Carranza as president, served his term and was assassinated. Then along came Calles. We meet him again later on.

It stands in Mexican history, to quote José Miguel Bejarano, eminent Mexican educator, that "the revolution that jerked the Mexican nation for ten years from 1910 to 1920 was not a sterile struggle of outworn political parties but a tremendous social upheaval. Nothing could prevent its progress until its purpose was accomplished. The whole government machinery of Mexico was destroyed; at times complete anarchy prevailed in different sections of the country and there were periods when villages, towns and cities were without civil or military authorities of any kind."

Patriots with a Purpose

There are the 1914 ghosts of American oil men around beautiful Mexico City today who lamented then that Mexico was going smash because she was either taking or taxing the oil wells away from foreigners, making the absurd claim that whatever was down under her soil naturally belonged to the Mexican nation and therefore couldn't be sold or given away to private individuals, either foreigners or Mexicans. I can see now, twenty years later, the faces of those outraged American mine and well owners of Mexico who used to gather at the American Club and yell that the Mexican people were going crazy—"taking our mines away from us." They wanted troops, lots of American soldier boys under the good old Stars and Stripes, with plenty of guns and ammunition, to come hurrying up to the capital from Vera Cruz to show the crazy Mexicans that they couldn't insult American business men. I can close my eyes and still hear the ghosts of those ardent American patriots declaiming in the American club: "The United States is a coward or she'd be up here seizing this country and trying to make something out of it." How mad they used to get at Woodrow Wilson!

I wonder where those shouters are now. It was tough on them, I admit. They had developed their mines and found the oil. But that was under Porfirio Díaz. This wonderful road we have been talking about, by the way, is being built with those same oil and gasoline taxes against which the "ghosts" declaimed.

But the World War came and we had other needs for our soldiers than having them kill Mexicans. Mexico, for a few years longer, stewed in her own juices—and one of the dishes that has been served to the world, in amazing consequence, is this highway that reaches out to the United States like Mexico's grasp of greeting to a good neighbor in the family of nations. Work out the change as you like. It looks to this writer as if the people of Mexico themselves, without the aid of any government, saved themselves. Maybe people, not governments, always do that after a revolution. I've never heard of any revolution that wiped out an entire people and left a country bleak and bare of habitations and humanity. Señor Bejarano explains Mexico's recovery like this:

"All authorities agree that the sinews which held the Mexican nation together during those ten awful years and which prevented the entire devastation of the population of Mexico were the family ties, the system of family organization and relations of the Mexican people that is so very much their own."

Anyhow, though presidents, governments and leaders rose and fell, the Mexican nation held together and, today, here's their surprise offering to the outside world—this highway.

Ex-President Plutarco Elias Calles, the first president not assassinated either in or out of office since Díaz in 1910, an iron-handed man who is always called away from his business to take charge of the army and of affairs generally in Mexico whenever trouble breaks out, is the father of the Mexican highway idea.

Mexicans Who Meant Business

Back in 1925, when he was president of the republic, he calmly informed his cabinet one day that he had decided that Mexico must have four great arterial highways, all centering in the capital. One must go west, over the great mountains, to the Pacific Ocean. Another must go east over the mountains and down 8,000 feet to Vera Cruz. A third must go south over mountains 10,000 feet high and lead to the Pacific and toward Central and South America.

But the fourth should be the greatest of them all. It should lead out over the mountains to the north, and it should join, at the Rio Grande River, 783 miles distant, the great system of American highways which pass through San Antonio or other Texas cities on up into the great "neighbor of the north." (They were calling it "monster of the north" back in 1914.) To get out of Mexico City means climbing mountains, for the beautiful capital lies in the drained and ancient basin of a mountain lake, 7,500 feet above sea level.

He named a highway commission of three men.

(Continued on page 55)

Photos from National Highway Commission, Republic of Mexico

Mexican laborers, with pneumatic drills and dynamite, hew the Pachuca-Valles unit out of solid rock

Entrance to the Pueblo del Arenal, in the heart of Old Mexico and 650 miles south of cosmopolitan Victoria

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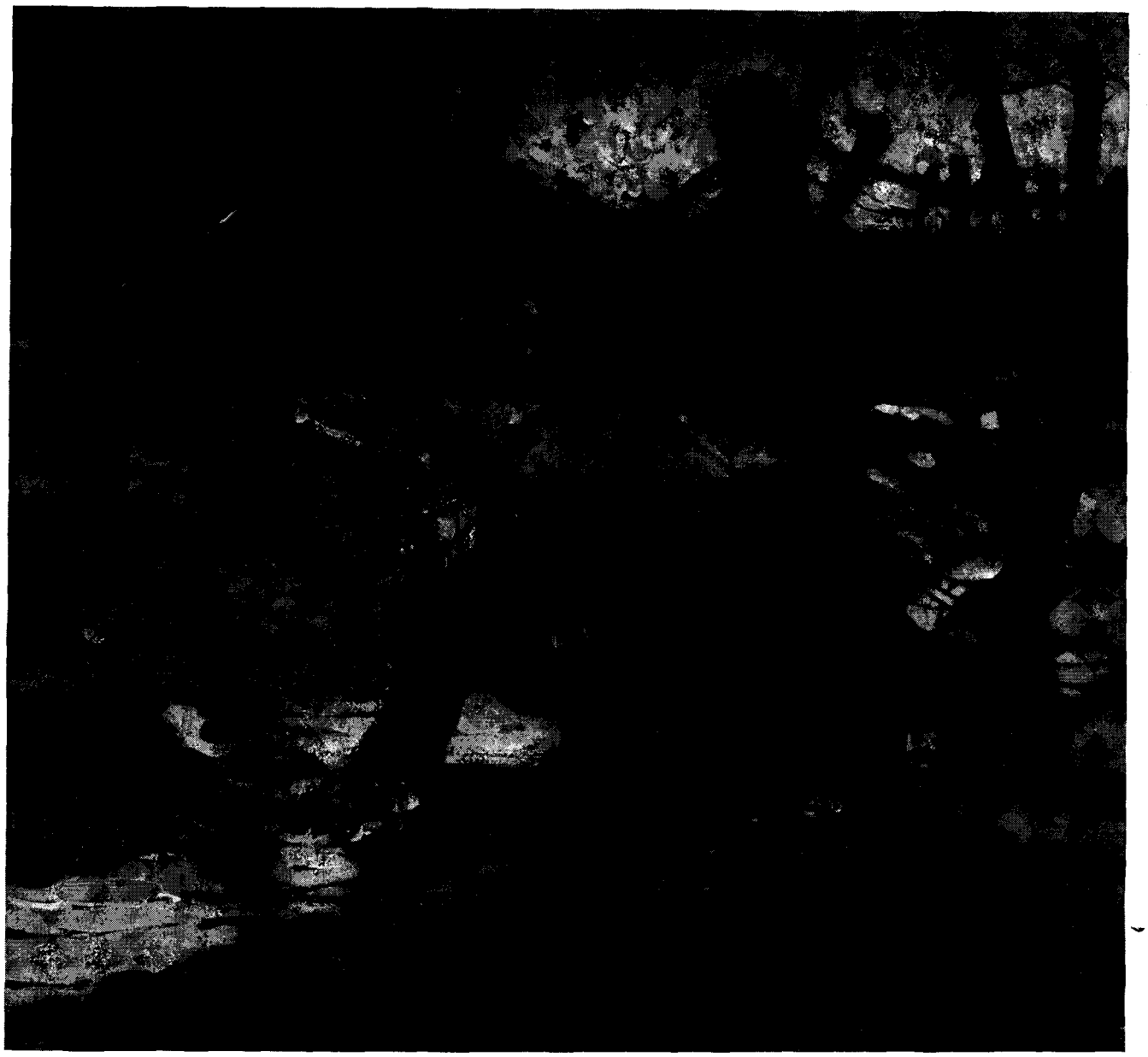
The Lesser Evil

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry



J. E. Allen

He pictured himself court-martialed. Shot! Everlastingly disgraced!

ALWAYS on Hugh's birthday the woman Hugh had been engaged to marry if he returned from the loathsome business — returned intact, that is, since he did not intend to foist a broken man upon her —took from a box the personal belongings that one of his comrades, without comment, had sent her. They were few enough: the wrist watch she had given him; a tooled leather case containing their photographs, face to face in a prolonged kiss; several letters of hers; and the notebook in which he had jotted down reminders of foreign scenes and peoples.

Though all these things, intimate possessions that stay close to a man, had been on his person when he died, the notebook was the most vivid, the most lively remembrance. Its terse notes, with nothing of war in them, were but hints of his observations, to be amplified when he would tell her of them in detail. It was as if he had left to her a bit of his brain. Dear, artless Hugh! There had been something of the maternal in the fear she had felt for that artlessness of his.

Not that she waited for his birthday to fondle her keepsakes, to dream over them. She had even looked up in books the places he had visited, tried to see them with his eyes, to catch—oh, so vainly!—his point of view. But on his birthday she made a rite of her remembrance. It was and always would be a solemn part of the day for her. She had not even thought of another man; she was married to an ideal.

If those poor mementos could have spoken! If they could have clothed with circumstances the brutal bareness of that final official dispatch! But they were inanimate things, though they had once lain near his heart, been warmed by the heat of his body; even the notebook, its pages enlivened by the familiar handwriting, was mute. Yet it was better so. Better that she cherish the memory of one whom she believed to have been a victim of the chances of war, her item in the endless score. This he had foreseen.

In the blinding flash of those last supreme thoughts of his he foresaw the result of the choice he innocently believed himself forced to make. So, though from the first he had been resigned to possible death, though his patriotism was as honest as the next man's, he did not die for his country. He did not die for any altruistic abstraction. He chose to die for her.

Pathetic, believing he had to choose. And hating it all—the inhuman waste and futility, the personal privations and degradations of soldiering—he never would have escaped them alone by the route of self-destruction. Such were the conditions of war. Of course he was afraid. Only men with a dog's lack of imagination go fearlessly into battle. But, like thousands of others, he was the braver for that, his fear buttressed only by soldiers' philosophy, the fatalistic "What is to be will be."

Yet in the intervals when death did not immediately threaten he took his service earnestly, his conscientiousness scorning common evasions and subterfuges. A good soldier, regardful of regulations, fearful of infractions.

AFTER midnight on that last night of Hugh's, the captain, nervous and tense with protracted expectation of a raid, sent a party to learn what might be preparing in the German trench.

Grumbling, a sergeant picked four of his tired men, including Hugh.

"Stick close to the man ahead," he instructed, as he led the way over the parapet. Then they crept inch by inch through darkness.

Low clouds and fog caused a blackness in which Hugh, who was last, could not see his companions—not even when a flare threw a horrid radiance over the desolation, for then they lay breathless and motionless on their faces. At every foot or two Hugh reached out and touched the boot of the man ahead; that was the only way he could keep track of him. And slowly they crept onward, carefully avoiding shell holes and obstructions, Hugh following blindly, except for that frequent contact with the boot.

The margin between the opposing trenches now seemed a mile wide; Hugh felt that they had already crossed it, that they must be close to the German wire. Then the boot that he touched remained stationary. He kept his finger tips against it lest he lose it. After all, he concluded, they could not be very close to the German trench; his straining ears caught no sound of guttural voices ahead. Cramped and weary, he stretched to full length and waited and kept his fingers against the boot.

Still no movement under his outstretched hand told him to resume his crawling. In this inactivity his eyelids grew heavy with sleep, and he blinked impatiently to keep them open, stared fixedly into the darkness. But, with nothing to engage his sight when it was safe to raise his head, his lids drooped again; they were of leaden weight. And presently, his head dropping on his outflung arm, he slept.

After what seemed but a moment he opened his eyes. For an instant he could not place himself. Then, in the first ghastly grayness of dawn, he realized where he was, what he had done. Now his rested faculties functioned with awful clearness. Cautiously, with imperceptible movement, his fingers stretched—and encountered a boot. The man ahead of him must have— He thrust the thought from his mind; two of them couldn't have done the same thing; that wasn't reasonable.

With infinite caution, a hair's breadth at a time, he turned his head so he could see his surroundings. His pounding heart missed a beat. He lay in the middle of No Man's Land—touching a dead man's boot!

He closed his eyes to the horror of his situation, to the absolute finality of it. Evidently, he reasoned, the file had come upon the body in their path and had passed around it and by this swerve the live foot had been taken, between touches, out of his reach. And the others had gone on without him and returned only to pass unseeing and unseen, unhearing and unheard.

They must have wondered. Already his absence, his lapse, must have been reported. Mistaking one boot for another in the darkness was plausible enough. But falling asleep while on duty, to Hugh's mind, was only less than desertion or treason. A friendly shout of advice, as soon as he could be seen, would have dispelled his delusion. A less literal mind than his would have recognized only the necessity to lie still and wait a chance to return. But he was on his own. The war for Hugh had become a personal crisis. He pictured himself court-martialed. Shot! Everlastingly dishonored! Not that it would matter to him; he would be past all caring. But there was one to whom it would matter.

THE daylight increased; soon he would be discernible—a new figure on that dreadful patch of ground since daylight last illumined it. Well, in a little while he would put an end to it. His big moment! It was almost ridiculous. A dead man's boot! He would have liked to look once more upon a photograph, to read again a letter or two, but he dared not move—until he was ready for that final movement of all.

When he decided that the little while was up he rose stiffly to his feet, turned about, and walked deliberately towards his trench. He thought he might go five paces before the Germans . . . he went three.

And later, after his comrades had overrun the German trenches, his body was laid among the honorable dead.

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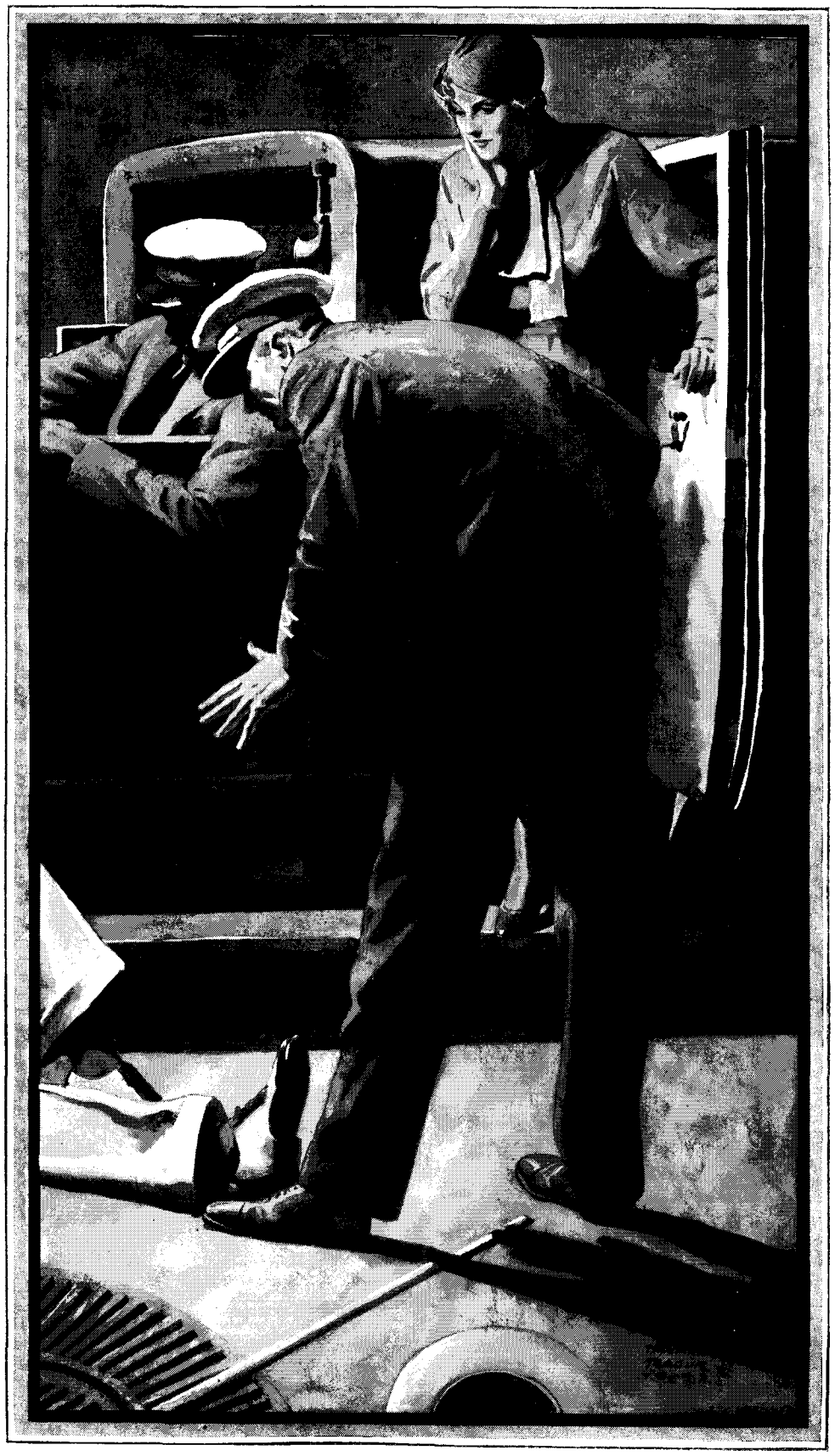
All Over Again

By Albert Richard Wetjen

Mr. Anson was the owner's son, and he certainly had some rights. But when it came to Captain McQueen's daughter, Mr. Hendricks took the helm. Piracy, you say? No, just the way of a sailor

Illustrated by Donald Teague



His hand, clenched, smacked beneath Mr. Anson's jaw and he went down with a distressed gasp

I WANT you to pay particular attention to the cargo stowing aft, Mr. Hendricks," said Captain McQueen severely. "Last trip, if you'll remember, we had to tear out half the Bahia stuff in the shelter deck and restow it."

"Yes, sir," agreed Mr. Hendricks. "But that wasn't my fault. I was ashore when it came aboard. You gave me permission. . . ."

"Well, you shouldn't have asked me," said Captain McQueen unreasonably. "And another thing," he added as the second mate of the Dundee King was about to leave his cabin. "And another thing, I'd be obliged if you'd stop bothering my daughter."

"I?" said Mr. Hendricks. He removed his cap and turned it over in his hands and minutely inspected the inscription inside as if he had never seen it before. Dunnings. Marine Outfitters.

"Yes, you," Captain McQueen agreed. "I'll not mention the time you waste walking round the deck of nights when you ought to be turned in. I'm not even complaining—**much**—about your gallivanting ashore in Santos and Rio. But when it comes to a two-day motoring trip back-country at Rosario it's a bit thick."

"But we had quite a party along, sir," Mr. Hendricks pointed out. "And I had two days coming me from Bahia when the mate and third were sick."

"Yes, yes," said Captain McQueen, with reluctant agreement. "But just stop bothering my daughter."

"Did she say I bothered her, sir?"

"Are you going to stand there and argue with me all day?" roared the captain. "Get out!"

When the master of a ten-thousand-ton passenger-freighter talks like that, second mates get out. And Mr. Hendricks paused mournfully on the lower bridge to adjust his cap and straighten his jacket. He went down to the main deck and leaned on the rail to stare at the dirt and confusion of the Buenos Aires waterfront, where stevedores shouted, marine police patrolled and teamsters cracked whips over straining horses.

"So he had to bring up the cargo business so he could chin me about Helen, eh?" he said resentfully. "Why couldn't the old wart come to the point and tell me he'd fire me if I didn't behave? It's a hell of a world."

The senior cadet, covered with dust and sweating cheerfully, came up and touched his arm.

"Where you want those salted hides put, sir?" he bellowed over the deafening rattle of the winches. "Salted hides, I said, sir."

"You're always saying something," Mr. Hendricks agreed. "All right. I'll be along."

He stopped by the saloon door on his way aft and poked his head inside. The chief steward, in his shirt sleeves, was busy taking a drink and conversing with one of the male passengers who had been foolish enough to remain on board for the day.

"HEY, Funny-face," said Mr. Hendricks. "Miss McQueen get back yet?"

"No, she's still ashore with Mr. Anson and the gang," the chief steward informed him. "And"—sucking the whisky from his pale mustache—"don't call me Funny-face."

"Fair enough," Mr. Hendricks agreed. "Any message?"

"I *oughtn't give it to you*," the chief steward growled. "And if it was anyone else but Miss McQueen—"

"Put a half-hitch on it and stow it," said the second mate. "What is it?"

The chief steward tossed a crumpled envelope at the doorway and Mr. Hendricks retrieved it with due reverence. The note was short and sweet:

"Corner of Corrientes and Esmeralda if you love me. I'll ditch the boy friend if I have to get him soused. At eight."

Mr. Hendricks pushed back his cap to scratch his red head and wrath smoldered in his gray eyes.

"At eight? Does she think I'm a skipper? . . . Hey!" He checked the boss stevedore on his way past. "What time you figure on quitting tonight?" He attempted it in Spanish, gave it up and added, "What time, huh? You savvy?"

"We'll probably lay off at nine," said the boss stevedore in perfect English. "Why? Going some place?"

"Maybe," said Mr. Hendricks vaguely, and went on aft.

"THOSE salted hides," suggested the senior cadet as he rounded the midships house.

"Damn the salted hides!" Mr. Hendricks exploded. He had more important things on his mind than salted hides. It occurred to him with bitterness that salted hides *would* intrude at a moment like this. And he had to be ashore at eight.

"Mr. Simpson," he was saying half an hour later, "I'd like to ask you a favor, sir."

"No," said the first mate of the Dundee King. "You can't. We figure on cleaning up aft tonight. No barging ashore."

"I'll make it up in Montevideo, sir," protested Mr. Hendricks. "You know how it is."

"According to my reckoning, you already owe the ship and me about five nights ashore. No."

"You've got me all wrong," protested Mr. Hendricks. "I just wanted to buy a lottery ticket."

"Send the steward ashore for one."

"Aw, listen, Mr. Simpson. Be a good egg just this time. It's important."

"Say, you listen to me," snorted the mate wrathfully. "The Old Man was wigging me this morning about giving you too much rope. He's sore about

(Continued on page 46)

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Thunder in the Dust

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

The Story Thus Far:

JUAN AMADOR, foreman of Tom Cloud's Flying K ranch in Mexico (in the Lower Peninsula of California), is killed in an encounter with cattle thieves. Cloud, with three of his vaqueros, is near by at the time; but cannot identify the thieves. He believes, though, he knows the names of three.

Riding home, he reviews the situation. He is a lone American, with eight thousand cattle. Thieves surround him; already they have stolen eight hundred calves. The raids are sure to continue.

He turns to one of his vaqueros. "Teco," he orders, "go and find this man called El Fuerte. *Tell him I want him.*" The man gallops away. Riding slowly, Cloud enters the Valley of the Witch, where two other Americans live: John Boyce and his wife, Kathleen.

An interesting couple, the Boyces. Kathleen, black-haired, blue-eyed, is a beautiful woman. The daughter of "The Kilcayne," a noted mining man, she had been reared in affluence. With her husband—who, like her, had grown up in a golden world—she had come to Mexico. There, John Boyce (with wealth no longer behind him) had tried, futilely, to develop certain mining holdings left by The Kilcayne. And there, three years married, Kathleen Boyce had come to look upon Tom Cloud as the one strong man upon whom she could invariably rely, to whom she could always turn in time of trouble.

The rambling house in which the Boyces live is Cloud's. Approaching it, he decides to pay a call. Kathleen greets him. She is obviously glad to see him. Not so her husband; Boyce is not hostile—he is merely coldly courteous, bland, suave. Cloud has never felt drawn toward him. Today he feels a strong antipathy toward him. *And he knows why:* John Boyce is the husband of the woman he, Tom Cloud, loves!

Alone with Cloud, when Boyce leaves the room, Kathleen talks of her problems. Then—"John is lost, here. Tom, you must help us to sell, get out!" Boyce and "Old Beard"—Bill Willard, a wealthy miner and cattleman whose advice about mining Boyce has been seeking—enter the room. As Amador's body is carried past the house, Cloud tells the story of the killing. Then, rising, he goes out with Old Beard.

But, before he mounts his horse, his eyes and Kathleen's meet. And, riding away with the old miner, he knows that John Boyce's wife loves him.

II

AS CLOUD rode away beside Old Beard, Kathleen stood for a few moments, leaning her head against the door jamb, watching the receding riders. A lost, draining-away sensation was pulling at her heart, as if she were being left entirely alone in this strange place; except that to be alone with John Boyce nowadays was just a little worse than being altogether alone.

As she turned back into the darkening room she was feeling the sudden chill that descends upon Baja when the sun is gone; and all the life and light was going out of her face, leaving it touched by a constraint that might have risen from a faint dread. John Boyce was sitting on the edge of a chair, perfectly still, his eyes fixed upon Kathleen. He appeared relaxed, and his face carried no readable meaning; but in the thickening dusk it seemed to her that its pale, almost luminous oval shone with a vaguely baleful cast. He never tanned like other men.

She moved toward a lamp, feeling the urgent need of light, but stopped, remembering that the lamps in this room were dry. They never had anything any more, except what Tom Cloud sent them. Kathleen turned to the fireplace, but no wood had been brought in, and this was cold and empty too.

She faced John Boyce, her arms tight against her sides. "In heaven's name, John, don't look at me like that!"

Boyce regarded her a moment more, then smiled unpleasantly, and got up to get the brandy bottle. In some men that gesture would have offered hope of a mellower mood later on, but there was no hope of that with Boyce. He was a cold drinker. When he drank, which now was nearly every day, he put down impossible quantities of whatever liquor was at hand. Yet he never flushed or staggered, and instead of thickening his words increased their precision. His eyes glowed with a queer, somber light in a face gone bloodless, and there was a disturbing suggestion of an ordered madness in his speech.

"Too bad," he said now, "that you couldn't persuade him to stay."

She pretended that she believed he meant Beard. "I thought you had finished talking to him. Was he able to tell you the boundaries of the *Dos*—"

In liquor Boyce was both unapproachable and inescapable. "I imagine, though," he said, "that he stays longer when I am gone."

Kathleen said in a strained voice, "If you're speaking of Tom Cloud—"

"Your perspicuity astounds me," Boyce said. "I was speaking of your—I started to say, your lover; but I imagine that is yet to come. Convenient for you, isn't it, that I have to spend so much time grubbing in these infernal hills."

"John! Don't!"

JOHN BOYCE talked on in tones suavely modulated—treacherously so, for he had a command of words that could cut and burn like corroding acid. "What a pity," he said, purring almost sympathetically, "that he doesn't return your infatuation. I'm afraid you'll have to be even more obvious than you've already become. I suggest that you invent a ruse whereby you appear before him wearing a bath towel. That's the sort of display to which these simple souls react."

Dark spots of red had appeared over Kathleen's cheek bones; in the failed light they looked like charcoal smudges. This was not a new thing he was beginning. She stared at him a moment, then moved abruptly to go out of the room.

He stopped her. "I believe I was speaking to you."

"I'm going to build a fire."

"I'll take care of that." He stepped to a window. "Pete! *El lumbre!*"

Kathleen took two quick steps to gain the inner door—a gesture of escape; but Boyce whirled and caught her arm above the elbow. "You're overwrought, my dear," he said in those velvety intonations. "You've allowed your—friend to affect you too strongly, under the circumstances. Nothing so unnerves a woman as too strong an unrequited desire. You must try to control your instincts. Sit here."

He made her sit down, with every appearance of gentleness; but when he had released her his finger marks showed upon her bare arm like scars. She sat motionless, her face hopeless, her eyes sad and quiet on the distant hills. No use to try to escape him, or to shut herself away until his mood turned; it might last for days. She had learned that to be quiet, and to wait, was the easiest way.

There was a perfunctory knock, and a little round-bodied man with a brown moon-shaped face came in laden with wood. He kneeled at the fireplace and began the leisurely laying of a blaze. Boyce began talking again, ignoring the *mozo*.

"If physical display fails—but of course it won't. I was going to suggest that you play upon his sympathy. But after all, he's anything but intelligent."

"John," Kathleen said, "you're being completely, unutterably vicious."

"I'm only trying to be helpful." He poured himself more brandy, stirred it about with a circular motion of the glass, and sniffed its villainous bouquet ironically. "I'm afraid you must pardon me if I cannot conceal that I am ever so slightly revolted. I had hardly supposed that you would be so entranced by a set of back muscles. How do you tell whether you're embracing him or one of those execrable plugs he rides? Or can you? Or do you feel that it matters?"

THERE were little white patches at the corners of Kathleen's nostrils, but she said, "I think that when you're in a mood like this, nothing that you say matters at all."

"But I imagine," Boyce went on, as if to himself, "that I may still expect, usually, to find you here. Somehow I'm perfectly sure that Cloud won't be fool enough to take you, however you may expose the opportunity."

Kathleen turned on him sharply, desperation in her eyes, but he spoke quickly. "And now you're going to tell me that you *will* leave, that you *will* go to him, odor of the stable and all. Save your breath, Kathleen."

She faltered and turned away. It was the most terrible characteristic of this man that he could, many and many times, read her thoughts with an eerie accuracy.

"You see, my dear," he said in tones of factitious caress, "you could conceal things from me once; you cannot any more. The process of reading you is perfectly effortless. Everything about you is much more plainly exposed to the mind than if you were naked."

KATHLEEN shuddered, turning weak and sick. She had inherited an all but imperishable tenacity from The Kilcayne. With it she had tried to make something lasting and decent of her marriage with this man. But she knew that she was nearly spent.

"I'm not leaving you," she said. "Not yet. Once you were a presentable thing—more than presentable. You're not any more. That may be partly my fault. So I mean to stay with you until you're on your feet again. But once I'm convinced that you won't go utterly to pieces as soon as I leave you—then I'm going to leave you. Not for Tom Cloud, not for any man. Just leave you. Because living with you is not tolerable any more."

"Pleasant to have the reassurance," Boyce murmured. He looked amused, and drank again. "Of course—I realize that it's unfair to blame you for the tastes you've inherited from the unwashed Kilcayne."

Kathleen's face was white. "You're just a little cowardly, I think. I can't imagine your saying a thing like that in the hearing of my father, or my

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Boyce whirled and caught her arm. "You're overwrought, my dear," he said, in those velvety intonations

brother, if they were alive. Even Tom Cloud, whom I scarcely know, would break you in his hands."

"A typical Kilcayne conception," Boyce agreed impersonally. "Yet perhaps I am unjust. After all, you don't know—do you?—that The Kilcayne was your father at all."

"What can you mean by that?" Kathleen stood up abruptly, endurance at an end.

"It seems unlikely," he said soothingly, "that a woman who could surrender to the preposterous Kilcayne could have been very particular."

Suddenly Kathleen's breath caught in her throat, and she struck him across the face with all her strength.

His ironic, impersonally tormenting smile did not change, nor the peculiar fixed staring of his eyes, somber and faintly mad. It seemed to Kathleen that the blow shook the rigid poise of his head no more than if he had been struck by a ghost, and her soft, slender fingers left no mark on his already pallid face. She turned and fled, and hid herself in her own room; and when she had barred the door, gently folded herself into a little heap on the floor. She hid her face tight in her arms, sobbing erratically and wishing she were dead.

She would have gone with Tom Cloud then, if he had come. For a little while she felt an overpowering necessity to go to him, now, at once, to find him wherever he might be. It was only later, when she had washed her face with cold water, and the strained beating of her heart had quieted with fatigue, that she knew this to be a thing she could not do, now or ever.

In the ultimate, she knew with perfect certainty that she could never go to any man while she was driven and helpless and defeated. A mating should be a consummation that was the heart of peace; a gentle and happy thing, radiant and serene. She could never make it the refuge of a disordered retreat. To go to Tom Cloud now would have been like going to him unclean.

JOGGING stirrup to stirrup with Old Beard, Cloud was silent for a little way. Beard knew things that might be invaluable to Cloud; but Cloud didn't know how to open him up.

"When do you figure Boyce will be leaving?" Old Beard asked.

"Boyce hasn't told me he was leaving at all."

"Me neither, come to think of it; I just figured he'd be getting out."

"You watch us all come and go, don't you?" Cloud said with a visible annoyance.

"Boyce ain't hardly the man to go at The Kilcayne property," Beard said. "He ain't of any mind to settle into the country, and try to learn it. All he wants is to loot the country and get out. Well, he'll get out, all right, but it'll be him that's looted. Them rocky Cayugas can loot the heart out of a little man like him."

Tom Cloud growled, "This country sure is long on loot."

Beard said nothing for a little while. He was not a notably silent man, as lonely men go; but when you tried to find out something from him that would be of some good to you, he dried up. "I was kind of hoping we might ketch some early rain," he responded at last.

Cloud spoke out bluntly: "You know why I'm here. This new U. S. duty on beef runs higher than the price of cows in Arizona. It's just plain smashed hell out of the cattlemen below the border—Baja especially, because Baja cattlemen can't reach the Mexico City market Naturally the price of leases went to hell in a barrel."

Beard waited, regarding him without expression.

"ME, I was willing to bet that this big import duty would be dropped off again. Maybe not right away; but within ten years. I had a fair-sized stake. I figured I could buy more cows and leases with it here than I'd see in a lifetime any place else. In ten years my cattle should build up to where I'll be one of the strongest cattlemen in North America. Then if the import duty drops off, I ought to be able to take the world by the tail and crack it like a whip."

"If," said Old Beard.

"I took that chance."

"Well?"

"You know what's happened," Cloud said with a sort of slow, casual fury. "Build up, hell! I've had a beef shrinkage fit to bust the old Ten-In-Texas. It's worse than it used to be fifty years back, in the old wild days. And I'm damned if I can get my teeth into it."

"Takes time to learn a country," Beard said vaguely. "I mind when I first come down here, forty years ago. For a while it looked like—"

Cloud would not be led off. "Putting cattle into this country is like pouring water on sand," he said, speaking more bitterly than anyone down there had ever heard him speak. "If I just lost a calf once in a while I wouldn't mind. But they're game to flood all Mexico with beef jerky, if my herds hold out. God knows where they get rid of it all! I figure I've lost eight hundred head this dry season."

"Seems a mite high," Beard offered.

"If this was Arizona, a man could go at 'em and clean 'em out. But what can a man do where the whole population sucks up loot like a sponge?"

"Who taught 'em?" Beard grinned.

Cloud was silent.

"Look around you," Beard suggested. "You see a middling rich cattle country. But look at the people. Shy on shoes—where would they get shoes? Shy on blankets; shy on quinine; shy on everything it takes money to buy. Some years they run a sixty per cent death loss among their little kids."

"Laziness," Cloud snapped.

"This morning," Beard told him, "riding down from yonder, I passed a man on the road. He had a hundred pounds of pottery on his back, and he was running. Tonight, riding back, I'll pass him again—still running. Due to laziness."

"Well, what's your answer to it?"

"You shouldn't never turn in," Beard said, "without thanking God that these here is sure a peaceable people. All you got here that's American is some blood bulls. Everything else has come out of these people. That's why there ain't no shoes."

(Continued on page 29)

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Not Engelbert Dollfuss! He was raised to the practical dictatorship of Austria at a time when an instant's indecision might have left him without a country. He set the might of an unalterable determination against the absorption of his native land by her powerful neighbor. He defied a country ten times the size of his own. Now he's the key man in European politics, and even his startled enemies reluctantly exclaim: Engelbert, what big friends you have!

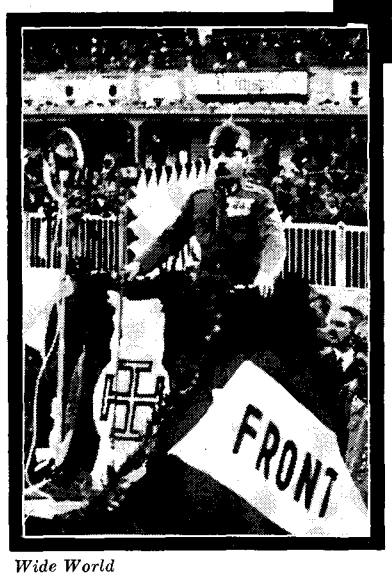
© Keystone

ONE day, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, a little schoolboy made a big decision. He decided to put an end to the sneers of his schoolmates about his diminutive stature. So, at the very next sneer he doubled up his fists and waded in to fight. That was the first of a round of battles, of blackened eyes and swollen lips, the upshot of which was that the sneers suddenly and completely ceased.

Elated, the little schoolboy made a second decision. Because of his littleness, he reflected, he must work harder than other boys and get better marks from his teachers—otherwise, once more they would think far too much of how little he was and tend, in consequence, to despise him.

So he studied day and night, got to the top of the class at the school which he was attending in his native village in Austria, and soon won a scholarship which took him to the University of Vienna. It occurred to none of those who knew him to sneer at him any more—some respected his brains too much, others his fists.

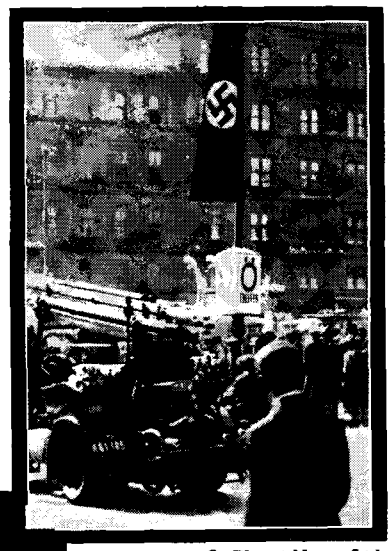
Eventually that boy became Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss, head of the government of the republic of Austria. He was still quite small—only four feet eleven inches in height—but his courage and capacity for work had become bigger than ever. He proved this up to the hilt a few months ago when big Adolf Hitler, master of big Germany, decided to steam-roller little Dollfuss and annex little Austria to Germany.



Wide World

But Dollfuss doubled up his fists and waded in to fight Hitler. The latter's campaign to gobble up Austria came to an abrupt stop. And people all over the world, who had become alarmed at the sweeping progress made by Hitlerism since its accession to power in Berlin, rose up to cheer the peppery little Austrian Chancellor and egg him on to further defiance. Overnight he found himself the hero of Europe. And, in the months that have elapsed since he first thrust back Hitlerism's attempt to dragoon Austria into submission, he has kept Hitler at bay and kept in his hands the reins of government and kept the admiration of the world. Moreover, he has kept his nerve. Some weeks ago, when an Austrian Hitlerist, infuriated at Dollfuss' stand, fired two bullets into him, he impatiently brushed aside those who crowded around him.

"No excitement, please!" he admonished them. "I do not want an ambulance. I will walk to my car." And he did—true, still, to the decision which had seen him through many a hard-fought battle in his boyhood school days.



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True, also, to the second decision made by him back in those days, he has flitted tirelessly from one European capital to another, enlisting aid for his fight. He has wheedled encouragement from some statesmen and good hard cash from others, and from one — Mussolini — not only promises of effective help in case Hitler gets too rampant but also substantial immediate backing in the way of commercial concessions for Austria. So, this year, hard work has rewarded Engelbert Dollfuss, the grown-up Austrian Chancellor, just as it rewarded him when he was a schoolboy years ago.

Wide World

Hitler's methods had become Prussian — and that was too much for polite, easy-going Austria. So the cause of the *Anschluss* got a rude jolt. There is always a way of doing things. Hitlerism had chosen the wrong way with Austria. Dollfuss (by this time hot against the *Anschluss)* found himself supported, in his campaign to keep Austria independent of Germany, by a solid phalanx of Austrians which included many of those who had been hitherto most enthusiastic for Austro-German union. As an Austrian put the new situation to me, as we sat over a typical cup of Viennese coffee at a typical Viennese sidewalk café:

"Many of us Austrians had begun to think we might be reconciled to becoming Germanized, but we are darned well not going to let ourselves be Prussianized!"

In order not to get hopelessly bogged among the intricacies of the game which Dollfuss and Hitler are playing, think of it as just so much chess. In the European international chess match the most formidable pieces at present are Hitler and Mussolini. Dollfuss, for all his perkiness, has never been more than a pawn. But, just as in real chess, a humble pawn may suddenly become vitally important, so, in the Europe of 1933, Pawn Dollfuss has suddenly become the center of the whole match.

Hitler, arch-exponent of the German brand of Fascism, wants to dominate the European

(Continued on page 41)

When Dollfuss entered the Austrian political game he was, like many of his fellow-countrymen, a partisan of the *Anschluss*—as the project of union between Germany and Austria is called in Germany. Ever since the end of the World War there has been agitation among Austrians for this union. Many of them have felt that their country, as reshaped by the peace treaties, would have a far better chance of regaining prosperity if it gave up the idea of remaining independent and became, instead, a part of the German Reich.

But when the Hitlerist conquerors of Germany began to act early this year as if Austria had already been annexed by them, when their chief's agents on Austrian soil started terroristic methods against all audacious enough to oppose them, there was a strong revulsion of feeling.

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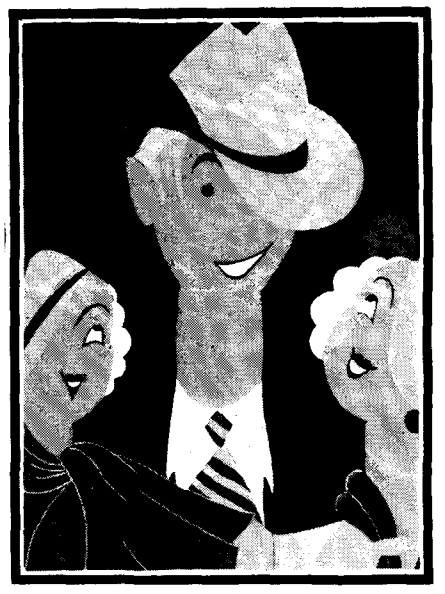
It's not a party unless the liquor flows freely

Débutante's Man

By Virginia Cowles

Presented by an authority who has met him in the North, South, East and West, he looks a good deal like a spoiled child. Maybe you can tell who spoiled him



He realizes the important rôle he plays in the feminine world

THIS is the man the débutantes set their caps for. He is the son of America's best families, the young hopeful of the nation, a college man.

He may go to Stanford or Harvard, Wisconsin or Princeton, Virginia or Yale; whatever his college, whatever its local veneer, fundamentally he remains a standardized, national product.

He learns to conform at an early age. When he is twelve or thirteen he is sent away to "prep" school. He is thrust into the company of hundreds of boys his own age. He is robbed of all privacy. He eats with them, studies with them, plays with them, rooms with them. He must become exactly like them, for they will tolerate no dissension of thought, prejudice, ambition. Unless he fits precisely into their pattern of living he is subject to their derision.

They are stringent in their opinions of right and wrong. They study hard, observe traditions, worship good sportsmanship, obey the rules. They are quick to criticize and merciless in their judgments.

The newcomer is unable to withstand the censure of his classmates; he conforms. To win their admiration becomes the consuming desire in his life. He is unhappy unless he can patronize the same stores and buy the same clothes as his friends. He is critical of his parents for fear they will say or do something that will embarrass him.

As athletics command the foremost interest in school and pave a sure-fire road to popularity, they gain enormous value in his mind. His brightest dream is a vision of himself running sixty yards for a touchdown. He falls asleep happily with the plaudits of his companions ringing in his ears.

His interest in girls increases gradually. He is unsure of himself, a little afraid of them. At sixteen or seventeen he reaches a crescendo of Romeo and Juliet idealism. This diminishes as he becomes aware of the eagerness with which his company is sought, and the vitally important rôle he plays in the feminine world.

He is graduated from school, he is ready for college. He does not regard it as a privilege; he takes it as much for granted as his sister accepts her début. He goes surrounded by the same coterie of friends with whom he has attended school.

At college he is granted his first opportunity for intellectual expansion, his first opportunity for widening the sphere of his friendships, his first opportunity for individual development. But the die has been cast. His conduct and views undergo a radical change in the freedom of the college régime; but they change only in tune with the mass opinion of his friends. He continues to attach paramount value to their approbation.

His name is placed on the débutantes' lists of eligible bachelors. What is this man they seek?

His clothes are nonchalant; they reflect an air of sophisticated carelessness. Although he buys the best materials, employs the best tailor, patronizes the best stores, he mixes the coat of one suit with the trousers of another. Although he cherishes a Burberry, a polo coat, gray flannels, corduroys, a leather jacket, he declines to have these articles cleaned. In the East he invariably wears a battered brown felt hat; in the West he wears none.

The Things That Count

Making a club or fraternity is the outstanding event in his college life. He becomes tremendously impressed with his importance. He is snobbish to boys in clubs he considers inferior to his own; he rarely knows the ones who aren't in clubs. He is extremely proud of his friends from a standpoint of money, position, athletic fame; there are always one or two whom he apes and talks about incessantly. He views college as a place to "raise hell" for four years, and to form friendships which will be beneficial to him after he graduates. He boasts about how little he studies; if he is put on probation or flunks out it is not because of his I. Q. but his popularity.

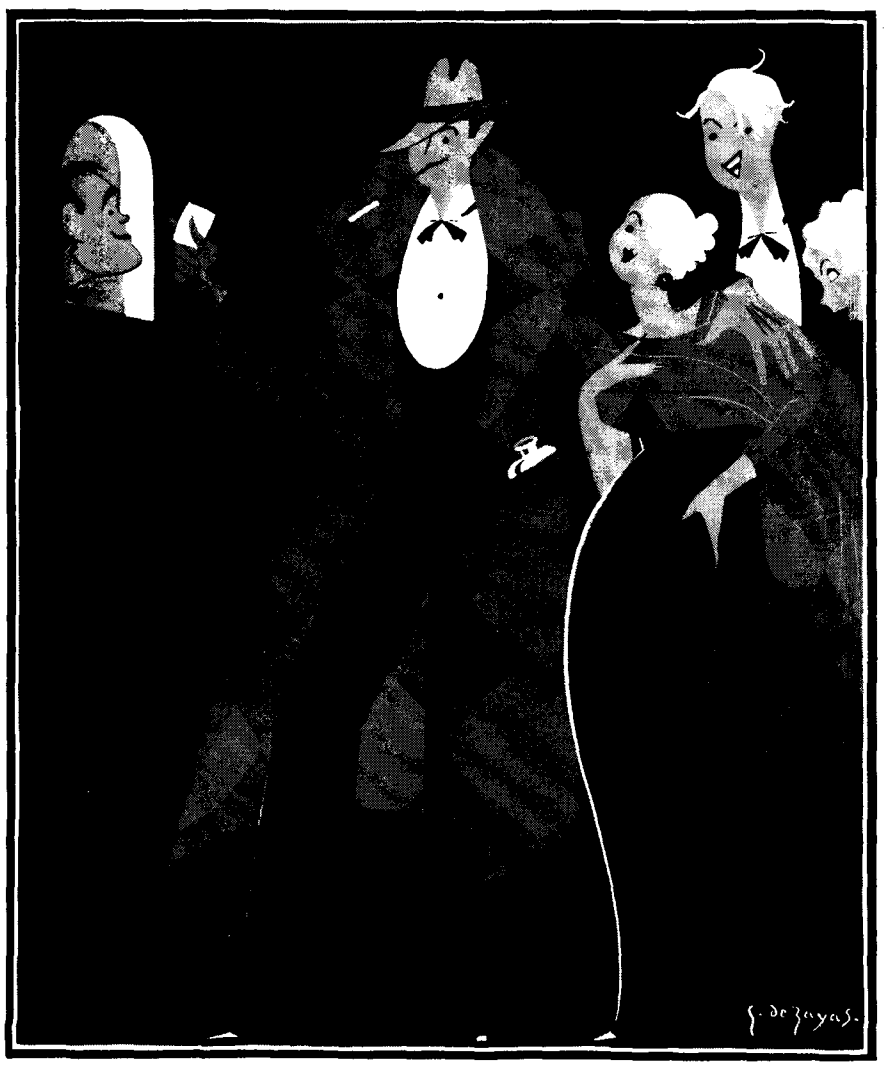
Whatever game he plays, he plays for money. He loves to gamble. Bridge invariably becomes an obsession with him; he will even rush to his room to finish a hand in the ten minutes between classes.

He delights in collecting pictures of girls, signs, trophies. He consumes an enormous amount of liquor and brags about his capacity. When he passes out it is not because he can't hold it; he mixed his drinks.

He uses a light and extravagant language. He "eases" off the dance floor, he "shoves" home, he "shoots" his lunch. He fills his limited vocabulary with all the current slang and coins a great many expressions of his own. Synonyms for intoxication are plentiful, a few of the most popular ones are: gassed, plastered, screaming, stiff, stinking, full.

His greatest desire is to be thought worldly. His wallet is jammed with speakeasy cards, his address book filled with questionable telephone numbers. He takes great pride in calling orchestra leaders, night club proprietors, head waiters, by their first names. He spends his allowance as carelessly as the most blatant butter-and-egger. He takes in all the musical shows, knows the latest scandal about celebrities. He gets around; he never misses a football game; he goes to boat races, track meets, horse races, Bermuda at Easter vacation.

He tries to impress every girl with his deviltry. His conversation is solely devoted to this purpose; the main topic is drinking, with a detailed account of how much liquor was consumed, the degrees of intoxication attained, the resultant scrapes and complications. He will casually relate his most intimate personal experiences to her. He revels in vulgarity; he grows audacious when he has the support of his friends and will use the lowest of barnyard expressions in her company. He likes to appear reckless. He brags how quickly he drove a certain distance, about missing death by inches, being pinched for speeding, jailed for drunkenness. He winds his stories up with, "If the old man ever finds out. . . ."



George de Zayas

His wallet is jammed with speakeasy cards

Independent Play-Boy

He is ingratiating with his family; he never confides in them. He jokes with his friends about the ordeal of facing his father with a hangover, trying to control the "jitters" when he is dining with his mother, thinking up a good alibi for the night before. He conveys the impression that he would be disinherited if they had a glimmer of his activities.

He boasts about the number of invitations he receives to débutante parties. He waits until the last moment before accepting to be sure nothing more desirable will turn up; he will even telephone his acceptance an hour before dinner. He seldom bothers to write a declination. He doesn't hesitate to crash parties or to be absent from ones he promises to attend. He feels under no obligation to his hostess to help make the evening a success. He came

(Continued on page 51)

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Leaping Lena's Baby Brother

By Kyle Crichton

The saga of King Levinsky, a fighter who likes to fight

THE old-timers who bewail the limousines of the present crop of prize fighters and hark back to the days when the boys slaughtered each other on a raft for a can of beans and half a hog have surely overlooked King Levinsky. Mr. Levinsky has no objection to a limousine, provided it doesn't keep him out of the ring.

Mr. Levinsky will fight for gold, glory or marbles, and generally does the last. He is so anxious for mortal combat that he will guarantee the purse of his opponent and take what is left over, which invariably turns out to be three car fares of an average street-car length.

To understand King Levinsky, you must understand the Krakow family, of which he is the child named Harry. He was born in the Bronx of New York City twenty-two years ago and was two years old when his father moved to Chicago and opened a fish store on Maxwell Street. There is no accurate count of the Krakow progeny but it is said to be around nineteen, with twelve still living and very proud of Harry, the baby.

In his youth Levinsky was known as Kid the Dropper, and even then he was slinging that right hand of his around the school yard at recess time, braining young gentlemen of classes twice and thrice removed. It was inevitable that he would eventually find himself in the ring, and, as soon as he could sneak into a clubhouse without being noticed by the janitor, he joined the amateur ranks. His record as an amateur was perfect; he never won a fight.

He came along fast, however, the minute he started as a professional. In 1929 he sat in the gallery and watched the Loughran-Walker fight in Chicago. Twenty months later he was fighting Loughran in the same ring. But it was the Loughran fight in Madison Square Garden, New York, that really launched him.

What started him off on the right foot here was the interview held to introduce him to the metropolitan press. In honor of the occasion Mr. Levinsky arrived dressed in the height of fashion, wearing spats, cane, fedora hat and a camel's-hair coat bundled handsomely about him. The feature which endeared him to the sporting fraternity, however, was a trivial fact which came to light when he removed his camel's-hair coat. Mr. Levinsky had forgotten to wear a necktie.

The odds were overwhelmingly against him in the fight with Loughran, and it was a source of some distress to the experts to witness the Kingfish bring up a roundhouse wallop from somewhere south of his shoetops and park it on Loughran's jaw. When Loughran went down, Levinsky walked over and sat on the top rung of the ropes and waved an explanatory hand to the crowd. "Look at the old four-to-one on the floor!" he cried cheerily to his friends and non-friends in the audience. Loughran got up in time and managed to jab out the decision, but they had begun to think about Levinsky.

His first professional fight was with Leo Lomski, who had been a good man in his time. Levinsky knocked him down fifteen times before knocking him out. In the third round after the fifth knockdown, Lomski's seconds, in an outburst of humanitarianism, threw in the towel to stop the massacre. The Kingfish picked up the towel gratefully, wiped his face with it and threw it out again. Mr. Lomski then went down again for the sixth time.

It was about this time that Al Miller bought Levinsky's contract from Ray Alvis for $250, and they picked a new fighting name. The King agreed that Harry Krakow would never fill any box-office coffers, but he was very set on the name of K. O. Reilly. Mr. Miller gave as his opinion that after thinking the matter over at length K. O. Reilly was the worst name a fighter could possibly have, even Mr. Krakow.

Whereupon they went into conference anew, canvassing the situation thoroughly and discussing various names starting with Battling, Knockout, Young and Terrible. After it was over Mr. Krakow said that he felt Mr. Miller was right. Of all the names considered, he felt that the best from all angles and for all purposes was K. O. Reilly. In reply, Mr. Miller asked who Mr. Krakow thought he was trying to make a sucker of and for two cents he could take the contract and starve to death in his own peculiar manner. It was then decided upon the grounds of racial pride that Battling Levinsky, the old light-heavy champ, wasn't a bad example to follow. The Kingfish came from "Amos 'n' Andy."

He almost immediately launched upon his career of fighting for marbles. In his fight with Tuffy Griffiths, Griffiths got $25,000 and Levinsky drew $4,000, divided with Al Miller and the Twelve Living Krakows. Since then he has fought anybody who would get into the ring with him. He has fought Jack Dempsey, Jack Sharkey, Max Baer twice, Primo Carnera twice, Tommy Loughran three times, Johnny Risko, Joe Sekyra. The only one missing from the top flight is Schmeling.

All this he has done with the undivided support and steady devotion of the Twelve Living Krakows, of whom the most prominent is Sister Lena, better known as Leaping Lena, and registering for voting under the name of Lena

(Continued on page 28)

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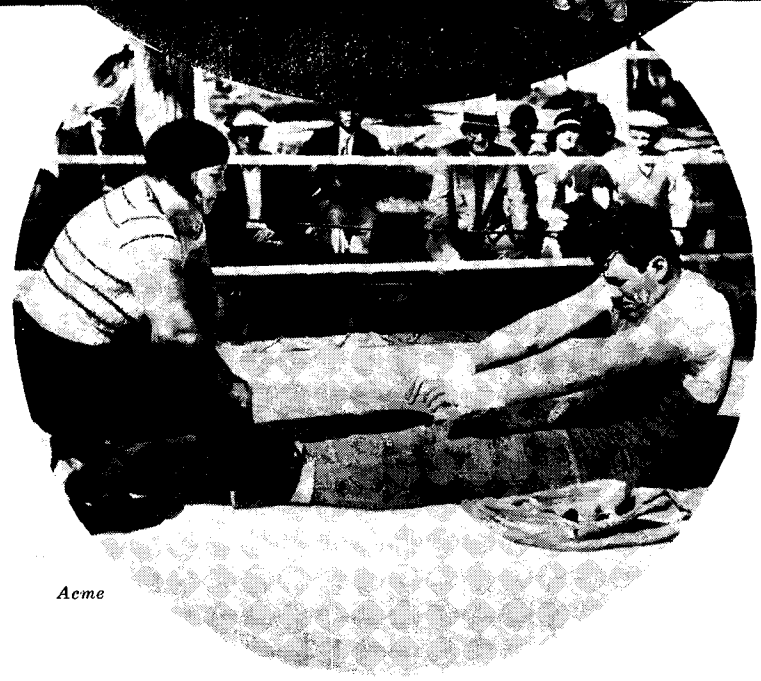
King Levinsky, whose only ambition is to knock the block off anybody who pokes his head above the floor of a prize-fight ring



Acme

Heads of the House of Krakow—Big Sister Lena and Baby Brother Harry

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Campbell's Tomato Soup

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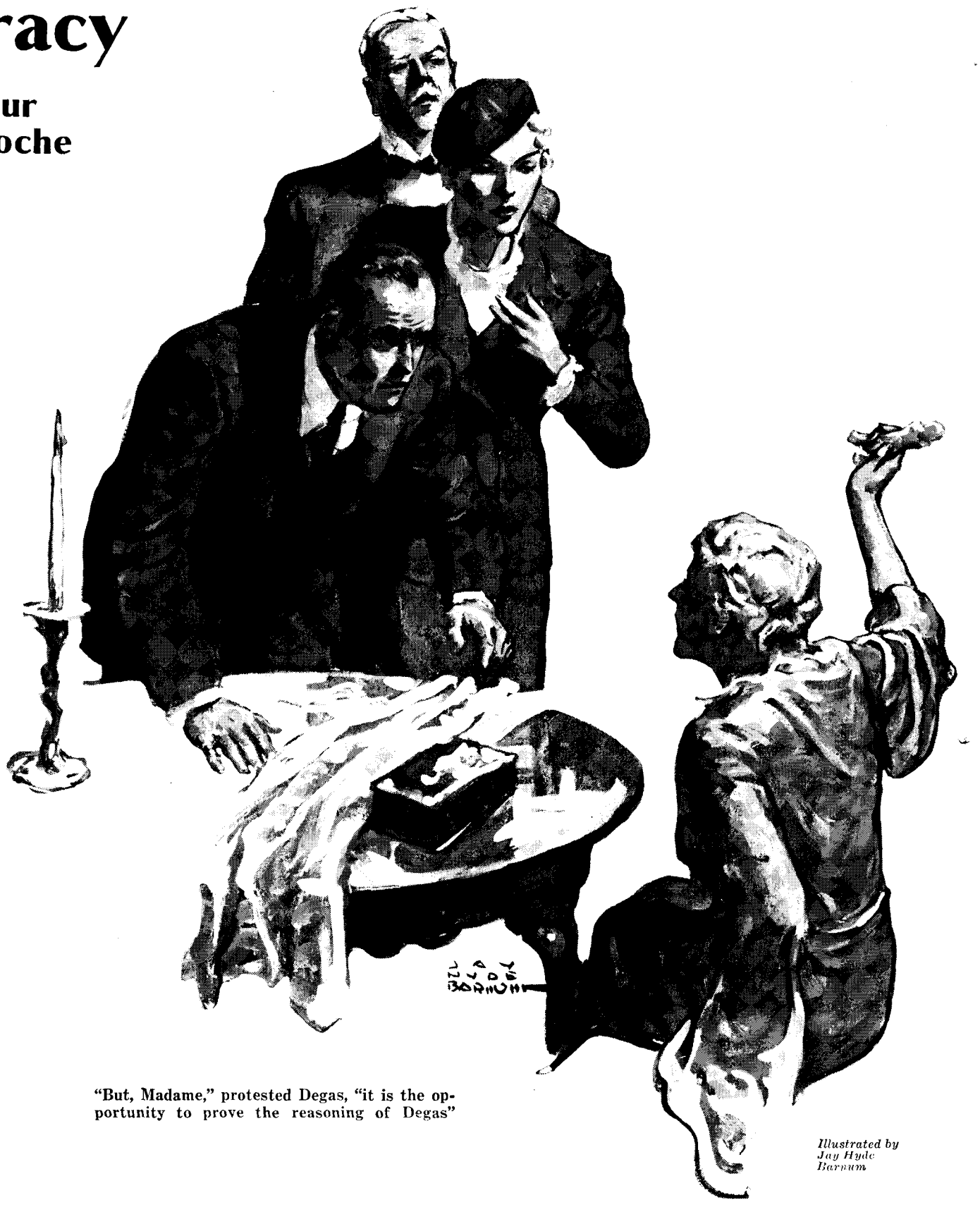
Conspiracy

By Arthur Somers Roche



"But, Madame," protested Degas, "it is the opportunity to prove the reasoning of Degas"

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

The Story Thus Far:

IN PARIS, at Paul Lanson's restaurant, Doyle Evans, of the American Embassy, witnesses the killing of Big Mike Pelletiere. Two years later, in New York, he meets Phyllis Benedict—the famous Phyllis Benedict, who, *kidnapped when a child*, had been found recently (by her wealthy father, Jason Benedict) working for one Johnson Fay, an importer. Evans recognizes her at once. When Big Mike died, he had had a girl companion. Phyllis Benedict is that girl!

That night, Evans has a caller—Lisa Gundstrom—who endeavors to convince him that it was *she* he had seen at Lanson's. Tragic events follow: Paul Lanson and his cashier, Raoul Garron, are murdered. Lisa Gundstrom "commits suicide," under very suspicious circumstances. Jean Degas, a clever French detective whom Evans has known for years, comes to America.

Evans is completely mystified. He is, however, sure of one thing: he loves Phyllis Benedict, impostor or not. And he knows that the girl (who has promised to marry him) loves him. He does not suspect the truth: With a gang of racketeers, Johnson Fay is plotting to gain control of Jason Benedict's fortune: eighty million dollars. He has intimidated the girl known as Phyllis Benedict into coöperating with him. Of late, however, Phyllis (shocked by the gang's methods and sincerely in love with Evans) has been threatening to confess. What to do? Fay knows the answer. He kidnaps Doyle Evans; then informs the girl that she must keep silent and turn over a certain two-million-dollar trust fund to him, or never again see the man she loves.

Phyllis finds that, because of technicalities, she cannot transfer the fund. Desperate, feeling that there is only one way to save Evans' life, she confides in Degas and Jake Reardon, a private detective, who have been frantically working on the case. Her strange story told, the trio dash to Evans' apartment. Evans, battered but alive, is there. He had, he says, overcome Fay, made his escape; not, however, until Fay had given him many details of his amazing operations—told him how, meeting Minnie Ganston and noting her resemblance to the missing Benedict heiress, he had then and there made his plans for stealing a great fortune. . . . Reardon phones headquarters. He hangs up. "Five gangsters have just been killed. *One of 'em's Fay!*" The girl rises. "Come with me," she says. "I'm going to the Benedicts—I'm going to tell them *who and what I am!*"

Conclusion

THE night watchman who opened the front door of the Benedict house looked curiously at the girl's companions.

"My mother and father are upstairs?" asked the girl.

"In the library, ma'am," said the man.

The girl looked at her companions. For a moment her eyes held those of Evans; then she lowered them and looked away.

"Let's go upstairs," she said.

She took a step forward and Evans reached out and detained her.

"Phyllis," he said hoarsely, "I have to tell you—" He turned to the two men. Reardon looked dour, noncommittal; but Degas beamed upon him.

"I'm going to marry Miss Benedict," he said, "if she'll have me."

"Miss *Benedict*," said the girl. "Why, my name isn't even Ganston. I don't even know my name. Do you think, Doyle, that I'd let you marry a person like myself, the associate of murderers, a woman that had lied and deceived—"

"You're going to marry me," said Evans firmly. "No matter who you are or what you've done."

"I suppose you'll be waiting outside the jailhouse for her to finish her stretch, eh?" said Reardon.

"I'll be waiting there," said Evans.

The private detective stared at him. Then he nodded.

"If that bankroll of yours ever melts from under you and you need coffee and cake money, come around and see me. I could use a guy with guts."

"Thanks," said Evans. He bent over and kissed the girl. For a moment she clung to him. Then she pushed him from her. Without a word she led the way upstairs.

In the library Jason and Polly Benedict awaited them. Mrs. Benedict was in negligee, reclining in a huge chair, and her husband was giving her a glass of water. He set it down on a table, and stared at the group.

"Phyllis," he said wonderingly.

"Darling," cried Mrs. Benedict. "You bad little girl, to frighten your mother and father. Phyllis, come and kiss me."

The girl advanced to the chair; she dropped on her knees and put her strong young arms about the frail form of the older woman. She kissed her. She rose to her feet and approached Mr. Benedict. She kissed him long and tenderly. Then she drew back. Color left her lovely cheeks and, white-faced, she spoke to the elderly couple.

"My last kiss. The last you'll ever want from me."

"Why, Phyllis," remonstrated Mrs. Benedict.

"Daughter," said old Jason.

SHE threw her arms wide in a gesture of renunciation. Degas, eying her closely, told himself that it was the most dramatic thing he had ever seen, that gesture. Her head went back and the lovely column of her throat stood up like ivory. Not Réjane, not even the divine Sarah, had ever stilled an audience as she silenced the five people in this room. The Benedicts, not knowing what was to come, stared at her in bewilderment. But the other three, knowing what she was about to divulge, were still held spellbound by the unconscious drama of her pose.

"I am not Phyllis; I am not your daughter," she began. She held up a hand as Mrs. Benedict started to speak. "Please. Let me finish. I—can't go through with it—if you interrupt. Please. Johnson Fay told me that I looked like the pictures of you, Mrs. Benedict, when you were twenty. He met my foster parents out West and got my history from them. He told me that he believed I could pose as your daughter. He said that if we went to you and said I was your daughter you would disbelieve it, but that if you yourselves saw me, and *yourselves* discovered my resemblance to your daughter, if accidentally you learned that I was a foundling, you would *want* to be convinced that I was your child.

"So he got me a place in Mr. Benedict's office. You know the rest. But what you don't know is that, while I worked for Fay, I went to Paris with one of his followers to put over a deal in drugs. Illicit and criminal. That

(Continued on page 37)

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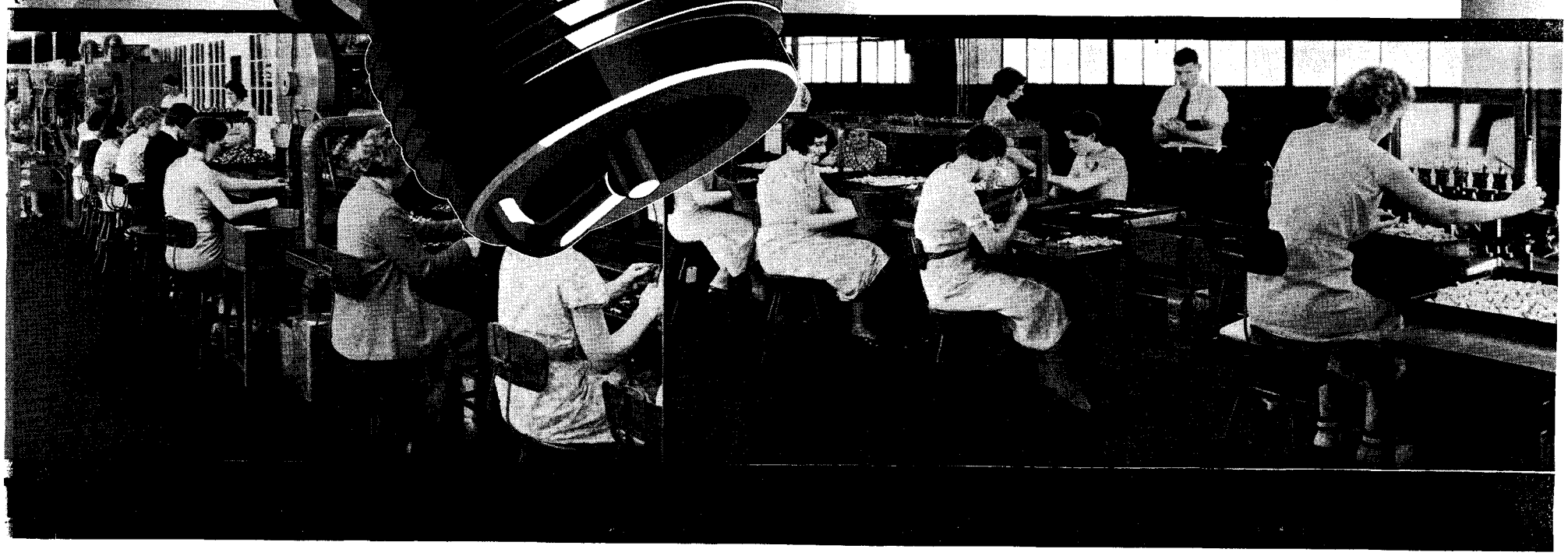

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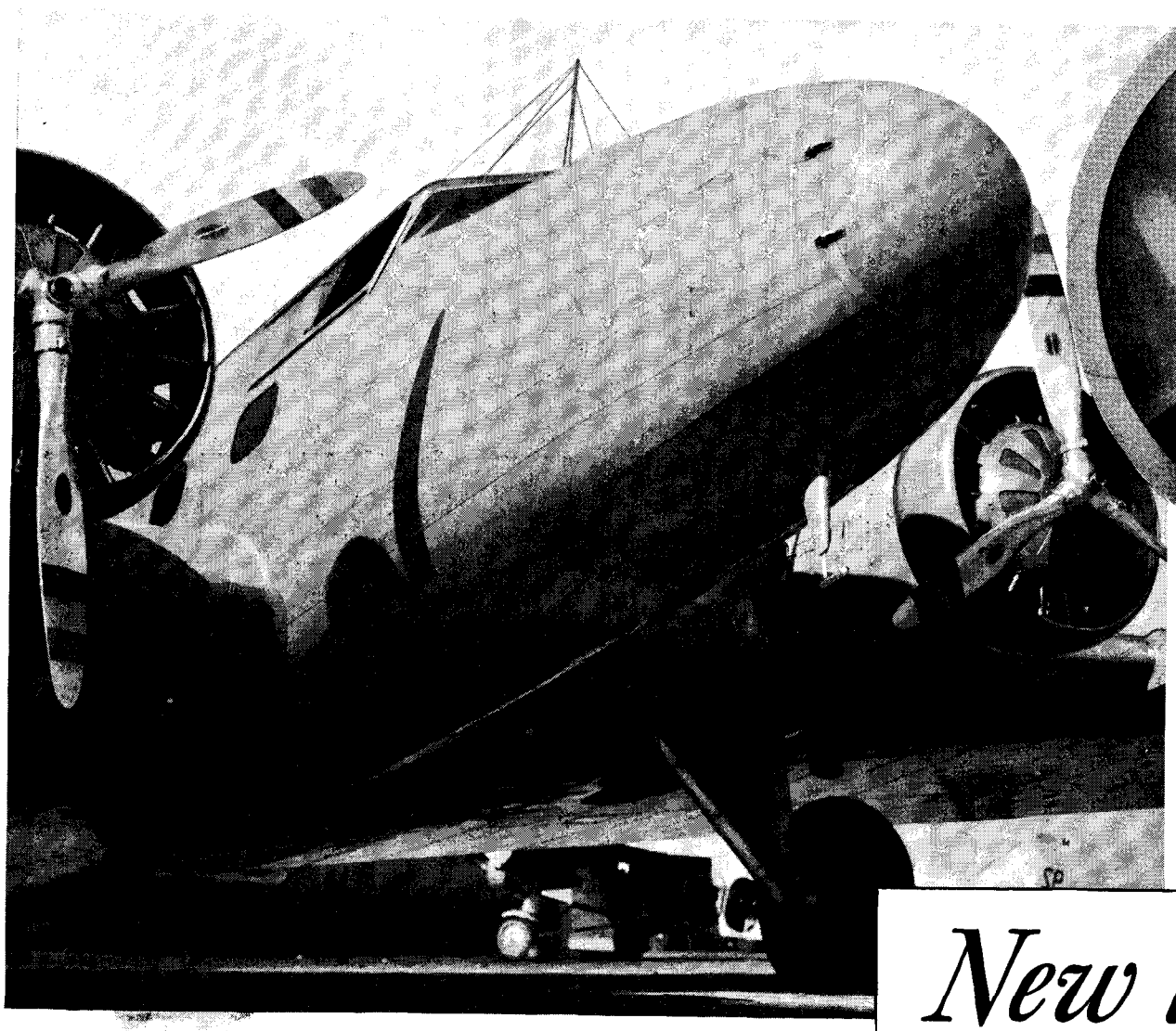
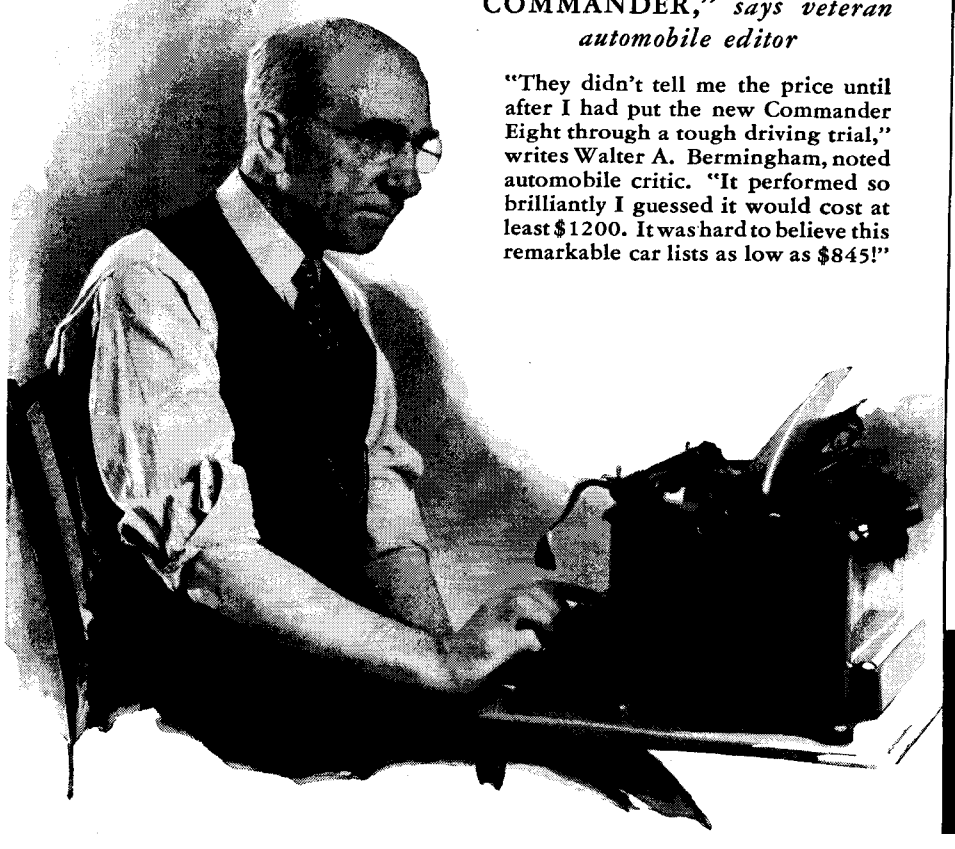
Is it any wonder Studebaker



AIR LINE EXECUTIVE PRAISES BODY LINES

"The new Studebakers very effectively approximate modern airplane streamlining," says W. A. Patterson, president, United Air Lines' Divisions, a pioneer in high speed skyway transportation. Studebaker's unusual aerodynamic design substantially promotes gasoline and oil economy as well as safety by reducing wind resistance and sway.



"I GUESSED $1200 FOR THE COMMANDER," *says veteran automobile editor*

"They didn't tell me the price until after I had put the new Commander Eight through a tough driving trial," writes Walter A. Bermingham, noted automobile critic. "It performed so brilliantly I guessed it would cost at least $1200. It was hard to believe this remarkable car lists as low as $845!"

New low prices give America the thrill of years!

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These startling new Studebakers of 1934 are superbly designed in the manner of the latest transport speedplanes. Their armor-plated steel structure bodies are lavishly fitted inside with every conceivable convenience. They are exceptionally roomy and comfortable cars.

Furthermore, these Studebakers are truly "automatic automobiles"—equipped with numerous uncanny "mechanical brains" that leave you scarcely anything to do but steer. Cost per mile of operation is extremely low.

All the traditional Studebaker fineness of materials and workmanship has been maintained despite these almost unbelievable new low prices. That's why throngs are crowding Studebaker showrooms to see these amazing new cars of speedway stamina and skyway style. Take a convincing trial drive yourself—today!

DICTATOR ..... $645 *and up, at the factory*
COMMANDER .. $845 *and up, at the factory*
PRESIDENT ... $1045 *and up, at the factory*

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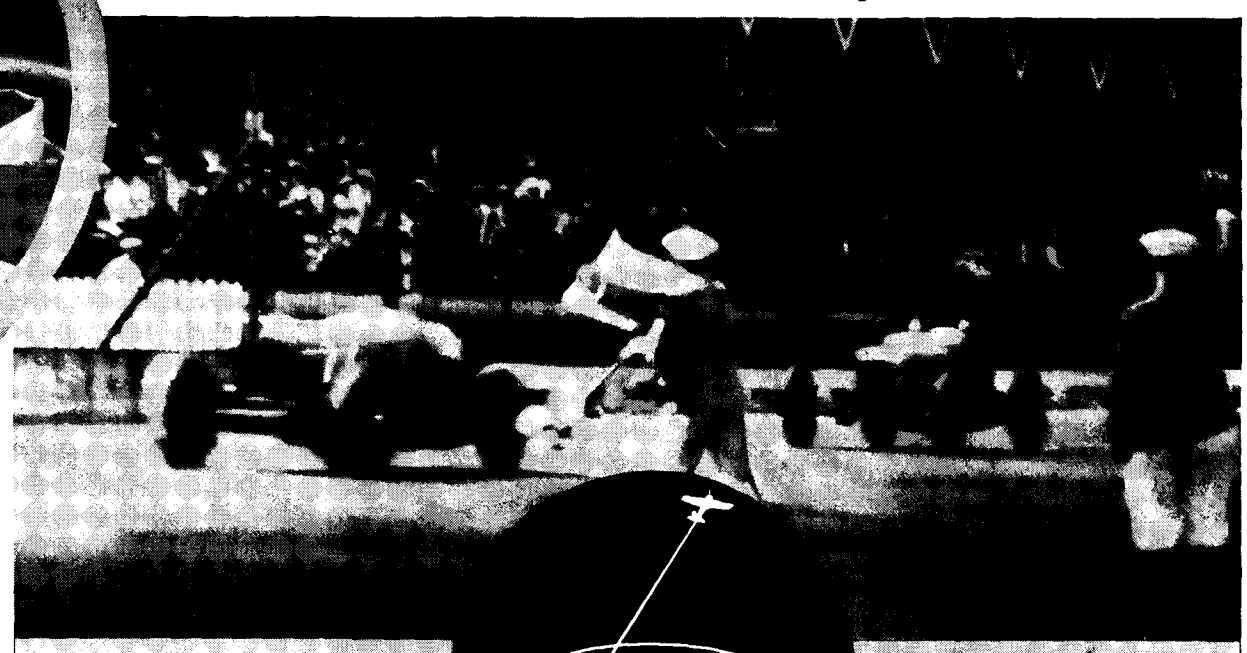
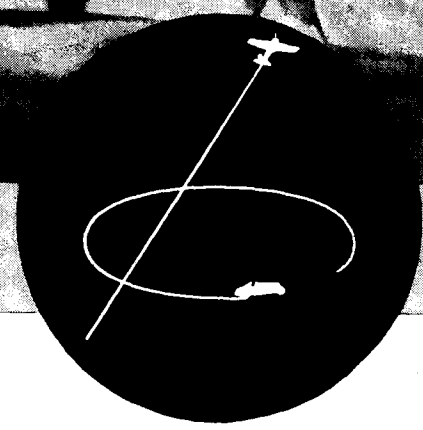
showrooms are crowded *day and night?*

FAMED RACING PILOT MARVELS AT CHASSIS

"I believe I could almost beat them all at Indianapolis with the new Dictator. It has real racing car stamina," states Tony Gulotta who drove one of the 85% stock Studebakers that performed so sensationally in the 500-mile classic earlier this year. Seven of the first twelve winners at the last Indianapolis race were Studebaker powered.



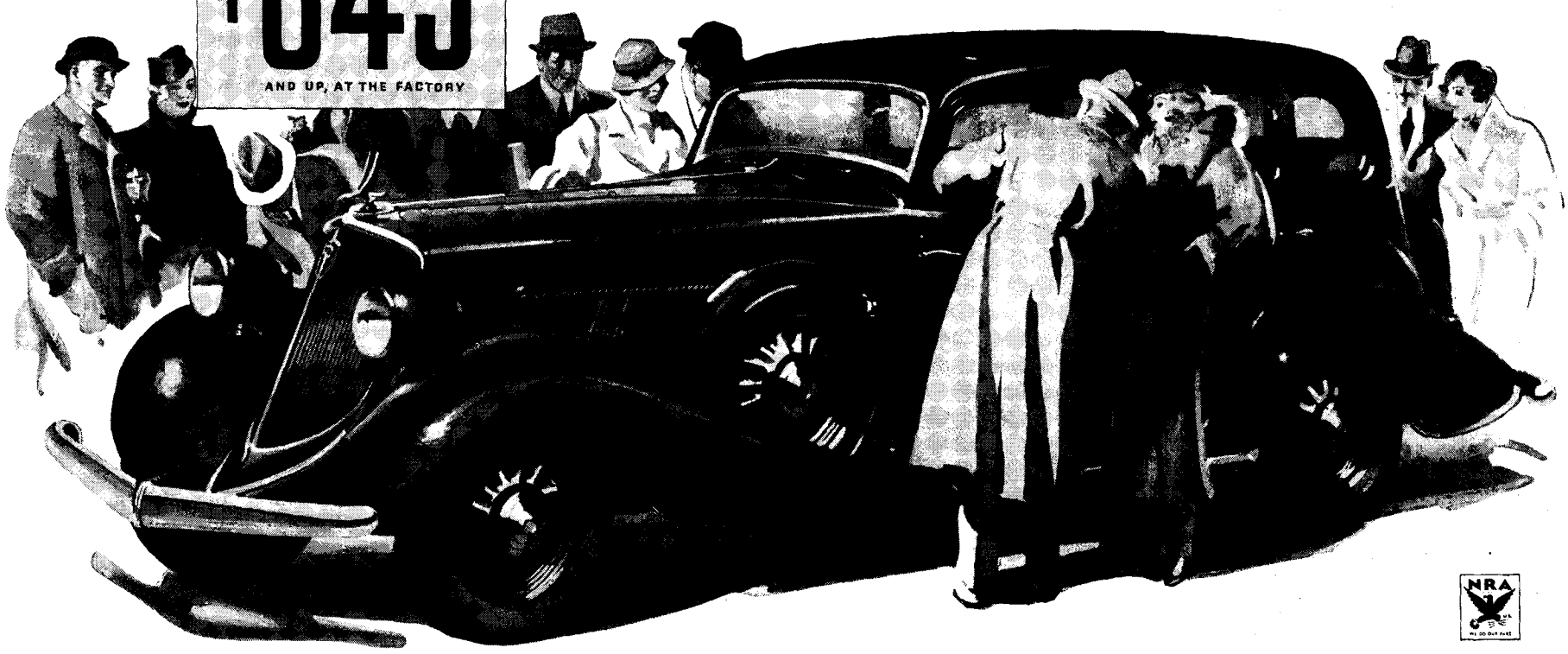
FROM THE SPEEDWAY COMES THEIR STAMINA



FROM THE SKYWAY COMES THEIR STYLE

$645

AND UP, AT THE FACTORY



NRA

Startling new STUDEBAKERS OF 1934

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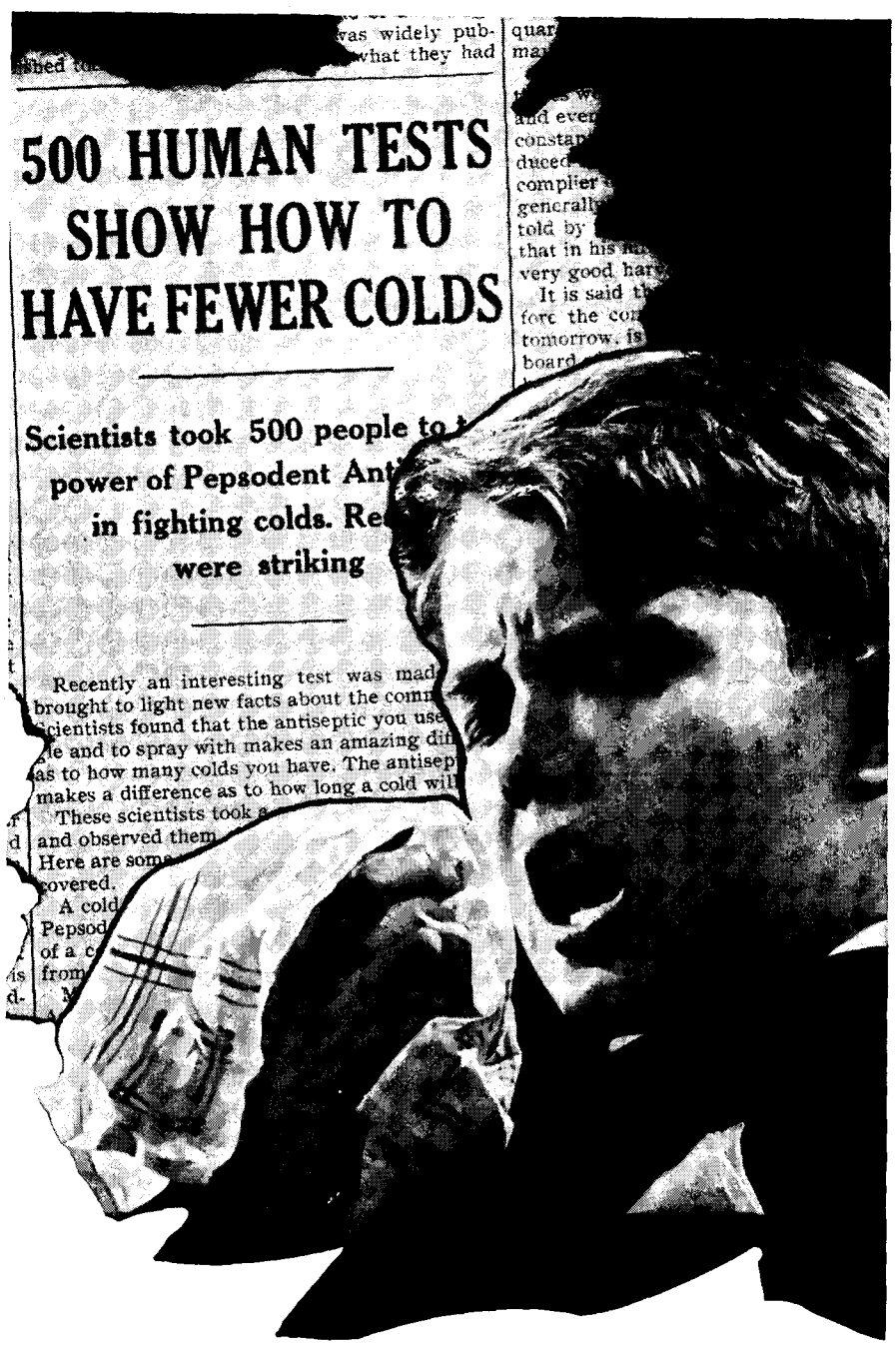
500 HUMAN TESTS SHOW HOW TO HAVE FEWER COLDS
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makes a difference as to how long a cold wil
These scientists took
and observed them
Here are some
covered.
A cold
Pepsod
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from

Make $1 equal $3 in fighting colds

The average cold lasted 5 days. Pepsodent cut that time in half. *And remember, $1 worth of Pepsodent equals $3 worth of other leading mouth antiseptics.*

"YES," you say, "Pepsodent Antiseptic is 3 times more powerful in killing germs. But what does that mean in fighting colds?" Here is the striking answer based on 500 human tests.

3 *noteworthy results*

For 5 months last winter one group of people gargled twice a day with Pepsodent Antiseptic mixed with water. Other groups gargled with other leading mouth washes or just plain salt and water. Here is the result:

1. 50% more of those who gargled with Pepsodent had *no colds all winter.*
2. Colds lasted only half the time among Pepsodent users.
3. Pepsodent users caught fewer colds.

Those are the facts. Intelligent people will be quick to benefit by what they teach. Here is clear-cut proof of the extra protection Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you in winter time.

Only 2 kinds of antiseptics

There are two kinds of leading mouth antiseptics. One kind *cannot* kill germs when mixed with water. The other kind — Pepsodent Antiseptic — does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when mixed with 2 parts of water.

Makes $1 *equal* $3

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes $1 do the work of $3. Don't gamble with health. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic, and none other. Safeguard your health—and save your hard-earned money.

NRA MEMBER U.S.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Leaping Lena's Baby Brother

Continued from page 22

Krakow Levy. Mrs. Levy has two sons of her own, seventeen and nineteen, but her great triumph is the rearing of Kingfish, who is almost entirely the product of her care in his formative years. Given that heaven-sent right wallop, it was impossible that Levinsky could have been anything but a pugilist while Sister Lena was around. Not only is she the greatest living female fight authority, but she is a walking Tom Andrews guide on all facts pertaining to the homicidal pastime.

For quite a period of his career Sister Lena took over the management of her brother. Anyone who has not seen Sister Lena managing Brother Kingfish has taken no part in the life of the twentieth century. She acted as manager, trainer and chief second. As the latter she was at her best. When a fight started, Sister Lena became fourteen times as active as Brother Kingfish in the ring. She shrieked advice to him from the ringside and hurled maledictions at his opponent. Cruising up and down the aisle back of the ring, she trampled millionaires, gangsters, ushers and peanut venders with strict impartiality.

Between rounds she soused Brother Kingfish over the head with the bucket of water, showed him by vicious swings and elaborate shadow-boxings just how he should annihilate the bum sitting across from him and virtually kicked him out into the middle of the ring again when the bell rang. Sister Lena accompanied all this with a voice which could be heard in the nethermost portions of Nova Scotia and by a vocabulary which was of such superb originality and vigor that army sergeants blanched with envy at the very sound of it.

However, when Sister Lena began climbing over the necks of the sporting writers to get a sock at the referee, it was thought best to relieve her of her duties as second and give her a seat in the house rather well back.

Lena in Retreat

The late William Muldoon is said to have remarked on one occasion, when his eardrums were endangered, that either Sister Lena went out or he went out. A combination of such circumstances led to the conclusion that Mrs. Levy might remain as manager, but at a distance.

Prior to his victory over Jack Sharkey in September, Levinsky's proudest moment was his four-round conquest of the old master, Jack Dempsey. It was this fight which convinced Dempsey that the comeback trail was not for him. The bout drew 23,332 customers for a gate of $75,000, with 10,000 turned away. Levinsky simply shook off the murderous left hooks of Dempsey and bulled the great man around the ring as if he were pushing a card table into place. Dempsey ducked so many right-hand swings that there was a crick in his neck for weeks after.

The two fights with Primo Carnera were thrillers. Manifestly the only thing to be done by a man of Levinsky's size, which is 5:11 and 196 pounds, was to get in close and bang away. He got in close and banged away. With Primo bludgeoning Kingfish with his clublike left and Kingfish walloping Primo with his roundhouse, the moneyed guests for ten rows back were seasick. The verdict against Levinsky in both fights was booed heartily.

But the great fight was the 20-round affair with Max Baer at Reno. It was a bruising contest between the Man-Who-Barely-Owns-Himself and the Man-Who-Keeps-Twelve-Krakows. Mr. Baer, as is well known, is a gentleman who is perennially short of cash and remedies this condition by selling a slice of himself whenever the immediate necessity arises. As for Kingfish, the British make quite a ceremony of Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace, but nothing has ever had quite the same hallowed air of tradition in the civic life of Chicago as the Splitting of the Purse by the Twelve Krakows after a Levinsky fight.

Lest there be any misapprehension about it, it may be said that the proceeding has the heartiest approval of the former Harry Krakow. It is all for one and one for all and the elder Dumas never fashioned a romance of comradeship superior to the Saga of the Krakow Dynasty.

A Blow for the Classics

Levinsky is at the top of his powers. He polished off Sharkey (taking what was left after that gentleman had got his guarantee of $25,000), and the only question now is how far he can go in his ambition, which is to knock the block off anybody who pops his head above the floor of a prize-fight ring. There has been some attempt to educate the Kingfish in the ways of scientific boxing on the theory that some night in the midst of a right lead he will be decapitated by a left hook, but there is little chance of anything being done at this late date.

Classically speaking, the right-hand lead, which is all Levinsky ever uses, is murderous for the one using it. In the Sharkey fight it was generally held that the Boston Lith, who with all his faults is one of the cleverest big men of all time, would jab the fish peddler goofy. It was with more than the usual fascination, therefore, that the crowd in the ball park saw Levinsky start a right-hand swing somewhere out by the center flagpole and end by crashing it on Sharkey's jaw.

The swing took minutes passing a given point and people on the housetops miles away could see it coming, but Mr. Sharkey was unaware of it until the top of his head seemed to cave in. That is the way so often with the right-hand lead, despite the classical theorists.

As we say, Sharkey took $25,000 from that fight and Levinsky got something like $3,000, divided with his manager, Pete Reilly, and the Twelve Krakows, but everything was jolly around the restaurant of Sister Lena, which is run by the Twelve Krakows and kept in a constant state of near-insolvency by the discovery of the employees that when hungry the pleasantest thing to do is eat.

The Kingfish stood on the sidewalk before Sister Lena's establishment amid his admiring followers and pushed his chest out and cried:

"You don't know who I am, eh? Well, I'm Tarzan. I'm the old Kingfish who's just got back from the jungle and I can lick that big wop, Carnera, the best day he ever saw."

Sister Lena paused in the pleasurable task of wrapping up a little snack of herring, salami and pig's knuckles for an ailing Krakow.

"Listen to him," she said disgustedly. "Lick Carnera. Lick Sharkey. Lick Baer. Why, we can lick any blankety blank bum that ever walked."

She started out to remonstrate with her baby brother.

"HEY, YOU ——," she began, as she reached the door.

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Thunder in the Dust

Continued from page 19

"I paid for everything I got here, by God!" Tom Cloud said.

"You bought from Americans. I'm asking where the land and cattle come from to start with. When a man is pushed far enough down, he tries to take back some of his own."

They rode a quarter of a mile in silence.

"Was you figuring to sell out?" Beard asked presently. "Because if you was, I'd kind of like—"

"I won't sell," Tom Cloud told him, "while I got one cow with a calf at her flank. If I've got to fight this whole country I'll fight it."

"Just how was you aiming to go about it?" Beard said in friendly curiosity.

"For one thing, there's a couple of questions I wanted to ask you."

Beard shook his head. "When you know every man and boy in this country by his first name, and who his folks was, and can talk in four, five of the dialects as good as they can themselves—then you'll begin to see ways of handling these little things that come up. Until then I can't help you, son. And by then you won't be asking me."

"What I wanted from you," Tom Cloud said, "was your dope on a man. You know a man they call El Fuerte?"

THE dusk was now very thick, and Tom Cloud was looking straight ahead; but he knew when Old Beard's eyes stole sideways to study him with a sudden acute intensity.

"Heard the name," Beard said in a noncommittal flat voice.

"Guadaloupe Francisco Contreras is his right name, I think."

"Contreras y Canedo," Beard corrected him. "Where in all hell did you hook up with that hombre, Cloud?"

"He comes kind of recommended to me," Cloud said.

"Recommended? As a hired man for you?"

"As a cross between a foreman and a partner."

Through his aged teeth Beard whistled half a dozen bars of a tuneless song. "I suppose you realize that you'll make an enemy of Solano if you take El Fuerte in?"

"What the devil is Solano to me?"

"Solano is the biggest neighbor you've got, excepting maybe me. He's your biggest Mexican neighbor. There's no better cattleman, nor squarer shooter, on either side of the border than Solano."

"And what did Solano ever do for me?" Cloud demanded angrily. "If he expects to lay down the law on who I'll take on, he can go take a flying jump at himself."

They were at Cloud's corrals now. His pony swayed restlessly as he held it from heading in to the saddle rack. For a few moments both men were silent.

"El Fuerte has a blond daughter in Guadalajara," Beard said finally.

"What in all hell has that got to do with it?"

"Me, I don't know much," Beard mumbled. "It just run through my mind. But I'll say this: I'd think it over before I took this El Fuerte on." Old Beard had the inert patience of the hills—a patience that could wait out the plans of men, the destiny of a country, the slow wearing away of the hills themselves. "There's a type of tool that sometimes turns in a man's hands," he said. "If I was you I'd kind of let it work over in my mind a month or two."

"A month or two!" Cloud exploded. "Dear God!"

"Things down here sometimes take a little time," Beard admitted. He raised his hand in an Indian salute, and let his horse drift on.

The turkey-necked man walked out to the saddle rack as Cloud unbridled. He was wanting to know what was to be done with the body of Juan Amador.

"Take him to La Partida," Cloud told him shortly, "and have the storekeeper put him in a box. Then go to the church and see the sacristan about getting him into a grave, *pronto*."

"Tonight?"

"Certainly tonight. Get gone."

AS THE man moved off it occurred to Tom Cloud that Juan Amador had been a religious man, in his way. He called the vaquero back and gave him a crumpled bill. "Tell the *padre* we want three or four pesos' worth of prayers."

Cloud turned away and walked past the corrals to the hovel in which he lived. This place had been an outpost of the hacienda itself, established two miles away in order that its lord should not be troubled by the dust. Cloud had based a mile of fenced pasture upon these corrals, and used it for the weaning of calves—an innovation which the vaqueros considered a sign of crazy Americanism. Because there were always a few score head of young beeves in the process of weaning, Cloud's camp forever resounded with the bawling of the fence-separated cows and calves.

Here, under a few very tall, very scraggly pines, stood two squat adobes—one of a single room, which was a bunkhouse for the vaqueros, and one of two smaller rooms in which Tom Cloud slept among his saddles and his gear. Cooking was done by open fire and adobe oven, around the margin of a palmetto lean-to that was open on three sides to the hot, dusty winds and infrequent rains. It did not occur to Cloud that these were poor quarters; he had everything he needed here.

Now he got from a screened box a strap of beef jerky like salty leather. He was chewing upon this, and drinking the dregs of coffee which the vaqueros had left, when Teco, the chop-headed Indian boy, came in.

"Where's El Fuerte?"

"Señor, who knows?"

"I sent you to get him," Cloud said sharply.

Teco withdrew behind his coffee-black eyes and waited, as unable to comprehend his tall boss as Cloud was unable to adjust himself to the passive yet latently explosive people of the brown valleys.

"Where did you look for him?" Cloud demanded.

"At his camp, señor."

"Did you go to La Partida? Did you go up the river trail? Did you see if he had gone over to the Perez place? No? Where did you go?"

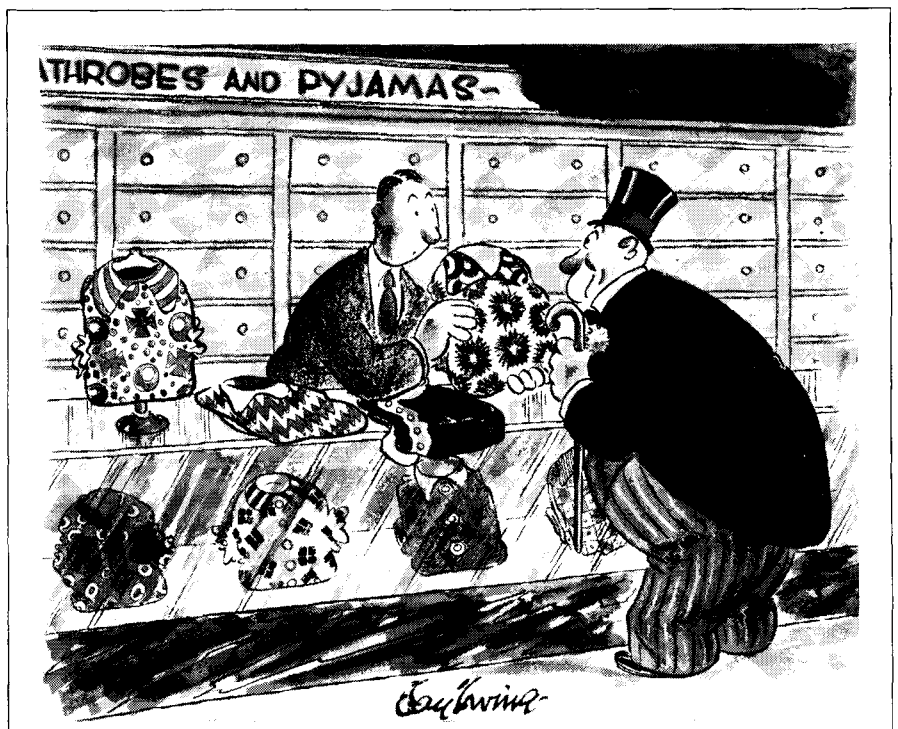
"To his camp, señor."

Cloud raised eyes to heaven.

"They didn't know where he went," the Indian boy said doggedly. "I left your word."

"Go follow the others to La Partida," Cloud told him, "and make them buy you a drink. Go on, get out of here!"

Cloud himself saddled a fresh horse, and moved out in a new direction over a little-used trail. Half an hour later, having made a short cut over a fold of the hills, he stepped down in front of a little adobe which commanded a segment of the valley plain. The place was small; but its fresh whitewash gave it a prosperous look, and the horses in the corral near by were very good.



"Are you sure it's appropriate? You know it's the first time I've ever been to a pyjama party" *Jay Irving*

AFTER Cloud had knocked there was a brief delay, during which he could hear children being shooed out of the adobe's main room, before the door was opened by a well-set-up young man in the vaquero-like clothes of a small ranchero. He wore shoes, and smoked a cigar shaped like a cigarette.

This man occupied the typically Mexican office known as Judge of the Plains. Nobody was supposed to buy or sell a head of stock, or even kill a cow for beef, without his cognizance; the idea being to check cow stealing and dispute. While the office did not in itself seem to carry authority in crimes of violence, Hernandez served, in this district, as an official link with Mexicali.

"Hello, Hernandez."

Hernandez looked neither surprised nor altogether pleased. For a moment he seemed to hesitate. "This is your house," he said at last, using the standardized greeting. "Come in."

Cloud was admitted into a small room which had been built in the manner of an Indian pueblo, but was now more or less furnished with American golden oak of a mail-order type. Hernandez pulled forward a chair for Cloud, and himself sat down; then waited noncommittally. He seemed neither interested nor apprehensive, but behind his placid face could be sensed a stubborn reserve akin to hostility.

"ONE of my men has been killed," Cloud said, dropping into Spanish.

"Ay," said Hernandez sympathetically. His face was blandly pleasant, unmarred and unhardened by any trace of thought; a small, carefully tended mustache decorated it. His sleek hair, descending in short sideburns in front of his ears, somehow gave him a self-approving appearance. "Who is the unfortunate?"

Already Cloud had surmised that Hernandez was preinformed of the whole affair, but he answered with an accurate and compact version of what he knew. "Amador was killed by a thrown knife," he finished; "but the knife is gone."

"This was on your range?"

"Certainly it was on my range. It happened at the mouth of Canyon del Lobo."

"But that part of your range is not fenced," Hernandez said instantly.

"No," Cloud admitted, and regarded Hernandez sardonically. Knowing nothing of the man's family connections, Cloud did not know what nepotism was responsible for his tenure. He had originally supposed that the young man held his office by temporary appointment; but Hernandez continued on and on—destined to be a permanent occupant, for all Cloud knew.

"Other rancheros," Hernandez pointed out with a faint show of what he may have meant for sternness, "have a right to seek their stock on your range, wherever it is not fenced. I do not see what right you had under the law to attack these men."

"They were branding my calf."

"HOW do you know it was your calf? Did you have it earmarked? No? Then you would have to display this calf sucking one of your own correctly branded cows," the Judge of the Plains declared.

"No cow was there. She may be lying some place with a bullet in her head for all I know."

"Then you have no evidence that this was your calf at all. Maybe you can look at a calf and say 'This is my calf.' But no court in the world is going to believe you. It is not the law. Did you recognize these men you attacked?"

"The thieves? Juan Amador recognized them."

"But you say he is dead. Who else?"

"Nobody."

"The doubtful statement of a dead man, then," Hernandez argued. "Well—who did he say they were?"

"He gave three names—Gomez, Castro, and Perez."

"Those are names of honest and well-known little rancheros," Hernandez fussed. "Everyone will speak for their characters. Which men of these names did Amador accuse?"

"As to that," Cloud said wearily, "there was no time for him to say."

"It was your duty to obtain a statement from him."

"How did I know he was going to be murdered?"

Hernandez made an impatient gesture, got up, and produced paper and pen.

"Well, I'll make up a report. Also

(Continued on page 32)

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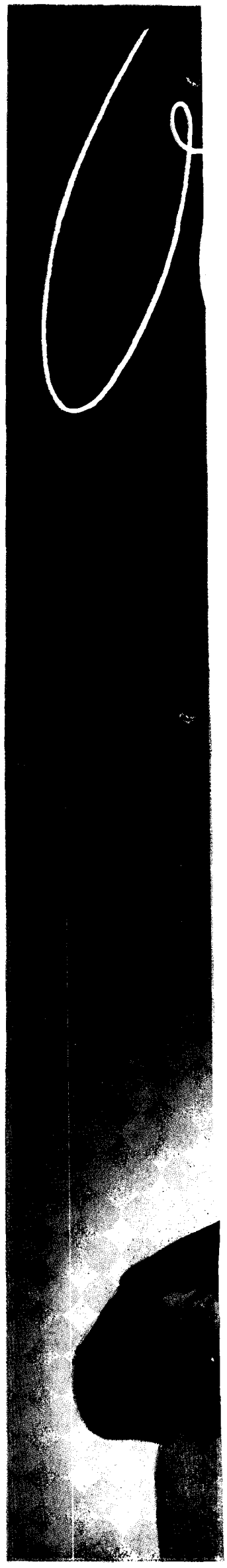
Pre-view OF MOTOR CAR Fashions FOR 1934

The motor cars displayed at the forthcoming Automobile Shows will point the styles for 1934 and future years. Go see them — you will find it worth your while. Especially see one distinguished group: the cars with Body by Fisher. Because these are benefited by the greatest experience and artistry in bodycraft, their forecast of the styles is authentic. Because each year they outnumber any other maker's new models on the boulevards and highways, their styles become the vogue.



BODY BY Fisher

NRA WE DO OUR PART

on GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET
PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC

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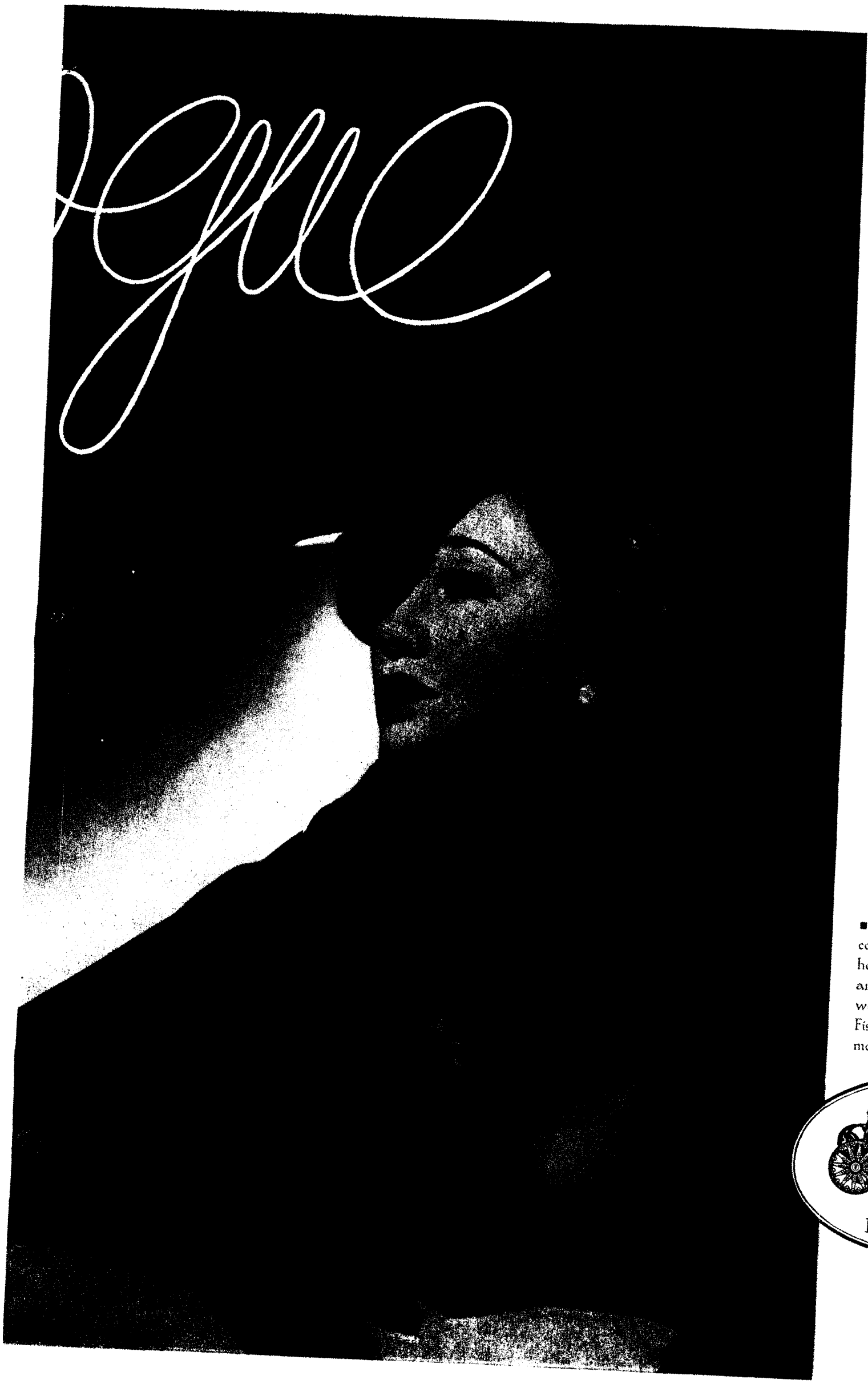

■ Just as Vogue—a recent cover of which is reproduced here by permission—foresees and forecasts the trend of women's fashions, Body by Fisher forecasts the style in motor cars

BODY *by* FISHER

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Thunder in the Dust

Continued from page 29

you will have to send your vaqueros here to make their statements. That's all I can do, I suppose, unless someone wants to make a complaint against you."

"Against me?"

"Obviously, by your own story," said Hernandez, "you and your men unwarrantedly attacked a peaceable group of citizens. You set upon them brutally with force of arms, while they were working stock within their rights. The fact that one of your number was killed in this act only makes your offense more great. The men you attacked have a serious action against you if they wish to press it. But all I can do is to send my report, after making what investigation I am supposed to make. Further investigation will be made by the rurales when they come."

"And when is that?" Cloud demanded.

"I expect them to make a tour here in about six weeks."

Cloud sighed deeply and fell silent. He had been through the whole sterile rigamarole on a similar occasion eight months before, and knew what it amounted to. That the thieves themselves should proceed against him was not to be feared; but neither could anything official be accomplished against the killer of Juan Amador. The rurales were sound men, notably scrupulous, surprisingly efficient; but all natives named Perez, or Gomez, or Castro would be found armed with alibis, and the whole country would stand behind them. The rurales would be helpless in the face of a blank and passive resistance.

"IF YOU wish any other action on this—" Hernandez began.

"I don't expect any action," Cloud told the Judge of the Plains shortly. "I'm here only because such things are supposed to be reported."

Hernandez grunted and began to take down Cloud's statement with a gummed and sputtering pen. "You are forever complaining," he reprimanded Cloud. "Always you imagine that you lose cattle. But when you are called upon for evidence, even what little you present is overwhelmingly discredited by testimony of our own citizens in good standing. It does not sit well that a foreigner of vast wealth, coming here for the purpose of exploiting our people, should always be a focus of disorder. It cannot be permitted, in this day and age, in our great country, that—"

Cloud got himself out of there, and rode off swearing. He felt the desperation of a man floundering shoulder-deep in a quicksand. He could get his hands on nothing, come to grips with nothing. No enemy ever openly attacked him, none so much as showed his face; yet slowly his far-flung brand, with all its promise of ultimate fortune, was being cut out from under him.

A STRANGE, unquiet night had closed down by the time Cloud got back to his camp. He lighted a kerosene lamp, got out a cracked deck of cards, and began to play solitaire on a table he had made from a pine slab. But as his hands methodically controlled the game, he was looking through and beyond the cards, staring into the face of his situation with more grim stubbornness than he had ever known.

More than anything in the world he wanted Kathleen Boyce; at least he knew that now. But his hidden, remaining belief in the loyalty of women tied his hands. Because he loved Kathleen, he could not have brought himself to make her the disproof of that lingering faith. Instinctively—and, he thought, finally—he put from his mind any possibility of ever possessing Kathleen Boyce.

But now, with an insight unusual to him, he perceived that Kathleen was boxed in a singularly unpleasant position. It was easy for Cloud to see how the suave, smoothly flowing ironies which Boyce delivered with such unanswerable courtesy could make life intolerable to anyone in harness with him for very long. Worse, now, because Boyce was trapped, penniless, in a country that he despised and hated—with his only resources a range of hills which promised no immediate return. Still worse because the stubborn hills themselves belonged to Kathleen.

CLOUD had the American's belief in the power of money; he was certain that he could immediately have eased Kathleen's situation if his own resources had been in the clear. Most of his years had been spent in a canny, driving war to attain ascendency in terms of cattle—and he had come a long way. Yet, for all his herds, he could hardly lay hands upon a dime. Now it gave him a sense of tied-down desperation to perceive that he was unable to do anything whatever to help this woman that he loved.

"Didn't I say you blew too hard!" *Frank Owen*

For several hours, as he sat there, the bawling of the separated cows and calves went on for a mile along the fences. By ten o'clock the moon was up, and the bawling died down as the cows drifted off in search of feed. Half an hour after the cattle had quieted, the coyotes began to sing. The surrounding hills were heavily infested with them, and now they all sang to the moon for a period of twenty minutes, each brute sounding like a dozen, so that it seemed that every thorn bush hid its coyote. Every night the odd primitive rhythm of the cattle and the coyotes marked the hours, in this way.

After the coyotes hushed there fell a curious chill of moonlit quiet; and in this cool, midnight silence Cloud's visitors came.

Cloud heard the horses come up, and he reached behind him to unhook his gunbelt from the wall. He laid it beside him on the bench and went on with his game; but when presently there was a knock at the slab door, he let one hand drop below the table top before he called out to his visitor to come in.

The door swung open a little way and a small figure slid into the room with an obsequious air of apology.

"I am del Pino," the man said.

Cloud assumed that this was someone stopping by for the night. "This is your house," he said in his poor imitation of the Baja idiom. "There's jerky in the lean-to, there."

"I am El Fuerte's secretary," the visitor said.

Of all unexpected things that Cloud had met in this unexpected country, this remark was the most astonishing to him. Supposedly El Fuerte was a Sonora rancher of some means and very considerable experience, seeking a new cattle location. Cloud had never seen El Fuerte dressed in anything but a poorly pressed business suit; but no one could mistake him for anything but a wandering man of the saddle. To think of El Fuerte possessed of a secretary was impossible.

"El Fuerte himself is here!" Del Pino sounded as if he could hardly believe the magnificence of his own announcement. "Sir, he will speak to you."

"Tell him to come on in," Cloud said.

"But he is in the saddle."

"Well, he hasn't grown fast to it, has he?"

"*Como?*"

Cloud shrugged. "Oh, all right." He was accustomed to making concessions, down here, for unclear reasons. He walked outside.

EL FUERTE was a tall, even a massive figure in the saddle. In the darkness Cloud could not see his face.

"*Buenas noches,*" Cloud said. "Won't you light?"

"No, *gracias,* not now." El Fuerte's voice was deep, full toned. "Me, I have a little ride to make, to see some men—a little matter of business. Always there is business."

"Kind of late for that, isn't it?" Cloud suggested. "Better stop down and have a drink."

"Late? Ah, Mister—" there was a purring note in the voice—"for riding the night is often the most nice part of the day! Later, maybe, I would like the drink; a thousand thanks. But please not now."

Behind El Fuerte Cloud made out the figures of two other mounted men. Cloud had been to the camp of El Fuerte—it was an abandoned *casita* on the border of Old Beard's vast lands—only once, and therefore he did not recognize both of these others; but even in the darkness he knew the tall, relaxed, but very straight figure of Bravo, a man of lean, Indian build and features, but of a people which Cloud could not place.

"I WANTED to talk to you," he told El Fuerte.

"I am honored, Mister," said El Fuerte with good-humored decorum. "I will be glad to talk to you very quick. First thing in the morning, maybe? Or even later tonight, if this thing does not take too long; you are not busy tonight?"

"My time's my own. I'll be here any time up to tomorrow noon, so far as I know."

"*Bueno,*" said El Fuerte. "Then, Mister, *adios, y gracias!*" He saluted flamboyantly, wheeling his horse. And now, although he had ridden in at a quiet enough pace, he slapped the spurs into his horse and was off at a run, his two riders after him. Del Pino was left afoot, hanging to the headstall of a poorly broke animal which tried to follow the others.

Cloud watched him with a faint amusement. "You're going to get left, aren't you?"

"Ay, this riding all over the place is not for me. If it won't trouble you too much, I'll wait for them here."

Cloud supposed that del Pino had not missed his suggestion that somebody have a drink. "Sure enough," he said. "Here—I'll boot your horse into the corral."

WITH his animal out of the way, del Pino apologetically, but not without a certain dignity, followed Cloud into his adobe.

Studying del Pino, Cloud saw a small, wiry man with a brown, ascetic face as nervously alert as that of a terrier; his clipped mustache was evidently copied after that of El Fuerte himself. Del Pino wore a neat black bow tie at the collar of a well-worn but clean blue work shirt; and a black broadcloth coat which gave the appearance of being his own, yet a little too large for him, as if he had been slightly diminished by the adversities of travel. His boots were those of a rider.

"El Fuerte was away when your message came in," del Pino said in English elaborately pronounced. "I myself knew of it only a little while ago. I assure you, sir, that El Fuerte would have honored your message before this, had he been there."

"You say you are El Fuerte's—what?"

"Secretary. Do not misunderstand El Fuerte," del Pino urged. "Sir, El Fuerte is a busy man—a man of great affairs."

Cloud, very much diverted, roused himself to get out a pale yellow bottle. "Sit down," he told del Pino. "Have a drink of tequila."

Del Pino balanced himself on the edge of a box across the table from Cloud. "I think, sir," he said, "that El Fuerte will have news for you in the morning." He tipped the bottle handily. "*Salud.*"

(To be continued next week)

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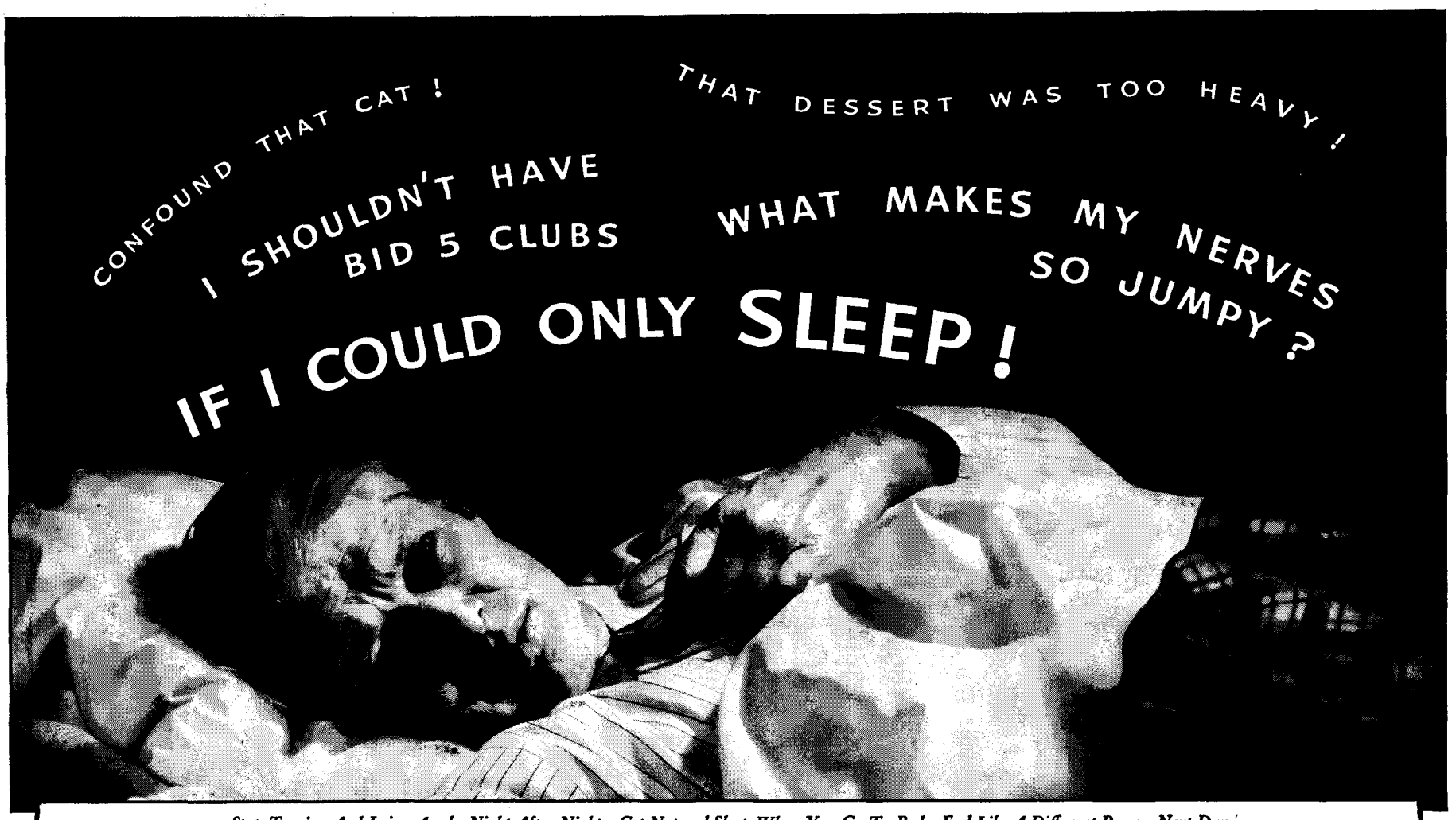
CONFOUND THAT CAT !
I SHOULDN'T HAVE BID 5 CLUBS
THAT DESSERT WAS TOO HEAVY !
WHAT MAKES MY NERVES SO JUMPY ?
IF I COULD ONLY SLEEP !

Stop Tossing And Lying Awake Night After Night—Get Natural Sleep When You Go To Bed—Feel Like A Different Person Next Day

SLEEP TONIGHT

Almost As Soon As Your Head Touches Your Pillow

No More Bed-Tossing—New Energy and Quiet Nerves Tomorrow, This Natural Drugless Way

NOW there is quick relief for the thousands who seek sleep in vain at night. A natural, drugless way that brings sound sleep, usually, a few minutes after you go to bed. A way that's as safe as it is sane.

The discovery which achieves this remarkable result is a delicious food-drink—originally created in Switzerland, now made over here. You simply take it mixed with warm milk a few moments before retiring. Then fall asleep as naturally as a child.

In the morning you awaken greatly refreshed—nerves calmer, mind clearer by far. Filled with abundant new energy—looking and feeling like an entirely different person. A new poise replacing those racing nerves so many of us wonder what to do about in these agitating modern times.

For this remarkable food-drink acts to rebuild nerve, brain and body tissues while you sleep. Thus helping markedly to maintain nerve poise—and greatly multiplying your ability to recover from fatigue.

But that is not all. As you continue to take this remarkable food-drink, note the permanent benefits you obtain. Observe how your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night is rebuilt and restored. Observe, too, how much more energy you possess—how "staying power" is increased.

What This New Method Is And How It Acts

This unique food-drink is called Ovaltine—and it acts to combat the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness in 3 different ways entirely without drugs.

First: Ovaltine, taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

Third: Ovaltine supplies important food elements, the absence of which, in ordinary diet, leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

A cup of Ovaltine, in fact, provides—in easily digested form—the food elements necessary for rebuilding nerve, brain and muscle tissue while you sleep. That is the reason why it greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue. That's why millions take it night after night—and why its use has spread to 54 different countries today.

See For Yourself

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is approved and recommended by more than 20,000 physicians. But *try it* and *see for yourself!*

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed tonight. You'll fall asleep more easily and naturally than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

In the morning when you awaken, take stock. See how much fresher you feel—how much more *rested* you look. During the day, note how much better energy seems to "stay with you"—how much steadier your nerves.

So don't put up with sleeplessness any longer. Nor with the lowered vitality sleeplessness inevitably brings next day. Make up your mind that you'll really *sleep* tonight! 'Phone your druggist or grocer now for a can of Ovaltine! You'll be glad you did.

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, it was made a standard ration for rebuilding nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

1000-A

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula

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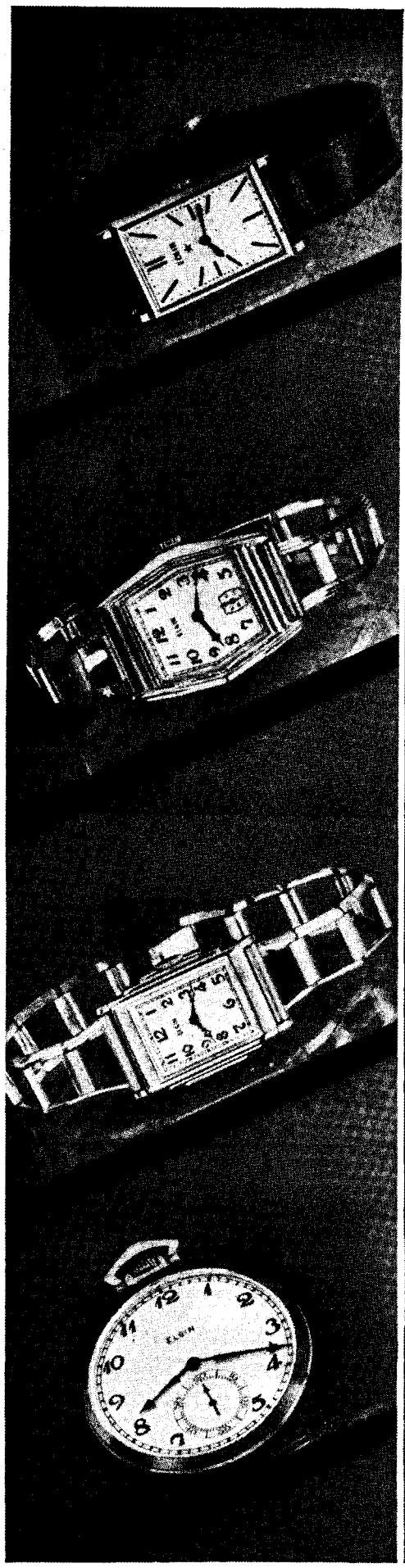

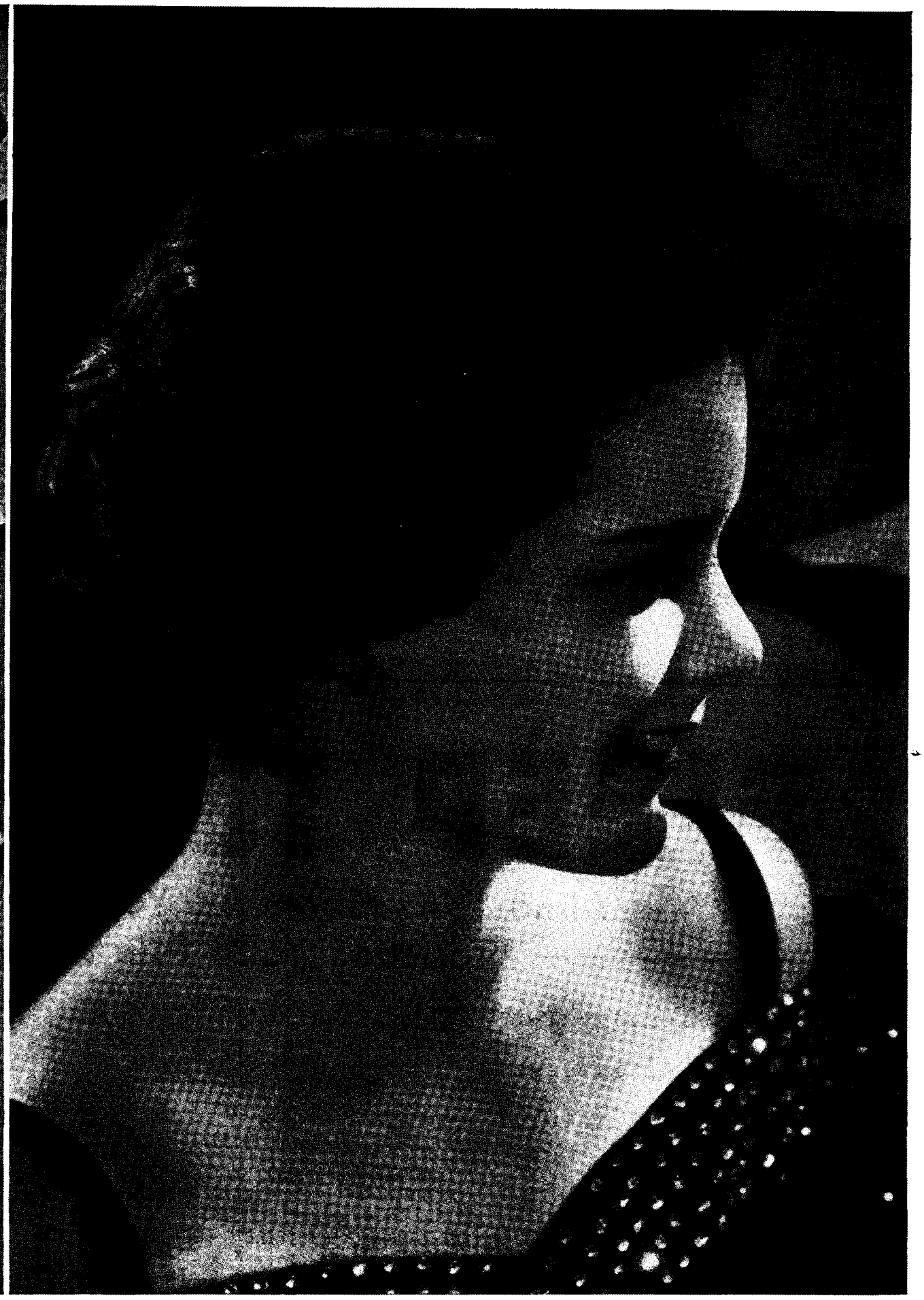

★ At Top: *Handsome strap watch. 17 jewel movement. Case, 14 karat white or natural gold filled. Embossed index dial. $47.50. Model 1189 (white), 1190 (natural)*

★ *Hexagonal shaped band watch. 10 karat natural gold filled case and gold filled band. Dial is embossed. Mention Model 1420 to your jeweler. $27.50*

★ *15 jewel movement in 10 karat gold filled case. Gold filled link band. Model 1223, white; 1224, natural. With index figure dial, 1212, white; 1213, natural. $39.75*

★ *Interesting pocket watch. 17 jewel adjusted movement. Beautiful 10 karat gold filled case. The dial is embossed. Model 550 (white), 551 (natural). Price: $35*

BRILLIANTLY THESE SMART TIMEPIECES BY ELGIN appeal to one's sense of fineness. ★ They are fashioned to the very newest in style. Compact—some of them are no wider than a lady's smallest fingernail. ★ Yet each is a timekeeper with a reputation. For each has been created in the sixty-eight year old Elgin tradition which considers the absolute accuracy of stars the only real guide in timing Elgin Watches. ★ Clever, the gentleman who chooses so distinguished a gift. Enviable, too, as he hears a lady say, "Mr. Mindreader, how ever did you guess?" Be gift-wise—see these spirited new Elgins your jeweler is displaying now.

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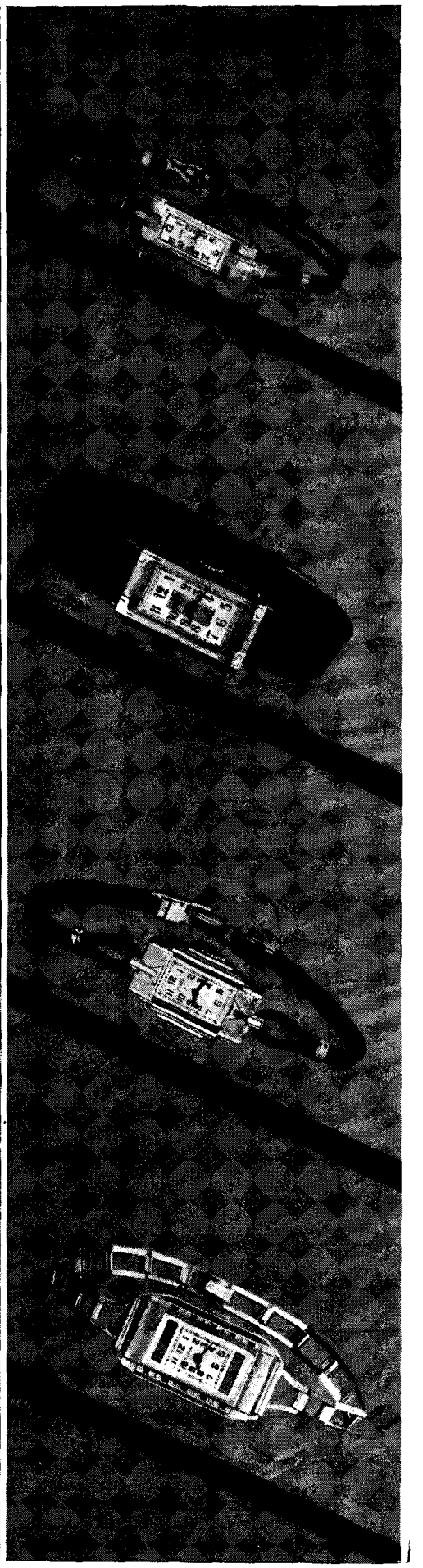

ELGIN

MARK OF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP SINCE 1865

★ At Top: *Dainty baguette. 17 jewel movement. 14 karat case of solid gold. With black silk cord, $50. Known to jewelers as Model 2616 (white), 2630 (natural)*

★ *Elegant watch with silk ribbon. 10 karat gold filled case. Mention Model 1196 (white), 1198 (natural). Your jeweler has them at $25. Also with band, $27.50*

★ *Smart semi-baguette. 15 jewel movement, 10 karat white or natural gold filled case. Inlaid dial. American Beauty Model. Priced, with black silk cord, at $37.50*

★ *Delicately ornamented, this watch has 15 jewel movement, 10 karat white or natural gold filled case, gold filled band. Model 1143 is white; 1144, natural. $35*

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Now.. you, too, can Banish WINTER STARTING TROUBLES

. . just as ADMIRAL BYRD will in the Antarctic . .

This scene is typical of the extreme cold weather conditions under which Admiral Byrd will eliminate troublesome cold weather starting of his motorized equipment with SHALER-RISLONE

WITHOUT SHALER RISLONE . . Oil Congealed . . . Battery Run Down . . . Car Useless

WITH SHALER RISLONE . . Oil Fluid . . Increased Cranking Speed . . . Quick Starting . . . Summer Driving Ease

A SCIENTIFIC OIL ALLOY THAT KEEPS ALL OILS FREE-FLOWING AT SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURES

REALIZING the vital necessity of quick, easy starting and positive lubrication under severe cold weather conditions, Admiral Byrd will use SHALER-RISLONE in the motorized equipment of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition II. This remarkable oil alloy . . added to regular oil . . prevents all oils from congealing even at sub-zero temperatures. . . Assures fast cranking speed for quick starting, and free-flowing oil for instant lubrication in all parts of the motor.

For many years SHALER-RISLONE has been used and recommended by prominent car manufacturers, bus line operators and fleet owners. Because ordinary oils congeal quickly in cold weather, tight fitting bearings and parts become literally "stuck" to one another. This *extra resistance,* added to the already tremendous drain on batteries due to the many electrical accessories in the modern car, *is more than any battery can stand.* . . . The starter fails to spin the engine . . the motor is stalled . . useless. By keeping the oil free-flowing through the use of SHALER-RISLONE, batteries will not go dead.

And now SHALER-RISLONE is available to every car owner at all Automotive Electrical Association service stations, good garages and repair shops. Save your battery's life . . banish your winter starting troubles forever by adding SHALER-RISLONE to the oil in your crankcase.

Write for Free Book on "Proper Lubrication"

THE SHALER COMPANY
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Makers of the Famous "Hot Patch" Tube Repairs

SHALER RISLONE
IN YOUR TRANSMISSION
WILL ASSURE FEATHER-TOUCH GEAR SHIFTING

Cradle Snatchers

Continued from page 9

setback. He has already drawn a map of the road back to reform.

"We must never talk national prohibition again," he advises, "until we have forty states that are really and truly dry. We had only thirty in 1917, and they did not pull over the other eighteen more populous and influential states. Forty will do it and make it stick. In preparing for that, we must appeal to the heart as well as the head, substitute experience for rationalism, resort to evangelism instead of ethics. The church must go back to God."

While forsaking the ways of politicians for the walks of the patriarchs, the reformers will leave a Thermopylæan guard at the capital. The foes of other manifestations of the "moral slump," including such forms of depravity as cigarettes and certain types of motion pictures and plays, will besiege federal commissions and Congress for more laws and regulations.

Placing little trust in Elder Will Hays' program of purification, Canon William Sheafe Chase of the International Reform Federation wants a federal censorship law patterned after the Patman bill. If enacted, it would depopulate Hollywood of almost every inhabitant except the four-footed performers and promote the growth of grass on a hundred great white ways.

Although tobacco furnishes the treasury's largest revenue next to income taxes, Dr. Charles G. Pease, head of the Anti-Cigarette Alliance of America, maintains that "smoking is the cause of all crime." These laborers in the moral vineyard ask the Federal Trade Commission to ban all newspaper advertisements eulogizing cigarettes, and want the Federal Radio Commission to bar all tobacco boosting on the air.

The anti-nicotinists' principal activity is the distribution of literature, which warns that "Lee could not get Grant, but tobacco did," and that McKinley might have survived an assassin's bullet if he had not "smoked up his most vital strength."

Though they wish that President Roosevelt would not smoke cigarettes, especially before the camera, they prefer not to make a public protest. What they fear is, not that it would advertise the President, but cigarette smoking. But they exhibit no such consideration for other statesmen, including the quick and the dead. Many a member of Congress sometimes receives a sassy letter from cigarette crusaders requesting that he give up the "weed," or at least smoke only in executive session.

Going to School

For new weapons the reformers have dug up ancient state statutes that lay forgotten and unenforced in the days when they sought to keep people pure through the example and votes of national legislators. With the exception of a few states, almost every commonwealth has laws requiring public schools to teach the effects of alcohol and narcotics, and some textbooks portray in gruesome style the difference between the liver of a man-about-town and a temperate fellow. Through invocation of these statutes, the moralists will try to force the substitution of these preachings for more secular teachings and a revision of class-books.

Thus they hope to inculcate in the next generation a physical as well as moral prejudice against liquor and tobacco, and against many other forms of human diversion and entertainment. They are going to make our children good by rote rather than regulation. As an example of the approved physiological lesson, some cite a textbook written many years ago by Senator-Professor Simeon D. Fess, erstwhile Republican National Chairman and lecturer for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

As a sample of subjugation of a student body, it appears to be unique; it excels in its exhibition of a lofty and academic objectiveness. In discussing "narcotics and stimulants," Professor Fess attributes the alcohol habit to "its exhilarating effect at first, its semi-vigorous effect, the tyranny of social custom, its hereditary effect, the slavery of habit, the influence of false friends, the craving of an insatiable appetite." Although his description of liquor's harmfulness is quite Dantesque, he saves his real eloquence for those passages which warn of its "moral" effect. Obscure though this excerpt may be in style and grammar, it conveys the reformer's meaning:

"Alcohol," he says, "results in deterioration of moral element, finer sensibility uprooted, self-respect lost, untruthful, dishonest and thriftless, void of ambition or ennobling aspirations, lost to all things true and a slave to sensuality, a man by birth, a demon by drink."

A New Citadel

There is a subdued air in the "Methodist Vatican," as Washingtonians dub the costly structure which houses the Methodist board of strategy, and it no longer seems to overshadow the battleship-gray dome of the Capitol across the plaza. Dr. Wilson's silky white goatee wags a little less lustily as he deplores the "temporary moral slump," and he treads the soft carpets more lightly while he heaps a friendly visitor with pale-yellow tracts calling his army to the colors once again. As close a pal of the wet, agnostic Clarence Darrow as of Bishop Cannon, the doctor no longer acts the rôle of a Methodist Richelieu. Even the downstairs dining-room, he grants, has had to make concessions to changing morals, for the "No Smoking" notices have been removed as a result of the belated discovery that reform was no friend to trade.

The doctor, whose views are not nearly so extreme as his savage speeches and public debates with Mr. Darrow suggest, may have another reason for rejoicing. He has often antagonized the more haughty and politically aggressive dictators of the Anti-Saloon League, who used to spurn his counsels of less politics in prohibition. Symbolical, perhaps, of their dethronement, the white-bannered organization has had to move from its former location near the Capitol, and F. Scott McBride, legislative agent, can't outrun Dr. Wilson to the Senate gallery if and when future crises arise.

Mr. McBride can no longer poke his head out his office window and listen to how his henchmen vote, although this may be an unknown blessing, for there are few left in either chamber. Government grass, planted in an effort to beautify rather than beatify congressional vistas, now grows where Mr. McBride once soldiered forth, and his new citadel, though hallowed by memories of William Jennings Bryan, who lived there while serving in the House, stands several blocks away from the Capitol building. Worse still, it is flanked by restaurants which advertise "Beer on Draught."

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Conspiracy

Continued from page 24

was the deal. The man I went with was killed; he killed two other men. They fought over me. That's the kind of girl I was, a girl that gangsters fought over."

Degas, watching, listening, sighed silently. Not merely gangsters, he told himself, but any red-blooded man would fight for her. If he, Degas, were ten—well, fifteen years younger, and if Evans. . . . He banished his thoughts and listened.

"Doyle Evans saw me when those men were killed. I met him last week, as you know. He half recognized me, but I persuaded him that he was wrong. Because, if he knew me as the girl he had seen in Paris, then my story to you was false, for I had said I had never left America, never been abroad. The proprietor of the restaurant, where the men who fought over me died, moved to New York. He opened a speakeasy. He saw me lunching there with Fay last month. If he recognized me he didn't show it, but Fay was suspicious. And when the afternoon papers told of the arrival in New York of Jean Degas, the French detective who had investigated the killings in Paris, Fay suspected that the restaurant man would tell Degas who I was. So Paul Lanson, whose only crime was that he knew I was not the innocent girl that the world thought I was, was murdered before he could speak with Degas. Fay was suspicious of Doyle Evans, but I persuaded him that Evans did not recognize me. So he sent a girl to Evans to pretend she was the woman of the Paris restaurant. Later, because that girl tried to communicate with Doyle, Fay killed her. Yesterday morning, Doyle came to see me. He was suspicious of me, told me that I was not Phyllis Benedict. Fay heard him. Fay struck him. Fay threatened to kill him."

SHE dropped her hands to her sides and looked at the thunderstruck old couple.

"Believe me, I didn't dream that murder would be committed. Oh, I am wicked, vile, but not that evil. Believe it or doubt it, nevertheless I love you. I can't call you mother and father any more. But you are that to me, my parents. Disown me, despise me as you must, I must always love you. I deceived you; I played upon your most sacred emotions, but—I learned to love you. And if you knew the shame I felt, the horror at what I had done—but I'm not asking for forgiveness, not asking for pity. Let me tell the rest.

"When Fay threatened to kill Doyle I told him that I would confess everything. I was horrified at the killing already done—killing that, once again I must tell you, I had never imagined would happen. But this new killing—Fay knew that Phyllis Benedict had an estate of two million, that it had been signed over to me. He told me that if I gave him that he would let Doyle go. It was to be my final theft from you. But I *had* to do it. Doyle would be murdered. . . . And then, this afternoon, I realized that even if I gave Fay that money, Doyle would be killed—lest he inform the police. I knew I'd be killed, but that didn't matter. What is death to a woman like me? But Doyle—who cared for me and whom I loved. . . . I got hold of Mr. Degas. I confessed everything. Just as I have confessed everything to you." She turned to Reardon. "Take me to jail," she said.

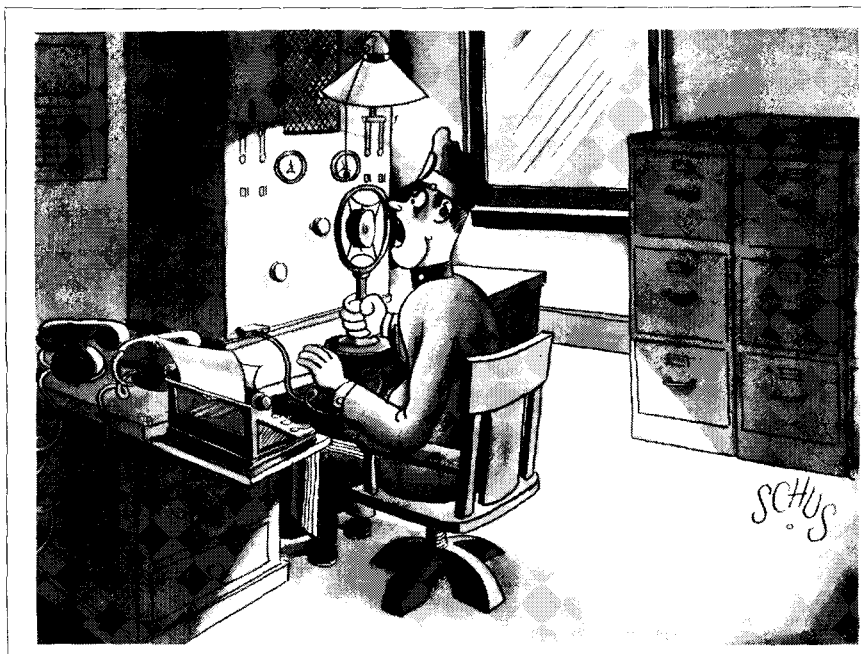
Old Benedict had not moved during her long recital. Now his hand dropped on the thin shoulder of his wife.

"Jail. Jail? What's this talk of jail? There is no charge against my—against Phyllis."

"There's been murder done," said Reardon.

Degas wheeled on the private detective. "She had nothing to do with it. You realize that, my Reardon. And Fay—and his associates—all have been killed today." He turned to Benedict. "Those conspirators, Mr. Benedict, quarreled; they killed one another. To make this girl suffer the penalty for a crime of which she was not guilty—Reardon, have reason. Fay has been punished; so have his companions.

"Can you have the heart—consider! This girl—she confessed all to save her lover. Had she been a murderer would she have confessed? Certainly not. Of an impersonation—of that she is guilty. But whom has she harmed save these so noble people who took her to their arms? Are we to render the judgment that only they have the right to pronounce? Do the Benedicts want to send to jail the girl whom they have loved?" He turned dramatically to them. "You have heard her confession. You are shocked, bewildered, dazed. But will you send to jail this girl whom you have taken into your home, into your arms, into your hearts? Degas will not believe that until he hears you say so."



"Calling car 45, four-five. Take off those false-faces and stop scaring the kids in the neighborhood!" *Adolph Schus*

"Phyllis!" Mrs. Benedict's arms went out. "Phyllis! You say you are not my daughter. But you *are!* I couldn't be deceived. I know."

The girl shook her head slowly.

"No, Mrs. Benedict. I'm not. I'm an impostor. I tell you I am."

POLLY BENEDICT looked up at her husband.

"Jason. It can't be true. I mean—this dreadful story of conspirators and murder—that may be true. But she is our daughter. What makes her say she isn't? Her hands—her hair—her eyes—"

The night watchman knocked on the door. Mr. Benedict bade him enter.

"A policeman downstairs, sir," said the man. "He says that Miss Phyllis' chauffeur has been killed. He wants to ask her some questions."

Degas took command of the situation. "Miss Benedict cannot be questioned at the moment. But tell the policeman that Mr. Reardon, who has been investigating Darnley, will be right down."

"Yes, sir," said the watchman.

As the man departed Degas turned to Reardon.

"There, my Jake, it is, as you would say, up to you. The murderers have been punished. They are dead. This young girl, as you *must* believe, was not guilty of that crime of murder. The Benedicts, as you can see, are unwilling to prosecute her for an impersonation. What good is to be gained by her exposure? Think of the Benedicts having to testify, think of the scandal, the grief—you have a heart, Reardon. Listen to that heart of yours, my friend; heed its pleadings. You go downstairs. You tell this policeman that you were retained by Mr. Benedict to investigate his daughter's chauffeur. Mr. Benedict suspected that the man was not honest. You discovered that he was an associate of gangsters. Listen," he went on excitedly. "You get glory for yourself. You learned, during your investigation, that Johnson Fay had had dealings with gangsters." He turned to Jason Benedict. "All cannot be kept from the press, unfortunately. But this is the story. Reardon, retained by you, hated to tell you that Fay was a criminal because Fay had been kind to your daughter. But as he was about to tell you, he learned that Fay, in a quarrel with his associates, had been killed. He came up here to tell you, and—that is all."

He turned again to Reardon.

"My Jake, you can be a stern and cruel man, or you can be—what you call it—white? Degas asks you to be white."

"Oke," said Reardon. Emotionless, he turned on his heel and left the room. But Degas knew that Reardon would say what Degas wanted him to say—and no more.

The girl spoke again. She moved near the Benedicts.

"I want to ask for your forgiveness," she said. "I have no right to it, but—if you would forgive me. For the sake of the daughter you lost, forgive the girl who pretended to be that daughter."

"Pretended?" Mrs. Benedict's voice rose shrilly. "But you couldn't pretend. You couldn't deceive *me*. You *are* my daughter."

"And so says Degas," cried the Frenchman. "Consider! Observe the brain of Degas while it functions. Listen. Johnson Fay suggests to this girl that she pose as Phyllis Benedict. He finds that she has the proper background. She is deposited at the Ganston door at about the time Phyllis Benedict is abducted or lost. Abducted is the word. This girl has the distinguishing marks of the missing girl. The eyes, the hair, the fingers, the shoulder blade. Then why does Fay make the affair a seeming accident? Why not come right out with the claim that this is the girl?

"Shall Degas tell you why? Shall Degas reveal to you the processes of his brain, those logical processes peculiar to Degas' race and especially peculiar to Degas? Listen more closely even."

HE LIGHTED a cigarette. The girl had held them with her unconscious drama, eh? Well, Degas would hold them in a more difficult way. Degas would hold them with the drama of art, with conscious drama.

"Why does Fay make the revelation of the girl's identity seem an accident? Because Fay does not want to figure in the affair as one pushing the girl forward. Understand? Fay is not a quiet business man. Fay is a racketeer. If he is the proponent of this girl, Fay is looked into—carefully. You follow me? But if Fay is the benevolent employer, who had nothing to do with the girl's meeting with the Benedicts, none inquires into Johnson Fay's past. Fay is merely a link in the chain of the girl's life.

"But now—how strange that this girl, who so resembles Mrs. Benedict as a girl, should have been working for a racketeer. You see? This girl was also kidnapped, as was the Benedict child. How strange that Fay, a racketeer, should stumble across a girl who fits the Benedict girl's description and was *herself kidnapped.* Shall we wonder if Fay himself, in the days long gone, stole the Benedict girl and was afraid to produce her? Shall we reason that Fay bided his time, waited until it was safe?

"Far-fetched, you say. But consider this. Would it not benefit Fay more to make the real Benedict girl think she was an impersonator? You comprehend? If the girl thought she was an impersonator, what then? Would she not be in terror of Fay? Would she not pay him anything to keep her secret? But ah—and now Degas produces his final logic.

"Suppose that the Ganston girl is really the Benedict girl? Suppose that *proof,* absolute proof of her identity, proof beyond any that Fay pretends to have manufactured, comes to light, revealing her indisputably as the daughter of the Benedicts? Fay is then, as you say, out in the cold. But if he has had this girl perform some illicit, some illegal act for him—you see? She is then in his power.

"The man had genius, of a sort. He produces the stolen girl in a way that cannot reflect upon himself. He protects himself by making her believe that she is an impostor. He makes her quasi-criminal that he may have an added hold upon her. I say the man had genius. So, one might add, has Degas. What think you?"

"I THINK you're kind, Mr. Degas," said the girl. "I think that, to protect a girl from the consequences of her own act, you have produced a chain of reasoning that is marvelous. Only—I'm not Phyllis Benedict. And so—I'm saying goodby. First to these people, these lovely people who have been so good, who even now haven't denounced me. And then, to you, Doyle."

"And where are you going, Phyllis?" asked old Jason.

She smiled wanly at him.

"I didn't believe anyone, not even you, could be so noble. Going? I don't know—or care."

"But we care," cried Mrs. Benedict.

(Continued on page 39)

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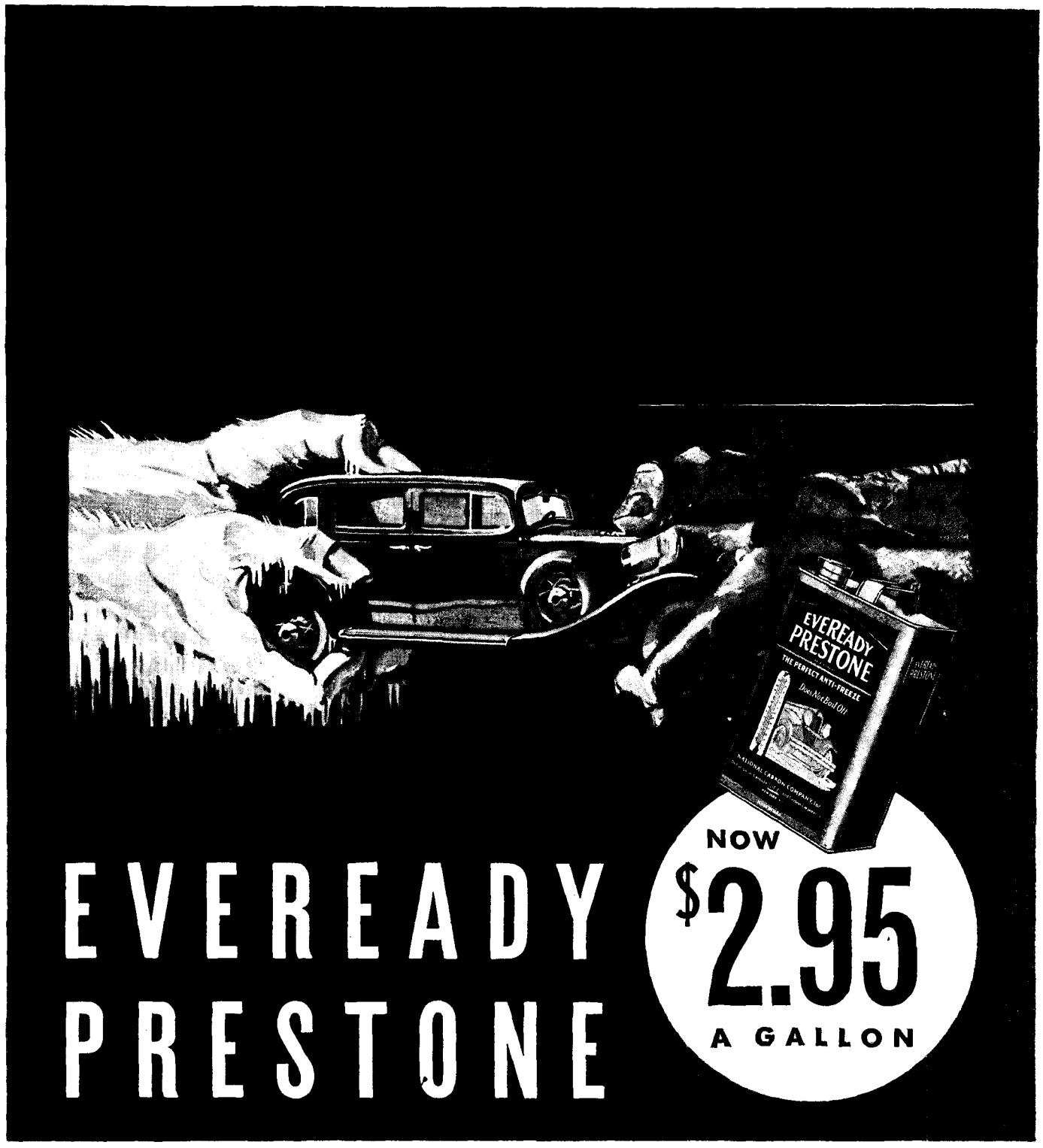
Free



THE two most common hazards to the cooling-system of your car are freezing and rust. Freeze-ups may burst radiators, or crack engine-blocks. The corrosive action of plain tap water causes rust. Rust clogs radiators and brings on dangerous overheating.

There is one anti-freeze that guarantees full protection against *both* these motor menaces. Eveready Prestone is especially designed to overcome these two most frequent cooling-system troubles.

At the new low price of $2.95 a gallon, Eveready Prestone is now within the means of every motorist. One filling protects your car all winter long. The total cost is now so low that there can be no advantage to the "boil-away" type of anti-freeze which causes you the bother and expense of frequent refills and gives no protection whatsoever against rust and corrosion.

Many so-called "permanent" anti-freezes won't last through the winter. Their performance has been checked by rigid laboratory tests. For hundreds of hours, each product was run through an automobile cooling-system at a speed and engine-temperature *exactly duplicating actual driving conditions.*

The 25,000-mile anti-freeze

Under this test, Eveready Prestone still gave full protection after 1000 grueling hours—25,000 miles of driving and upwards. Other anti-freezes broke down and became definitely corrosive to the metals in the cooling-system in from 50 to 200 hours!

Don't buy spigot-water

Don't be fooled by the "tricky" low price of an anti-freeze that analysis shows to be nearly *half* water. Buy to a definite protection-point. That way, you'll find *one* can of Eveready Prestone often equals two of a water-diluted product. Eveready Prestone is concentrated.

Don't confuse Eveready Prestone with either alcohol or glycerine. It is a distinctive patented product, approved by every car manufacturer in America.

Freezing weather is here. Don't risk a big repair-bill. Have your dealer put in Eveready Prestone immediately. It won't evaporate or heat up your motor. Once in, it's there to stay —for the whole winter long.

An absolute guarantee

National Carbon Co., Inc., specifically guarantees that Eveready Prestone, if used according to directions, will protect the cooling-system of your car against freezing and clogging from rust formations for a full winter; also that it will not boil away, will not cause any damage to car finish, or to the metal or rubber parts of the cooling-system, and that it will not leak out of a cooling-system tight enough to hold water.

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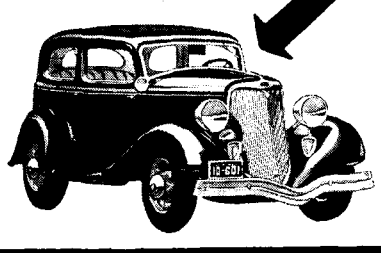
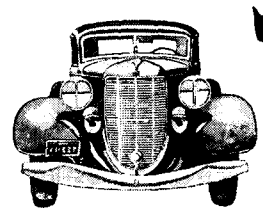
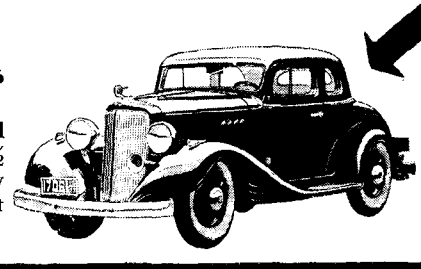


THIS FORD (V-8) *with a 5½-gallon cooling-system,* can be protected to 10° above zero with 1½ gallons of Eveready Prestone. Cost $4.45.



THIS DE SOTO 6 (Model 1933) can be protected to zero with 1½ gallons of Eveready Prestone at a cost of $4.45.



THIS PONTIAC 8 (Model 1933) can be protected to 10° below zero with 1½ gallons of Eveready Prestone at a cost of $4.45.

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Conspiracy

Continued from page 37

"Phyllis, my child, what do we care what you did? You're our daughter."

"Oh, if I only were," said the girl.

"You can be," said old Jason. "Mother, we can make her our daughter. You believe she is. I want her to be. Like you, I don't care what she did. Brought up in poverty—seeing a chance—I *don't care*. Phyllis, we'll adopt you. Quietly. I'll say it's so that if any dispute ever arises about your identity—"

The girl hid her face in her hands.

"You lovely, generous things. But I couldn't. If I were your own daughter—I'd be able to face you. I'd know your love would understand and forgive. I'd feel I had a *right* to your protection. But being what I am—I can take nothing."

"Not even from me?" asked Evans.

"Not from you," she said.

"You're going to marry me, my dear."

"A nameless impostor?"

"I'll give you my name."

She shook her head.

"If—you're not going—to punish me—I'll go."

Jason Benedict walked over to her.

"Phyllis—if you were our daughter—you'd stay?"

"Of course," she replied wonderingly.

"Then—will you wait—five minutes?"

"Of course," she said.

He looked at her a moment.

"Phyllis, you have believed I love you?"

"Of course," she said again.

"For yourself alone?"

"I—I hoped so," she said.

"In a moment you will know I did," he told her. He walked to a bookcase, took out three volumes and disclosed a tiny safe. He opened it.

He fumbled a moment in its recess, then withdrew his hand. He held in it a little paper-wrapped package. He returned to the chair where his wife sat and put his arm around her.

"Polly, my dear, when I brought Phyllis home, you loved her, wanted her near you. You loved her for herself, not because you thought she was your daughter. Then the Ganstons told their story and you knew that Phyllis was your daughter. Physicians examined her and produced proof satisfactory to you. But there was a final evidence, Polly, a definite one that would settle the matter forever.

"And I—I never told you of that evidence. You were happy in your belief that Phyllis was our child. I was willing to believe because I loved her, and because you were so happy. I didn't want any doubts. I don't want them now. I am willing—eager—to adopt Phyllis as our child. But she won't have it. So—I have the evidence."

He turned to Degas.

"Mr. Degas, your reasoning is brilliant. Its logic is irrefutable—save by one thing."

"And that?" said Degas.

BENEDICT unwrapped the package. Gently, with utmost care, he placed upon the table a bit of clay.

"Our child played with clay," he said. "She modeled little animals, absurd little figures meant to be people. It was no talent she displayed, just a child's desire to make things. And I have preserved this bit of clay against the day when it might be needed. The imprint of her fingers is here.

"I never even told my wife of this bit of evidence. I had it, all these years. No one has known of its existence. I found it the day after Phyllis disappeared and put it away. Fingerprints were not needed to identify our child. But, as the years went by, I knew that such prints might be needed. I never told my wife, because for years she was too nervous to be told anything. It wasn't necessary. Then, when she came to me with the Ganstons' story—I didn't care if this girl was my daughter or not. If belief that she was could make Polly as radiantly happy, after all the years of anguish, I'd have accepted Phyllis if I *knew* she was not my daughter, if I didn't like her, much less love her as I did.

"But she refuses to stay with us; she will not be adopted. But if these are her fingerprints—Mr. Degas, you are of the French Sûreté, eh? I have heard your name. You understand fingerprints? There is a candle on that table. If you will melt some wax—if Phyllis will place her fingers in that wax—in a moment we shall know if that superb reasoning of yours is correct."

Degas reached for the candle. He lighted it, turned it upside down and poured the drippings upon a priceless table top.

"Quickly," he cried. "Mademoiselle, place the fingers in this wax."

"No." Mrs. Benedict raised her voice in protest. "I can't—bear it. If she isn't—but she is, she is. I know she is. Phyllis, put your hand—"

Reardon had reëntered the room while old Jason spoke. He tiptoed to the table. Evans drew close. The girl placed her fingers in the wax, pressed them there a moment, then withdrew them.

Degas, breathing heavily, reached for the bit of clay. But Polly Benedict was too quick for him. She had seized the bit of clay and held it high.

"I tell you, I won't have it. I won't have it. She's my own child, and I won't let a bit of clay—"

"Polly, please," cried her husband.

"But, Madame," protested Degas, "it is the opportunity to prove the reasoning of Degas. More, Madame! It is the opportunity to prove, forever, that your daughter *is* your daughter. In justice to her, Madame, as well as to Degas. I beg, I implore—"

ABOVE her head Mrs. Benedict poised the bit of clay. One flip of her fingers and it would crash upon the marble of the fireplace before her.

"Phyllis, will you come back to us? Will you stay with us, regardless of what this clay shows? If you don't promise to be my daughter no matter what this proves—I'll destroy it."

Degas nodded; Benedict's eyes implored.

"I—I'll be your daughter," said the girl.

Mrs. Benedict smiled. She beckoned her husband.

"Take it. It will only prove, my dear, what we both know in our hearts: that Phyllis is our child."

Benedict passed the clay to Degas. The Frenchman bent over it. From his waistcoat pocket he took a magnifying glass. He compared the two impressions, the one in clay and the one in wax.

He straightened up. He felt that he had never been more magnificent in his life. The center of the stage, in its most dramatic moment, had been surrendered to Jean Degas.

"Degas," he announced, "yields to none in matters of logic. The brain of Jean Degas has proved itself time and

(Continued on page 40)

"Those traps you sold us worked perfectly. Now what do we do with the mice?" *Sydney Hoff*

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THE SECRET OF LASTING BEAUTY

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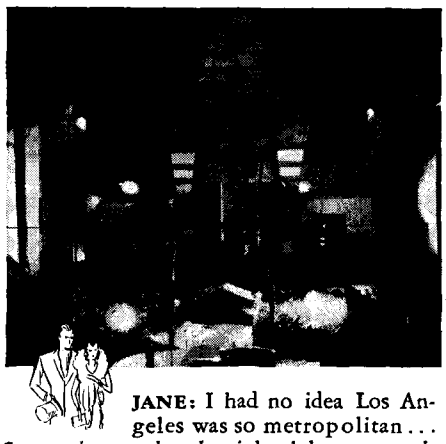
A Winter Vacation in SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BOB: Where's that camera? There's a shot for you... orange groves, palms, sunshine—and snow-capped mountains for background.

JANE: There's certainly every kind of scenery here you can think of...even more interesting than the trip out.

JANE: So this is the Pacific—in person. Doesn't it look inviting? And think of it's being only three days from New York.

BOB: Less than a day, if you fly. We were crazy to imagine we couldn't get away.. why, I feel ten years younger already.

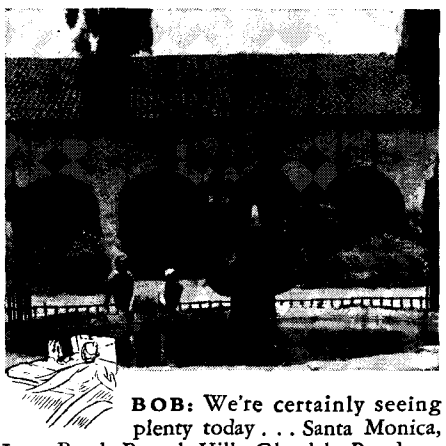


JANE: I had no idea Los Angeles was so metropolitan... Stores, theatres, hotels, night clubs ... marvelous. And did you ever see so many celebrities?

BOB: I guess Hollywood draws them from all over the world.

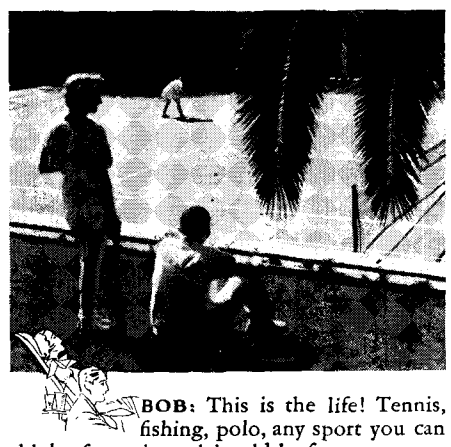
BOB: No skeletons on *this* desert. I never saw such a healthy-looking, sun-tanned crowd anywhere.

JANE: And why not? Swimming, riding, golf in shorts. .you just can't help feeling wonderful. And that sunset last night!



BOB: We're certainly seeing plenty today ... Santa Monica, Long Beach, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Pasadena, Pomona... I sound like a train caller.

JANE: And now for Mexico...we can make it in no time on these roads.



BOB: This is the life! Tennis, fishing, polo, any sport you can think of—or just plain old loafing.

JANE: It's certainly the grandest vacation we've ever had. And one of the cheapest, too. I don't know why we can't do it every year.

You need this change... costs are less than at home

TAKE a little time out this winter. Out of the rut. See the new order of things in action clear across the country. Go back with new perspective, new enthusiasm ... really *fit* for the future.

Costs in Southern California are about 16% under the U. S. average the year 'round ... *far* less than one-season resorts. Write, and let us prove how you can spend the winter here at no greater cost than staying home.

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Won't you let us send you free, a brand new book which tells and pictures all the *facts* about a Southern California vacation? Includes over 150 gravure photographs, maps, itemized cost schedules and a wealth of authoritative information. Rest assured it's no ordinary travel booklet. We'll also gladly send free detailed routing from your home city. Just mark and mail the coupon.

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(Continued from page 39)

again. At times, Degas has inspiration. There can be no genius without that inspiration which transcends logic. But logic is the basis of Degas' genius. Degas stated that this girl was the daughter of the Benedicts. Degas' logic confirms the testimony of this bit of clay. Mademoiselle, I congratulate you—"

He stopped short. The girl was in the arms of her mother. Her father, tears streaming down his cheeks, was kissing her hair, kissing his wife's hair. Evans was staring at the trio, a look in his eyes such as Degas had not seen there before. And none were listening to Degas.

"These Americans," said Degas to himself in disgust.

And then his great frame reeled beneath a tremendous slap on the back. Reardon beamed on him.

"Boy, have you got it? Have you got everything? Are you the lad that digs it up out of thin air? I'll maintain you are. I coulda listened to you forever, you frog-eating son-of-a-gun."

"You wished to listen, eh?" said Degas. "Reardon, you are after my own heart. You—you are Irish, eh?"

EVANS watched her as she swung. Not even the ungainly motions demanded by the perfect golf swing could rob this girl of her natural grace. That natural grace would help her game, too. Only three lessons, and she had just turned the ninth green in sixty-one. Why, her swing was perfection. Gil Nichols had told him that she would be a first-rate player in one season.

She held, for a moment, her pose at the end of the swing. The August wind pulled her skirt and waist closely about her. She had, Evans thought, the loveliest figure in the world. Her ash hair was tumbled about her forehead, and there was a higher color in her smooth cheeks than usual.

"I ought to quit on that shot," she laughed. "Anyway, I'm tired. Mind quitting?"

"As you will," he said. "Want tea?"

"I'd like to sit here awhile," she said. "We can see the Sound. It's lovely today; those whitecaps—" Her voice died away in a contented sigh.

Evans paid and dismissed the caddies. On this week day hardly anyone was playing the Pleasant Point course. As she sat down upon the turf of the tenth tee he sprawled himself beside her.

"So you go back to Oklahoma tomorrow?" she asked.

He nodded.

"You spend all your time there," she said. "You only got back two days ago, after spending all summer there."

He shrugged.

"The daily bread and butter. And it may be cake. The President's handling of the oil situation is what the industry needs. Yes, maybe it will be ice cream, too."

She laughed.

"Is it pleasant down there?"

He shrugged again.

"Anything's pleasant that is bringing in reward. I'm twenty miles from the nearest town; I live in a cabin. Thank God it has plumbing; we have our own artesian well, you know. But there is no society, no movies, nothing!"

"And you won't be back for six months?"

"If then," he answered. "You see, my partner, Tunstall, isn't well. He's more than my partner; he's my benefactor. He put up eighty per cent of the capital. He's not well. Going to Bad Steban, in Germany, for the baths. So—I'll have to be there."

"I wonder if I'll like it," she said idly.

"You wonder—what?"

She looked levelly at him.

"If I'll like it. I suppose I won't, but when you love a man you have to put up with the best he can offer, don't you?"

"Whatever are you talking about?" he demanded. But his face was white.

"About me—and you," she replied. "I'm pretty weary of waiting for you to propose. You know, that day—" she shuddered faintly—"well, when all that happened, you wanted to marry me. Then—you never mentioned marriage again. So I decided that you'd been chivalrous, that you proposed because the world was all against me. And justly it was against me, too. But you told that man Reardon you'd be waiting outside the jail for me, and you meant it when you said it, too.

"And you went away. I had trouble getting you out here yesterday, and more trouble today. I've been thinking about it. Thinking about nothing else, if you want the truth. For a couple of months I've been obsessed by thoughts of you. I hope you don't mind frankness. You're going to get it, anyway."

She lighted a cigarette and smiled at him.

"This is pretty trying for you, isn't it? And it's going to be more trying. But be brave. It will be over soon." She puffed at her cigarette. "You haven't talked marriage since—that night. Why not? You were in love with me. Despite all that I had done, despite the wicked way I had impersonated—myself—as it happened—you loved me. But the minute I was out of danger, the minute I was *proved* to be the Benedict daughter—you forgot you loved me. Or pretended to forget. And I know why."

"Do you?" he asked. His face was white.

"Of course. You're a coward, Doyle. You can stand what people say about me, but you can't stand what people say about you. If the whole world denounced me as a fraud—as the world should have done—you would have stood by me. But when the world is with me, not against me, you are afraid—*afraid*—that people will say you are a fortune-hunter. You'll break my heart before you'll bend your silly pride. Now, do you know what I'm going to do?"

"No," he said hoarsely.

"I'm going to ask you to marry me. Unless I'm wrong. Unless the fact that I was—wicked—is keeping you back."

"No," he whispered.

"THEN I shall ask you to marry me. If you won't, I'm going to follow you to Oklahoma, tell everyone that you jilted me and—if you won't marry me then, I'm going to Paris and look up that wonderful Jean Degas, bless his heart, and propose to him—Doyle, you *idiot*. Aren't I lovely enough? Aren't I gracious enough? Aren't I in love with you enough? Doyle, I've money—more than I want. I won't make you be a rich girl's husband. I'll live on what you make and be happy. I'll never spend a penny that Father and Mother give me. If you starve—I'll starve with you. And if you're rich," she smiled, "I'll be the most extravagant wife you ever saw. Doyle Evans, you brute. Are you going to let a charming girl, a most *exciting* girl—I can bring testimony—propose and propose and propose? Aren't you going to be a gentleman and accept me? Doyle," her voice became a whisper, "don't you love me? Haven't you any answer at all for a girl who has humiliated herself beyond belief to you? Or are you going to stick to your stubborn pride and refuse me because I'm richer than you are? Doyle Evans, what are you going to do?"

He looked at her. He looked around the fairway. No one was in sight.

"I guess," he said, "I'm going to forget what people may say and—marry you."

She leaned forward and he took her in his arms.

THE END

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Who's Afraid of the Big Brown Shirt?

Continued from page 20

continent. Mussolini, supreme leader of Italian Fascism, also wants to dominate that continent. But, squarely across the path of Hitlerist and Mussolinian ambitions, stands France, the strongest European power. In view of the relative power of France and her two rivals it is difficult to see how either Germans or Italians can hope to oppose France successfully unless they join forces. Hitler needs Mussolini. Mussolini needs Hitler.

For some time it looked as if Italian and German Fascism would cast their lot together, and seriously threaten French domination in Europe. But suddenly a discord came jarring into the hymn of mutual admiration with which Germans and Italians had been lovingly serenading each other. The reason was that Hitler decided it was all wrong that Austria, the land which had the honor of being his birthplace, should not be enjoying the blessings which he was so generously lavishing upon Germany, the land of his adoption.

So the machinery of Hitlerization was set going in Austrian territory. Hitlerist sympathizers there, supported by Brown Shirts across the German border, treated Austria to a grand campaign of violence. It seemed a good bet that Austria would be hustled overnight into union with Germany by the sheer force of organized din and brutality.

But Hitler and his subordinates, in the overconfidence born of their triumph in Berlin, forgot how sensitive Austria was about the preservation of Austrian independence. However friendly Mussolini may feel toward Hitler, however much he may reckon on eventual German support should it come to a show-down between him and the French, he objects most decidedly to having Germany as Italy's next-door neighbor. Should the Germans absorb Austria they would thrust their frontier across what is now the Austrian Tyrol to the very edge of northern Italy and be in a position to pull typical Hitlerist rough stuff right on Mussolini's doorstep.

Hence the sudden cooling of Italian pro-Hitlerism when Hitler sallied forth to steam-roller Austria. And when Chancellor Dollfuss defied Hitler he found at his elbow a most welcome supporter in the person of Benito Mussolini.

Cheers from Abroad

Dollfuss, that pawn in the European chess match, had become in a moment the key-piece on the board. And people all over the world began shouting, "Hooray for Dollfuss!" and Hitlerites screamed, "Death to Dollfuss!" and Mussolini (still a bit in the shadows, as becomes a fellow-countryman of Machiavelli) whispered, whenever the little Austrian got in a particularly vicious uppercut: "That's the stuff! Soak him, Engelbert!" And France, delighted at the falling-out of Hitler, her enemy of today, and Mussolini, her potential enemy of tomorrow, stood by the ringside giving the loudest and longest cheers for Dollfuss, and praying that his pluck, at the head of his 6,000,000 Austrians, might serve to postpone indefinitely the alliance of 62,000,000 Germans and 42,000,000 Italians against 41,000,000 Frenchmen.

Dollfuss came into his own at the Monetary and Economic Conference at London last summer. His defiance of Hitlerism's endeavor to annex Austria had made him the lion of the hour. He moved around amid the statesmen, gathered (supposedly) to cure the ills of the world, and among us writers, gathered (we hoped) to see them do it, to the accompaniment of cordial handshakes and admiring glances and encouraging words uttered in many languages. The Austrian Chancellor bore his sudden fame with equanimity and dignity. Shy and quiet, with a smile on his lips and in his pleasant gray eyes, he made one feel that, small though he was, he could never be insignificant.

Blow for Blow

Engelbert Dollfuss is forty-one years old. "I am not only the littlest Premier in Europe," he loves to tell you, "but also the youngest." He was born in 1892, at the village of Texing, in Lower Austria, about fifty miles from Vienna. He comes of peasant stock. After his scholastic victories as a Texing schoolboy, Engelbert studied law at Vienna and later specialized in economics at the University of Berlin.

Then the World War came—when he was close to his twenty-second birthday. And, just as he had refused to let his littleness mar his life as schoolboy and student, so now Engelbert Dollfuss proved that it was powerless to handicap him as a soldier. Assigned to service as a machine-gunner on the Italian front, he did his work so bravely and efficiently that a certain cliff in the Tyrolean Alps, behind which he used to crouch with his machine-gun, is still known locally as Dollfuss Cliff.

Before the end of the war he had been promoted from the ranks to a first-lieutenancy—no small feat in an army saturated with the old traditions of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, where blue blood and aristocratic "pull" were only too likely to count for more than military capacity and physical courage.

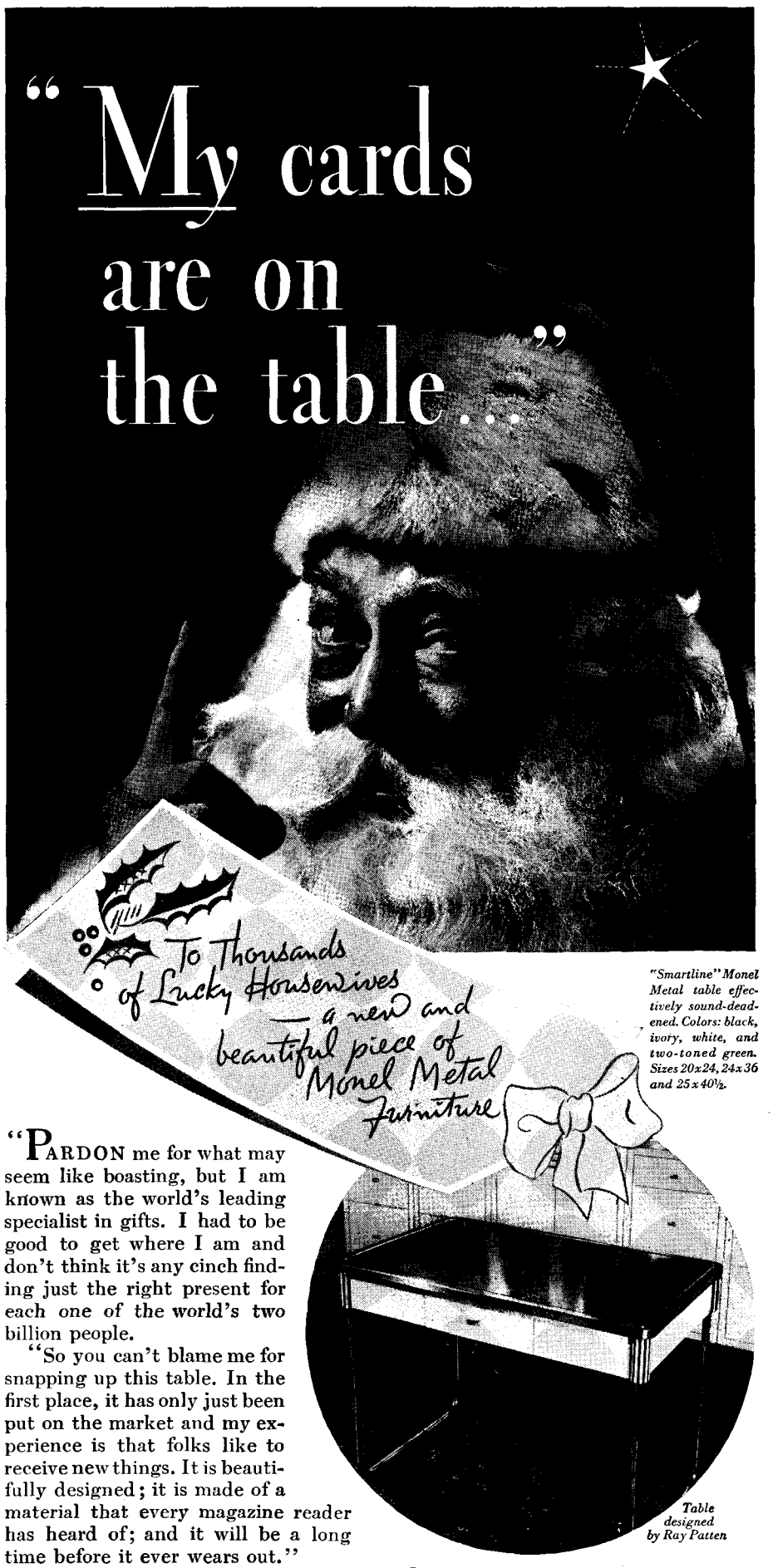
After the downfall of the Central Powers, young Dollfuss returned to live among the peasants of his native Lower Austria and worked hard at organizing them for the new life that lay before them now that they were citizens of a feeble republic instead of subjects of a mighty empire. His industry, coupled with his knowledge of law and economics, soon brought him the post of secretary of the Lower Austrian Peasants' Association; a little later, as a result of continued efficient work on behalf of the peasantry, he became secretary of the Lower Austrian Chamber of Agriculture.

Despite his belief that politics were not for him, others thought differently. For some time after his return from the war canny Austrians had had their eyes on the little man; here, they guessed, was good political timber. So Dollfuss—still shy, still doubting, but always courageous — let himself be made Minister of Agriculture. After that—his organizing ability among the Lower Austrian peasants had not passed unnoticed—he was prevailed upon to become director of the Austrian State Railways. And when the government of Herr Buresch fell in the early part of 1932, and one politician after another, urged to occupy the thorny post of Chancellor, had declined with alacrity, somebody suddenly said: "How about Dollfuss?" So the harassed Austrian President offered him the job and Dollfuss accepted it.

And within less than a year he found himself in the full tide of the battle against Hitler.

Confident that Austria would fall

(Continued on page 42)



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Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

FRANKLY, aren't you a little ashamed of your handkerchiefs when you have a cold?

But now science tells you such handkerchiefs are not merely unclean. Germs go through them as through a sieve, contaminate your fingers. You leave a trail of infection wherever you go.

Protect your family

Put aside your handkerchiefs and use only Kleenex, when you have a cold. It *does* protect hands. Far closer in texture and powerfully absorbent, Kleenex leaves your fingers clean, free of germs or mucus.

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Kleenex is kept clean, hygienic, even during use, by the patented pull-out carton. You touch only the tissues you are about to use. You never take out more than the required amount. That's economy!

Who would go on washing revolting, cold-filled handkerchiefs when there is a way out? Kleenex ends that disagreeable job forever.

To remove cold cream

And Kleenex should always be used to remove face creams, because it is so sanitary and so absorbent. The larger size is especially recommended.

Priced so low you can use many Kleenex tissues for the cost of having one handkerchief laundered. Try the smart, daintily bordered 'Kerfs; and the handy new Pocket Packet at 2 for 5 cents. . . . At all drug, dry goods, and department stores.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

(Continued from page 41)

into their laps like a ripe apple, the Hitlerites, soon after the new Chancellor's advent to power in Vienna, had embarked on a series of rowdy demonstrations in favor of immediate Austro-German union. They sought to howl down all who differed with them; they rioted; they threw bombs; they cut telephone and telegraph wires; they circulated pamphlets and pasted placards all over Austria denouncing their opponents as traitors to the cause of pan-Germanism. Finally, emboldened by the apparent success of their opening moves, they went so far even as to attempt assassination in the furtherance of their aim.

But in Dollfuss they met more than their match. He gave Hitler blow for blow. He summarily expelled the principal Hitlerite leader in Austria from Austrian territory, reducing him to long-distance fulminations over the radio from Munich, across the German border. He outlawed the Austrian Nazis as a political party and forbade them to form themselves into a new political organization. He prohibited throughout Austria the wearing of the Hitlerite brown-shirt uniforms and swastikas. And, as the violent tactics of his foes persisted, he arrested them in hundreds and compelled many of his Nazi prisoners to tear down, under the vigilant eyes of heavily armed guards, the inflammatory placards surreptitiously put up on the walls of Austrian buildings by Hitlerites still at liberty.

Hitler reacted furiously to Dollfuss' defiance. German denunciations of the Austrian government and its plucky leader grew steadily in volume and vehemence. The German government went so far as to arrest and deport an attaché of the Austrian Legation in Berlin. But Dollfuss refused to be intimidated. He stood to his guns—even when Hitler, in his fury, decreed a tax of 1,000 marks on every German visitor to Austria, almost ruining thereby the Austrian tourist trade.

Despite his courage, Dollfuss could not hope to stand alone against Hitler. So he lost no time in seeking foreign aid. He followed up his big personal hit in London by hurrying to Paris, where he obtained from the strongly pro-Austrian French Government a substantial loan to help him in his fight. After that he journeyed to Italy, and, in a series of confidential talks with Mussolini, he got not only financial backing but was enabled to tuck into his pocket an agreement by which Italy conceded to Austria a free zone at the important Adriatic port of Trieste and gave preferential treatment to Austrian wares imported by Italians.

Vienna Chuckles—Dollfuss Works

In spite of the seriousness of the Austro-German crisis, the Austrians, especially the Viennese—who are irrepressibly gay and light-hearted—get a lot of fun out of being stormy Europe's latest storm-center. The adherents of Dollfuss are immensely proud of their leader, but so overpowering is the Viennese love of a joke that they vie with his enemies in inventing stories dealing with how diminutive he is.

Vienna, at the height of the duel between Dollfuss and Hitler, was like the United States when Henry Ford's flivver was first snorting and rattling its way to fame. Just as, in those days, you could scarcely spend an hour among a group of friends without hearing a Ford joke, it was difficult last summer to sit through a lunch or sip a cup of afternoon coffee among the Viennese without having the conversation turn to anecdotes based on the fact that the Austrian Chancellor was only fifty-nine inches tall.

The quip heard most frequently was this one:

"One day, during a session of the Austrian Parliament, Chancellor Dollfuss got so angry that he *jumped on a chair in order to pound the table!*"

"And do you know," another Viennese would chime in, "that, when he removes the plug in his bathtub, he almost gets swept down the drainpipe!'

And while all Vienna chuckles, as the crop of Dollfuss jokes grows bigger and bigger, the little Chancellor works harder and harder at his job of thwarting Hitlerism's designs to annex Austria, willy-nilly, to Germany. When he is not working at the Chancellery, in the shadow of the old imperial palace of the Hapsburgs, he is burning the midnight oil at the modest apartment where he and his wife and his two little children live in Vienna—it is over a night-club, incidentally, but that doesn't seem to bother Dollfuss.

"Hopeless, But Not Serious"

When I was in Vienna few were inclined to make definite prophecies as to the outcome of the fight being waged by Dollfuss against Hitler. I was told—and my informants included Austrians bitterly hostile to Hitler—that twenty-five per cent of the Austrian population were either out-and-out Hitlerites or partial sympathizers with Hitlerite doctrines. In Vienna there was a feeling that, even if Dollfuss should manage for a while to fight off the infiltration of his enemies, his efforts must necessarily fail in the end—unless, of course, anti-Hitler opinion abroad remained so strong as to compel foreign governments to veto the annexation of Austria to Hitlerist Germany and prevent, also, the accession to power in Austria of a government sympathetic to Hitlerism.

Some Austrians are so confident of foreign support against Hitler that—with true Austrian light-heartedness—they refuse to worry about the future.

"Already our political parties are so convinced that Mussolini will protect us," one pessimistic observer in Vienna told me gloomily, "that they have started squabbling among themselves—as parties always do, sooner or later, in Austria. And Hitler knows this!—and he is counting on it!"

Others scoffed at such pessimism. They insisted that Dollfuss would never let Austria be Prussianized. They forecast for Austrian anti-Hitlerism—whether captained by Engelbert Dollfuss or someone else—long and prosperous life. And the principal basis for this belief of theirs, I found almost invariably, was—Mussolini.

"Mussolini will never let Hitler get the Tyrol!" That was the form in which their optimism constantly found expression. And, with the smile typical of Austria and Vienna, they went about their business.

And Chancellor Dollfuss, pale and wan and desperately tired, continued to work almost around the clock, yet contrived, somehow, to keep his typically Austrian smile and his typically Austrian politeness.

Which led me to take off my hat, figuratively, as I had done many times before, in homage to the unknown originator of a story concerning the principal difference between a Prussian and an Austrian.

"In a crisis"—so runs his immortal diagnosis—"a Prussian will say: 'The situation is *serious, but not hopeless.*' An Austrian, on the other hand, will tell you: 'The situation is *hopeless, but not serious!*'"

Dollfuss doesn't think the situation hopeless, by any means. But, even if he did, the chances are ten to one that he would still smile—and still fight.

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The Last Season

Continued from page 11

sent in after all. Depew's weasel-faced coach was grinning.

From the end zone someone kicked out. But this time the ball didn't carry to midfield. Again she looked at Artz. He was warming up Number 5.

Kitty turned to the newspaper man who petted his hot-water bottle as if it were a toy dog. "What's the idea of Depew over there?" she demanded. "Warming up fourth-string players and then never substituting them?"

"That's his system this year."

"What's his system?"

"Always warming someone up. He says he figures that it keeps his team on their toes. If they happen to look towards the bench, they can't help wondering if Artz is sore at them. Looks as if he'd pull someone out and send in a substitute."

"Oh."

"Smart coach, that Artz."

Kitty nodded absently. She made a penciled note upon her scratch pad.

THE Depew Juggernaut began to function. It was like Grant's campaign of attrition; a weighty thrust here, a massed attack there, a drive through the center. And then, suddenly as an air raid, before Dad could replace a limping end with a substitute, a forward pass was completed in the territory the lame player could not guard.

It was good, sound football. In fact, it was perfect football, for the attack made no mistakes, seized every opportunity, employed the most telling weapons of offense. Had Dad been out there on the field as tactical adviser to the Depew quarterback, he couldn't have done better.

In eight plays they traveled forty yards to a first down inside the Jackson ten-yard line.

Over on the Depew bench, Artz was still warming up players who were never sent in. And just as if it were a practice session instead of a climax game, Mrs. Dad was making notes.

"Scalzi goes around left end to the 2-yard line," roared the megaphone. "Second down. Two to go."

"They'll run up a big score."

"Forty to nothing, sure."

"McCabe plunges over for a touchdown," bellowed the announcer.

Kitty looked up from her notes. "This," she informed the man with the hot-water bottle, "has gone far enough." She rose from her chair and shouldered her way out of the press box.

"Who's that old dame?" asked someone as she went.

"Dad Benton's wife."

"Gee! Do you s'pose she heard me?"

"She knows it, anyway. She must. Dad's all washed up after this massacre. Seven to nothing already and only five minutes gone. It'll be the worst beating he ever took."

"But, gee! I wouldn't hurt her feelings."

"Too late now. Anything from the Army-Notre Dame game?"

In the tunnel beneath the grandstand, Mrs. Dad encountered a long-faced youth carrying a bundle of clean towels. "Isn't it awful?" he asked.

"Listen. Tell Dad I want him. Right here."

"I can't call him out. They just scored on us."

"You tell Dad to come here. Tell him it's a matter of life and death."

"But . . ."

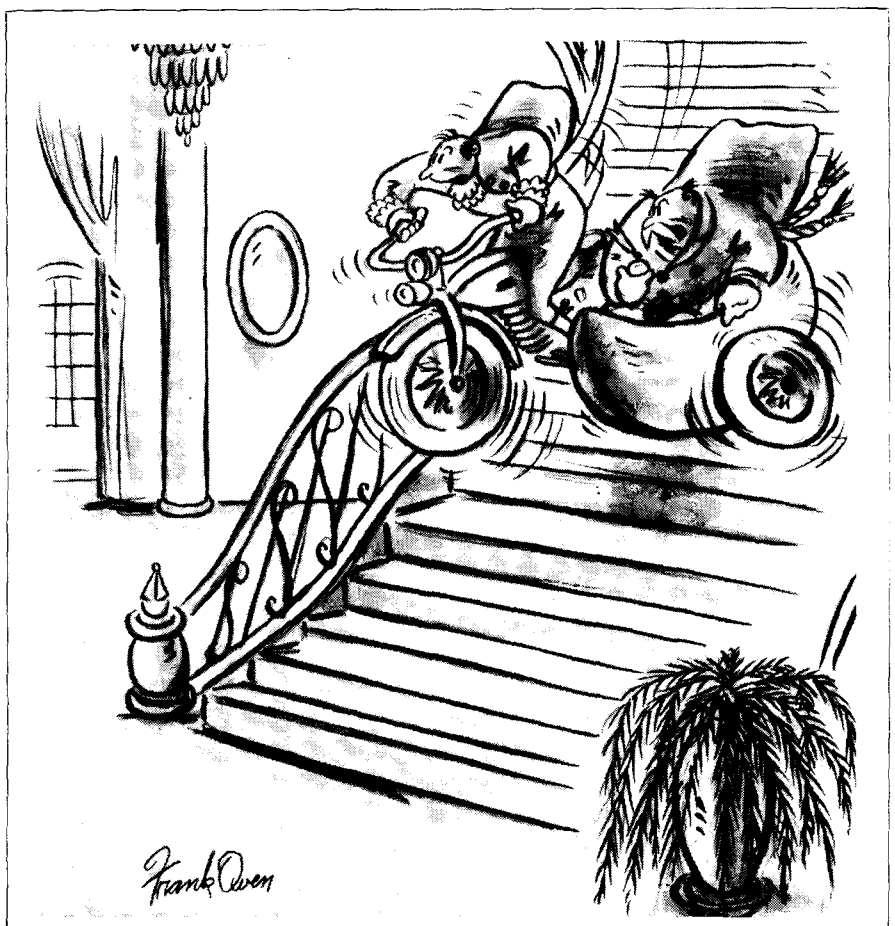
"No buts to me, young man. Call Dad." she ordered, "or you won't ever wear a shoulder harness again as long as I live."

"He can't leave the bench, while they're playing."

"He's got to leave. Quick. Before they score again."

Puzzled but obedient, the boy departed.

(Continued on page 44)



"Well, Poolers! I see you're getting me down late for breakfast again!" *Frank Owen*

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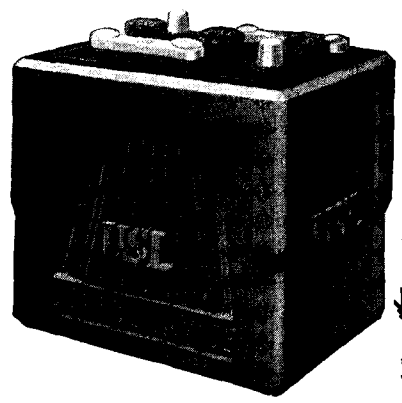

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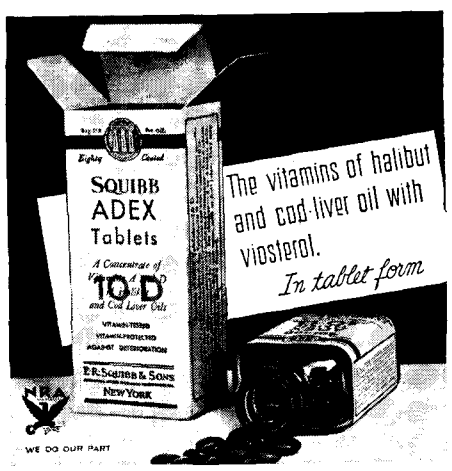

(Continued from page 43)

She waited with a pounding heart. Sudden yelling told of another kickoff.

There was the rustle of a rubber coat. "Kitty. Has anything . . . ?"

"Listen, Dad. I made some notes for you."

"We can't do much, Honey. Not against their weight. Don't hang around. Go on home." He paused. "For all the good I am, I might as well go with you. But I can't leave the boys."

A stranger walked past them, staring curiously over his shoulder.

Kitty gave Dad her penciled piece of paper and whispered, "Here! Read this."

He glanced at the paper.

"You're mistaken," he gasped. "You must be."

"There it is. See for yourself. We can hold this score down. I'll bet you," she declared excitedly. "I've never made a bet in my life that I wasn't sure I'd win."

"He wouldn't dare."

"He has."

"All right." The corners of Dad's mouth twitched. "I'll take your bet. For whatever you like. And I hope you win it." He bent forward, so his dripping slicker would not touch her coat, and kissed her lips.

"Go on. Don't waste time on me."

He nodded, kissed her again and sprinted away through the tunnel.

WITH her forefinger his wife brushed both eyes. Not being subject to colds, she never had a handkerchief when she needed one. Then she resolutely climbed the stairs to the press box and ousted the usher who had appropriated her chair.

"Say," demanded the man with the hot-water bag, "what's Dad done with his first team?"

Kitty looked down. Eleven dry Jackson jerseys were lining up for their first scrimmage.

"Most likely he's called in the first team to talk with them," she returned casually. "They can go back again at quarter time."

The reporter shook his head. "Never heard of anything like that."

"There's a lot gets by you men," she replied meaningly.

Finally, Depew took the ball again and the Depew steam roller lurched forward toward another score. They took no chances. They made no mistakes. They played like professionals, as someone in the press box maliciously observed. It was not thrilling. Superlatively good football is not spectacular, for it is built upon deception and a secret massing of weight against one element of the defense. Two yards here, five there. Four more through a boxed tackle and a first down.

They traveled seventy yards and Kitty's eyes were fastened upon the timekeeper. Would he never end the quarter?

"Depew's ball. First down on the 8-yard line," announced the megaphone.

She saw a man in a white suit raise a revolver above his head and she sighed with relief.

"Quarter time. Score: Depew 7, Jackson 0."

Eleven reanimated players, who had been huddled around Dad, stampeded toward the referee. Maybe, she thought, we can hold them to one touchdown. That wouldn't disgrace Dad, anyhow.

The Depew team wiped its smeared hands and faces on bath towels, while the referee polished off the muddy ball. The Depew band defied the weather with a march. The referee placed the ball close to the other goal line and sounded his whistle. The second quarter was beginning.

With swaggering assurance Tommy Artz's boys came from their huddle. Eight yards to go in four downs, through eleven men whom they had pushed all over the field. Hep! They shifted back. Hep! They shifted right. Hep!

"McCabe carrying. McCabe is stopped at tackle for no gain." The megaphone paused. "Second down and eight."

Mrs. Dad leaned forward. This play would tell the story. Her breathing quickened. It was an end sweep with four interferers ahead of the ball. Against ordinary opposition, it should gain ten yards. There was a half ton of beef to be stopped.

But the Jackson team met it. She saw the fullback, halfback, roving center and end all leave their positions unguarded, tear across the scrimmage line, flatten the attack before it gained momentum.

"Four tacklers stopped Scalzi for an eight-yard loss. Third down and sixteen yards to go."

Depew took time out for a conference. For two minutes they debated earnestly. Then they huddled, shifted and the ball was snapped. The play looked like a tackle thrust. Jackson's line was plowed open ahead of the runner. But instead of carrying the ball, Scalzi passed. The entire Jackson team seemed to be there to knock down the pass.

"Incomplete. Fourth down. Sixteen to go."

They attempted the same play again from a place kick formation. As before, every receiver was covered. The ball fell to the ground.

Kitty laughed.

"Jackson's ball on the twenty-one-yard line."

"Say, Mrs. Benton," asked the newspaper man deferentially. "What did Dad feed his team, when he had them off the field?"

"Vitamins," returned the coach's wife, cheerfully. "I doubt if there is any more scoring."

For the first time Depew found itself driven back in its own territory. The Artz team was stunned and bewildered by an unexpected opposition, by a defense that was really a vicious attack. Standing on his 20-yard line, the Depew fullback tried the quick kick which had served the team so well at the start of the game. But half the Jackson line surged through to block it. A guard leaped in the air. The ball hit his chest and bounded crazily toward the Depew goal line. A Jackson end dove into the mud and covered it.

"Jackson's ball on Depew's eleven-yard line."

"Pass," begged Mrs. Dad, as if the players could hear her. "Pass and tie the score."

SHE saw her left tackle wiping the mud from the palms of his hands as he crouched in the huddle. She saw her team shift and then shift again, leaving the tackle at the end of the line eligible to receive the pass. She nodded approvingly. Her eyes followed the boy as he made a feint at blocking his opponent, then he took three or four flying steps and caught the ball over his shoulder, throwing himself forward as his hands closed upon it.

She couldn't be sure that his dive had carried him across the last white line, until the announcer recognized the referee's signal.

"Brewster passed to Jones for a touchdown."

The old newspaper reporter dropped his hot-water bottle. The operator looked up from his telegraph key. "Football's funny."

"Very," agreed the woman. "Now watch Brewster kick the goal and tie the score."

The megaphone echoed her words. "Brewster of Jackson dropkicks for one point-and ties the score at 7-all."

"Can you always call them like that?" inquired the anemic reporter, a little awed.

"Not always," admitted Mrs. Dad. "Just sometimes."

"What do you think they'll do now?"

"Not a great deal," she returned. "Tie score, perhaps. We haven't the weight to gain much ground. But they. . . ." She hesitated and smiled. "They've lost their punch."

Depew elected to receive the next kickoff, hoping their attack would force another rout. But Depew's confident dash had gone. Apprehensively, Scalzi grabbed at the wet ball, touched it with his fingers and let it slip through his hands. It bounded back into the end zone. Scalzi ran after it, scooped it up, circled and then slipped in the mire. At the goal line a mob of tacklers swarmed over him.

"Parker of Jackson tackled Scalzi. It's a safety. Jackson leads Depew, 9-7."

"Now what?" asked someone.

"You mark my words," answered Kitty, "Depew won't ever get those two points back. They can't gain and our boys don't have to."

NINETY minutes later, it appeared that she was right. Through a second half of bitter, savage conflict, Depew was never able to threaten that two-point lead.

At the end, Tommy Artz came sprinting across to the Jackson bench to pound Dad upon the back and shake his hand.

"Look. There's Artz," someone called. "Win or lose. Tommy's a great showman."

"But he shows too much," Kitty chuckled.

She went down under the stand to find Dad. He was pouring whisky into two paper cups for the field judge and head linesman. She waited for him, on the edge of the admiring circle.

"You say Artz was his own quarterback?" the field judge asked. "How could he?"

"He did it by the numbers on the backs of the players who were warming up," Dad explained. "When Number 5 was out there in front of the bench, it was an off tackle slant. When 9 was on the sideline, it was that quick kick. And so on."

"You ought to lodge a protest, Dad."

"I'm satisfied," Dad laughed. "After my boys got the system and watched too, Depew made only three first downs. I wouldn't accuse him of sideline coaching, when he called his plays to both teams."

The nervous halfback thrust his head out of the field-house door. "Dad, did I tell you?" he called. "My girl was in the stands."

"Glad to hear it, son. So was mine."

Kitty turned and went home. It would take Dad some time to break away from the mob that had gathered about him. But if they'd dropped the game to Depew, he wouldn't have been bothered by back slappers. That was what made her mad. Coaching was a thankless job.

She lighted the blaze in the fireplace, laid out dry clothes for Dad, set the table for dinner. She was stirring up some baking powder biscuits when the front door banged.

"Hello, kid." He rushed into the kitchen, kissed her loudly, scattering flour all over the floor. "You're the girl who licked Depew."

She laughed. "And I won my bet. Remember?"

"Sure," he agreed. "What'll you have? Fur coat? New car? Trip to Bermuda?"

"No, Dad. Nothing like that." She

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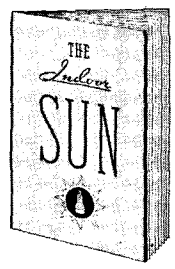

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spoke soberly. "I want you to buy that house. Near Junior's. The one we looked at, with the big garden and the chicken yard."

His face fell.

"Okay, Honey. It's a good buy, all right." He reached in his pocket. "I guess I didn't show you this. The council wants to renew my contract. Thousand dollars boost."

"Did you sign it?" she asked quickly, as he handed her the legal-looking document.

"No. No. Just brought it along."

"Dad, you promised me this would be your last year."

"Sure. I know, Kitty. I'll keep my promise." Suddenly he looked very tired and discouraged.

"Go upstairs now. Take a hot bath and put on dry clothes."

"Yes, Kitty. I'm going."

"Shake mustard in the water."

"Yes, dear."

"Take an aspirin."

"Right."

KITTY laid the contract down on the kitchen table and sighed. She dusted the baking tin with flour so the biscuits wouldn't stick. If Dad only hadn't been so nice about it. If he had just stormed or argued, she wouldn't have minded making him keep his promise.

It would seem funny to him, raising Rhode Island Red broilers instead of training a squad of tacklers and blockers. She wondered if chickens went stale from overwork. At least, there wouldn't be any fraternity politics in the hen yard and the alumni wouldn't be coming back to interfere.

Brewster was a junior. He'd be in college again next season. If he were handled properly, he could easily be an All-America back. They were all nice boys, intelligent and alert. They were swell footballers. The team would be practically the same next year. Only two regulars would be lost by graduation. And some dandy prospects were coming up from an unbeaten Freshman team.

Kitty put the biscuits in the oven, stirred the stew, took the butter from the ice box, opened a fresh comb of honey.

SUDDENLY she stopped. Suppose that dumb council hired someone like Tommy Artz to follow Dad. One of those smart-aleck coaches—showmen, the reporters called them. Suppose the council got Artz himself. They could, if they paid him enough. He'd ruin a sensitive halfback like Brewster. He'd spoil that boy's future, just as sure as the world. There wasn't a man in the country except Dad who could get the maximum return from that material. Why, Artz might utterly disorganize the whole squad.

What sort of a woman was she, to deprive those boys of their chance to play winning ball? She could hear Dad creaking down the stairs.

"Dad," she called. "Where's your fountain pen?"

"In my coat." He came into the kitchen.

"Get it and sign this contract quick."

"But I thought you wanted that chicken place with . . ."

"I do. We'll buy it. Now. But we don't have to move there until we're ready."

His face brightened. They looked at each other transfigured.

Dad said, "Sweetheart!"

She said, "Hurry up and sign. You need your supper." She lifted the cover from the pot of stew, peered through the steam that rose from it, and sniffed. It made her eyes red.

"One more season," she said dreamily, and began to dish up. She felt good. She felt like a kid.

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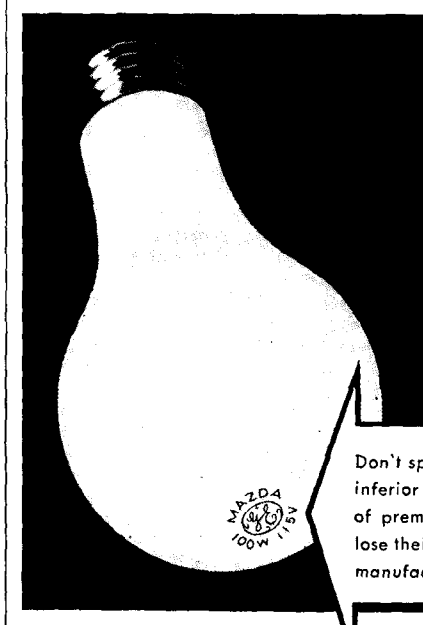

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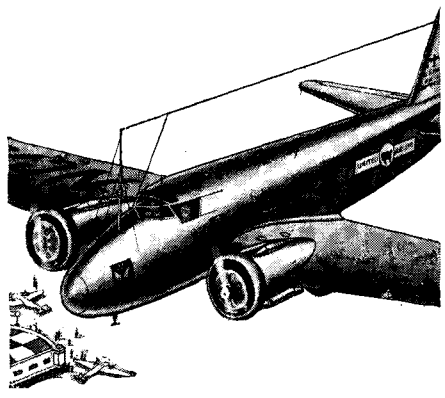

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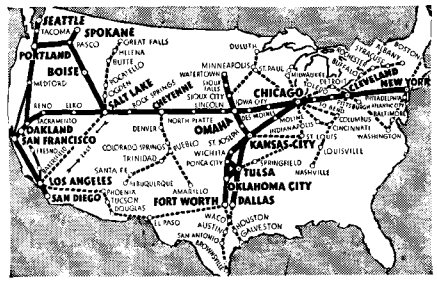

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All Over Again

Continued from page 17

you and Miss McQueen, and if you know what's good for you you'll lay off. She's Mr. Anson's property, and you know it."

"The hell she is. Just because he's the son of the owner don't give him the world."

"It'll give him the girl," stated the mate grimly. "And you'd better walk soft or you'll be out. There's too many good men walking the docks back home for anyone to worry about a second mate. No; you stay aboard."

"Yes, sir," agreed Mr. Hendricks meekly, and left the mate gnawing his mustache on the lower bridge. The mate scowled after him, muttered to himself and then went in to see the Old Man.

"Young Hendricks wants permission to go ashore tonight, sir," he said. Captain McQueen swung round in his swivel chair and took the glasses from his nose.

"Again?" he choked. "I suppose he wants to buy a lottery ticket—or get his laundry."

"Well, he's a pretty good boy, sir," soothed the mate. "Never had any trouble with him until this trip."

The mate and Captain McQueen were old friends and shipmates, and the mate was that sort of officer with a large indulgence and friendliness for those beneath him. Besides, he didn't like Mr. Anson. The son of the owner had no business sailing on one of his own ships anyway. Made everyone uncomfortable.

"You see he stays on board," snapped the captain. "And no nonsense." He paused a while and then added, "You know what I hope, Tom. It'd be a fine thing for Helen. Nothing in being a sailor's wife."

There was a long silence and the mate coughed.

"No, I suppose not, sir," he agreed. "Mrs. McQueen would think so, too, I suppose."

The captain looked at the framed picture of his dead wife and shook his head as the mate left the cabin.

"I know what you're thinking, Mary," he said at last. "But you'll see I'm right, too."

"WELL," said Helen McQueen. "You are only half an hour late."

"I'm lucky to be here at all," said Mr. Hendricks. "Let's go some place and talk."

They ducked into a little café on the Avenida de Mayo and ordered martinis. The orchestra was already tuning up and the flow of the city's night life had begun. Their corner table was moderately unnoticeable and the hum of conversation about them had a friendly sound.

"If I'm caught I'll be out of luck," said Mr. Hendricks gloomily. "I had to give the senior cadet ten pesos to look after the hold and tell them I was around the ship somewhere if anyone asked. The mate probably will. And the skipper's on his ear too. Called me up this afternoon and told me to quit seeing you."

"He would," said Helen McQueen resentfully. She was a slender girl, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Her nose was uptilted a little and she had a determined jaw. "All he talks to me about is Anson and the ships he'll own some day. What would I do with Anson and a lot of ships?"

"Well, you could make me a skipper," suggested the second mate bitterly. He finished his martini and called for another. "But how did you ditch the ape?"

"Filled him with gin *tonicas*, put that fluffy-haired passenger on to him—what's her name?—and went to make a phone call."

"And waited for me half an hour."

"Half an hour," she said reproachfully. "I don't know whether I should have."

"Darling," he said, putting his hand over hers, "I'm mad about you."

"You ought to be," she assured him. "Think what I could have." But she kissed him just below his large right ear when no one was looking, so everything was perfect.

"AND to think we've only known each other since we left London," he murmured. "Seems like ages." He sighed. There is nothing quite so sad as a second mate in love.

"I do wish Father wouldn't have such big ideas," she said after a while. "Just because Mr. Anson took this trip with us and paid me a lot of attention, he thinks it's only a question of time until I ride around in limousines and take charge of the Anson yacht. I sometimes think that's why I promised to marry you. No one's going to tell me what to do, not even Father."

"So *that's* what you think," he said morosely. "And I thought you loved me."

"Silly," she whispered. "If we weren't here I'd kiss you."

"Let's get a cab and go out by the race track," he suggested with alacrity. "It's quiet there."

They threaded through the crowds to the edge of the sidewalk and hailed a cab. Mr. Hendricks was walking on air. He always trod on air when he was with Helen McQueen, and all his troubles fell away. He had completely forgotten the ship, his neglected duties, his disobeying orders in coming ashore. But just as he was about to step into the cab he had a nasty reminder.

"So there you are!" said a voice—the voice of Mr. Anson. Helen McQueen groaned, but Mr. Hendricks did more than that. He turned positively white. Anyone, *anyone*—even the skipper himself—he would rather have had discover him than Mr. Anson. Because Mr. Anson was unpleasant to inferiors even when he was sober—and he was far from sober now. Also he disliked the second mate of the Dundee King in every possible way. Also he had the power of life and death as regarded careers in the King Line, and he was the sort to use it.

"Hello, Mr. Anson," said Mr. Hendricks, with ghastly cheerfulness. "Fancy running into you!"

"I've been looking all over for you, my dear," said Mr. Anson, ignoring Mr. Hendricks and peering into the cab at Helen McQueen. "Where did you go?"

"I was bored," said the girl frankly. "I went out for some fresh air, ran into Mr. Hendricks, and that's all there is to it. He's taking me for a ride."

"Ah, a ride," said Mr. Anson. "Delightful idea." He turned and looked down from his six feet of bony height at the second mate, and he patted his blond mustache with the tips of his fingers. "It's all right, my man," he said. "I'll see that Miss McQueen reaches the ship safely. You may go."

"Yeah?" said Mr. Hendricks, his jaw sticking out. "Miss McQueen's riding with me."

"I said you could go," snapped Mr. Anson imperatively.

"Really," put in the girl, "I did promise Mr. Hendricks. Maybe you and I could take a ride tomorrow."

Mr. Anson was silent for a moment, his pale blue eyes passing from the girl to the second mate. Then his nostrils crinkled a little.

"I see," he observed. "You prefer a common sailor to myself. I'd been noticing that lately. I must say I thought better of your taste, my dear. These men are not usually accepted by decent women. They pick up—"

"Easy," warned Mr. Hendricks. "Easy, now. You're tight and you're talking too much."

"Get out of here!" snapped the other. "Get out! I'll ride with Miss McQueen."

He gave the second mate a shove and started to get into the cab—and then things happened.

"Why—!" said Mr. Hendricks. One tanned hand took Mr. Anson by the shoulder and swung him round. The other, clenched, smacked beneath Mr. Anson's jaw and he went down with a distressed gasp. Mr. Hendricks jumped into the cab, slammed the door and roared at the driver.

"Get going! Drive! Pronto!" And the driver, appreciating the situation, slammed in the gears and was off.

"Well," said Mr. Hendricks defiantly, "I guess that busts me."

"You shouldn't have hit him," said the girl, without much conviction. "Now he'll make a row with Father."

"You're telling me?" said the young officer. "Still," he said, still fuming, "no long-legged giraffe's going to talk like that and shove me about. I've been wanting to smack him for a long time anyway."

"Darling," Helen McQueen said, and she came closer. "Sufficient unto the day," thought Mr. Hendricks philosophically. And, being a second mate and very much in love, he grinned and put his arm about her.

"HELEN," said Captain McQueen severely the next morning, "I've got to have a talk with you."

They had just come up from breakfast in the saloon and the captain had seated his ponderous, bald-headed self in his swivel chair and adjusted his spectacles. His dutiful daughter, painfully aware of what was coming, was sauntering about the cabin, looking into navigation books, inspecting pictures of ships, examining the barometer and doing everything, in short, but keeping still and looking at her father.

"Helen!" he roared. It was hard to speak with the winches rattling outside and the blocks and tackles slamming against the rails and derricks as the cargo came aboard.

"Yes, Father?" she inquired innocently. He glared at her.

"I suppose you know what you've done!" he exploded.

"I haven't done a thing that wasn't proper," she said primly. "What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean you've probably lost young Hendricks his job."

"You wouldn't do that," she said quickly. "It—it wasn't his fault."

"It's out of my hands," Captain McQueen assured her. "And even if it weren't, I'd fire him in London anyway. What else do you expect? He hasn't paid attention to his work since you came on board. And last night, after being expressly forbidden to go ashore, he went ashore. Last, and worst of all, he created a scene on the Avenida de Mayo and knocked Mr. Anson down. Mr. Anson was arrested. He couldn't speak enough Spanish to explain himself, and I can tell you he's out for somebody's hide."

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"He was drunk," said the girl calmly. "And he was insulting me. I'm glad Mr. Hendricks knocked him down."

"Ah," said Captain McQueen, taken a little aback. "You say he was insulting you?"

"He was. And he'd have gone a lot further, I imagine, if he hadn't been stopped."

There was a long pause and Captain McQueen coughed several times.

"Well, anyway," he said at last, "there was no need to knock him down."

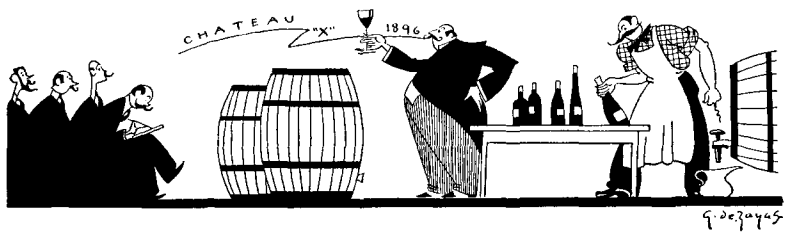
"Why, Father!" the girl said reproachfully. "Do you approve of his insulting me? He told me that decent women never accepted the escort of sailors. That plainly means I'm not decent."

Captain McQueen mopped his bald head.

"Well, he shouldn't have said that," he conceded. "Still—" His wrath grew again. "Hendricks is through, finished, broken. You can't hit the owner's son and get away with it."

"Father," said Helen McQueen incisively, "there's no use beating about the bush. I'm not going to marry Mr. Anson and I am going to marry Tom—I mean Mr. Hendricks."

(Continued on page 48)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Wine tasting is a highly developed art. Some experts are able to tell not only the type of grape used and the district in which it was grown but also the year when the wine was made.

One of the most romantic memorials in the world today is the "Fountain of Tears" in Bakhchiserai, Russia. Erected by a Tartar ruler to express his grief at the death of a captive Polish princess, it has "shed a tear"—a drop of water—once every minute for the past 300 years.—*By Fania Barzeilo, Ocean Park, California.*

During the World War many spy schools of Europe took every precaution to prevent their students from knowing one another. They were pledged to conceal their identities, made to arrive and depart from buildings several minutes apart and obliged to don masks upon entering the street doors.—*By Mary Scrotskey, Zemelj, Yugoslavia.*

One of America's unique institutions is Skidway Slim's, a large restaurant for hobos near the depot in Fresno, California. Its many services include a "balloon" (blanket) check room, a recreation room and an announcer who "calls" all freight trains 15 minutes before their departure.—*By Archie Thorson, Bay City, Michigan.*

The most famous horse in the annals of the racing world is Eclipse, foaled in England in 1764. Not only did he win every one of his races with ease but during the 23 years after his retirement he sired 344 winners, one of which was able to command a stud fee of $2,500 for more than nine years.

All the cut diamonds owned throughout the world from the earliest times to the present day could be packed in a box no larger than six feet wide, eight feet long and three feet high.—*By Henrietta Desgrey, Yonkers, New York.*

Broadcasting is not new. In 1893 the "Telephon-Hirmondo" in Budapest was transmitting news, weather reports, market quotations, lectures and music over the telephone from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M. for a large number of subscribers.—*By Charles Malcolmson, Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

Contrary to the general impression, few persons successfully disappear in or run away from New York City. The Bureau of Missing Persons has located—either dead or alive—294,000 of the 300,000 individuals who have vanished in this city during the past fifteen years.

In the seventeenth century in Italy it was not fashionable for a married woman of the higher rank to be seen with her husband outside of her home. When she attended balls, theaters or other amusements, she was always accompanied by her *cicisbeo*, a hired male escort.

In the towns and villages throughout Japan, tablets on the front door of each home usually disclose five facts about the household. In addition to the street number, they show the name of the family, telephone number, fire insurance certificate and the police seal of approval on the sanitary condition of the place.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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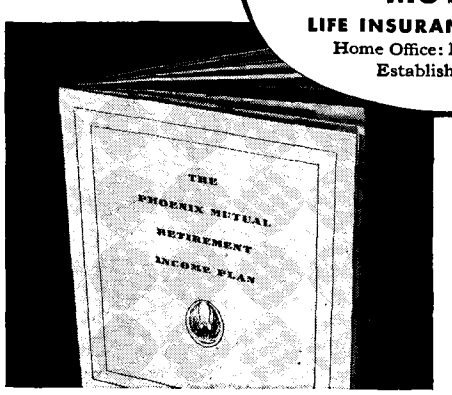

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(Continued from page 47)

Captain McQueen mopped his bald head again and then shook it slowly.

"I was afraid of that," he muttered to himself. "Very much afraid." He stared at the picture of his dead wife for a moment and pursed his lips. "You'd better get such ideas out of your head," he said aloud. "You don't know what you're talking about. Marry a second mate? Don't be a fool. You'd be worn out and an old woman in ten years. I know."

"How do you know, Daddy dear?" Her voice was soft.

"Never mind how I know!" he snapped. "You just forget this nonsense."

"But you won't let Mr. Hendricks lose his berth, will you?"

Captain McQueen coughed, blew his nose and readjusted his spectacles.

"I'll make a bargain," he said at last. "You be nice to Mr. Anson and I'll do everything I can to get him to overlook this incident. It's for your own good, child."

"I know," she whispered. "I know you mean that. But—but you don't understand." She ran suddenly out of the cabin and locked herself in her own room. Captain McQueen stared bleakly before him and then blew his nose again.

"Don't understand, don't I?" he muttered. "And you think I don't understand!"

He was interrupted by the mate.

"Nice little mess, sir," he suggested. "Have you seen Hendricks?"

"I've seen him," assented the captain grimly. "And I've told him things. Anson wanted him paid off here and now, but I talked him out of it. What's the crew think about it?"

"Everyone wants to buy him drinks," reflected the mate, trying hard not to smile. "It was only a question of time until someone took a poke at him anyway. I mean Anson."

"That's not the way to talk of the owner's son, Mr. Simpson," said the captain sharply. The mate became the mate at once.

"Of course not, sir. I'm sorry."

"Well, don't let it occur again."

On the main deck the mate ran into a strangely cheerful second.

"Well, you've made a fine mess of things," he said. "You came to me a green apprentice and I put you through to your ticket. Seems a crime to have all that work go to waste."

"Oh, things might be worse," declared the second, grinning. "They might very well be worse, sir."

"I'm glad you think so," said the mate, and he went away, frowning.

MR. ANSON was returning to the Dundee King in the small hours of the morning. He was, as usual, slightly fuddled, and he had had a delightful time. He appreciated the Buenos Aires liquor and he appreciated the Buenos Aires ladies, but a steady diet of gin *tonicas* does not make for stability and he was distinctly weaving as he made his way through piles of waiting cargo toward the gangplank. Still, he was glowing and the only thing rankling in his bosom was that Helen McQueen had once again refused his company.

"We'll see about that," he told himself. "We'll just see about that. Once that second mate's out of the way . . ."

He was unable to tell himself any more, for just then, as he passed between two piles of crated beef, something happened. He was aware that a large fist knocked him down. He was aware of hard breathing, of many men piling over him, and he saw the glimmer of a knife.

What followed then he never afterwards remembered clearly. He was kicked and scuffed about. He was banged against pilings and against cargo crates. His clothes were all but torn from him and large hands seemed intent on throttling him. He could hear shoes pounding away down the wharf and he felt a strong hand on his shoulder, lifting him up.

"You all right?" said a voice. "I happened to be taking a last smoke on deck, and I saw them jump you. You all right, sir?"

"Ah," gasped Mr. Anson, and he leaned heavily upon the other's shoulder and staggered up the gangplank to the deck of the Dundee King. In the dim light there he saw that his rescuer was Mr. Hendricks, and words failed him.

"I'll see about a report to the police at once, sir," the second was saying. "Better come and sit down in the saloon."

IN THE saloon Mr. Anson mopped at a bleeding nose and gratefully accepted a glass of whisky. He noticed that the second mate's jacket was torn and that a smear of red creased his cheek. It must have been quite a fight.

"What's all the racket about?" demanded Captain McQueen, suddenly appearing in his dressing-gown on the companion that led to his private rooms. "What is it? What is it?" He saw what it was and stopped.

"A bunch of dock rats jumped Mr. Anson, sir," explained the second mate. "I just got there in time."

"Must have saved my life," Mr. Anson panted. "I tell you they were going to kill me." He felt in his pockets. "They got my wallet. . . ."

"You'd better turn in a report to the police, Mr. Hendricks!" snapped the captain.

The second mate nodded and disappeared. When he returned he found the saloon full of excitement. Helen McQueen was there, bathing Mr. Anson's battered face. The mate was there, tugging thoughtfully at his ear. The chief steward was there with the medicine chest, and even as Mr. Hendricks entered the chief engineer waddled in.

"Yes, he must have saved my life," Mr. Anson was saying, feeling rather pleased at being the center of attention. "One of them had a knife and another was choking me."

"Well, you'd better turn in and get some rest," said the captain practically. "We can go into the affair in the morning."

He saw Mr. Anson to his cabin and was gone some time. After a few questions the chief engineer and the chief steward departed. Helen McQueen put her arm through the second mate's and smiled at the mate, who was eying them strangely.

"Clever," said the mate at last. "Whose idea was it?"

"Idea?" echoed the second, surprised. "What are you talking about, sir?"

"Mine," said Helen McQueen calmly. "And it cost us a hundred dollars. But we didn't expect them to take the wallet."

The mate stepped forward and rubbed his finger over the red smear that creased Mr. Hendricks' cheek. He looked at his finger and nodded.

"Rouge," he said. "Not bad, but I think I ought to tell the Old Man. It's not ethical."

"If you do tell I'll never speak to you again," said the girl. The mate smiled.

"Don't worry. I raised him from a pup, and maybe he's saved. But it's a moth-eaten stunt to pull."

"Who cares, if it works?" the girl demanded.

Captain McQueen came bustling back, beaming. "Fine work, Hendricks! I've had a talk with Anson, and he's grateful. Says he'll forget the incident last night. Told me maybe he was a little to blame and that he'd had too much to drink. He even suggested he might find you a berth as mate later on. You're a lucky young man."

"Thank you, sir," the second mate acknowledged, and he stared, unwinking, back at him. The captain suddenly noticed his daughter's arm linked in his second mate's arm, and his eyes grew frosty.

"I wasn't aware things had gone as far as this," he snapped. "Helen, go to your cabin."

"I don't see why," she protested. "We were married this afternoon."

CAPTAIN McQUEEN was still for a long time, and then he sank into a chair and mopped his head.

"All right," he said at last, waving them away. "I'll see you in the morning. I'm not up to it tonight."

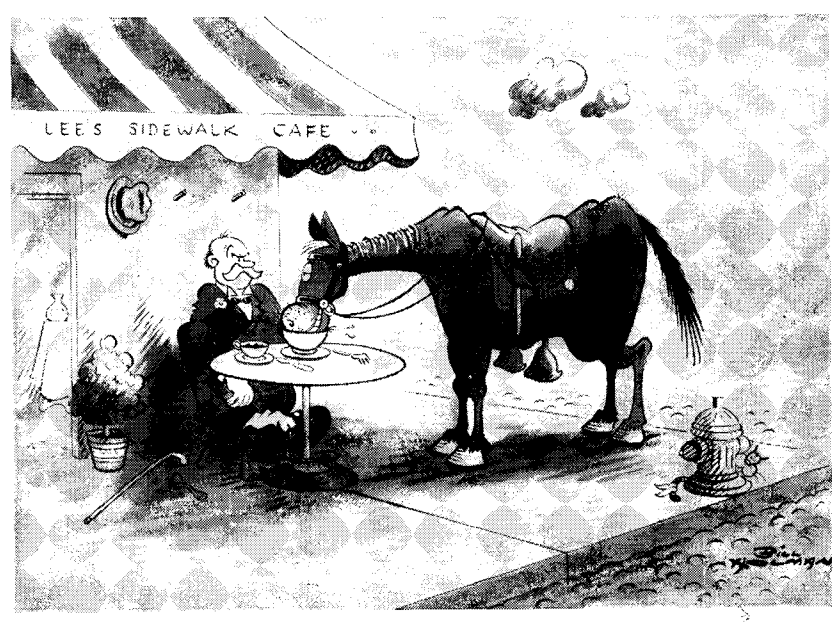
He was left alone with the mate then and the mate lighted his pipe and stared thoughtfully down at him.

"Well, it's done," he suggested. "No good howling about it."

"I was afraid of it," the captain muttered. "She takes after her mother."

"Why after her mother?" asked the mate curiously.

"You know damned well what I'm talking about!" snapped Captain McQueen, getting up. "And don't stand there gawking at me. Her mother was the same sort of fool. I was a second mate when she married me. Now let's go up and have a drink to celebrate!"



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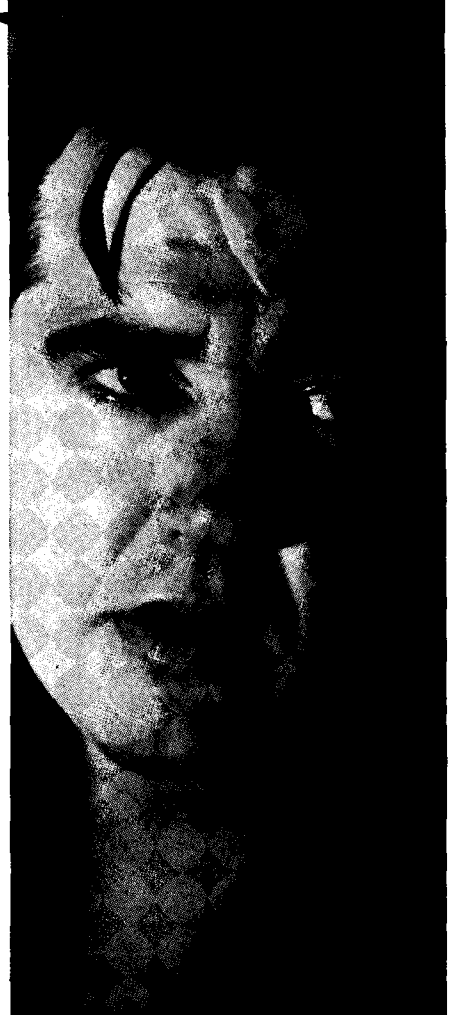

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The Terrible Twins

Continued from page 13

"Sure not. We'll work 'em with the bull they're teamed up with now."

"Who's we?"

Clancy stared.

"Why, me and Winnie. You can't leave Old Mom."

Pokey Boanes gulped.

"You mean—?"

Clancy waved his hands.

"All I know is what Platt tells me!" he argued. "Do I ask the Big Boss questions?"

Then he went on in triumph, leaving Pokey staring after him. This meant he wouldn't go with the act—after all, the contract merely stipulated Winnie Morris and three elephants. And if he wasn't there to act as a chaperon for an unsophisticated kid—

"You'll either work this afternoon or I'll bust your mainsprings!" Pokey Boanes growled to the Terrible Twins. But again Old Mom upset his plans. She was nervous and irritable and edgy. Whenever she trumpeted, it was with a note to cause concern even to the attendants—one could not blame the Twins for becoming skittish.

THE show was out of Montana now and in mid-western Wyoming, with two long runs before it. Friday and Saturday must pass without a chance at rehearsal; there would be late arrivals, long after noon, with the matinée canceled and only the big top erected for a night performance. It was galling to the bull boss, maddening for Old Mom.

Hour after hour she stood in the closeness of the bull car with two wriggling little demons fastened to her neck chain. They tangled and untangled. They threw their own food out of reach, and scrambled like starved beasts for hers. They got beneath her belly and scratched their backs until her under skin was raw. And they slept in shifts; one or the other was active throughout the twenty-four hours of the day. At last Sunday noon arrived after a twelve-hour southward run from Rawlins.

This was Scenicville, lying sprawled against a sheer upshoot of the Rocky Mountains, in mid-southern Colorado, little more than a rest-stop on the way into Kansas and southward through Oklahoma into Arkansas. Few performers even bothered to go out to the lot—there were picnics to be held, and scenic wonders, such as the Cave of Filmy Veils, the Seven Waterfalls, the Devil's Causeway and the Bottomless Pit. Circus folk liked a scenic place like this—off the beaten path, with few tourists and with roads not crowded by automobiles.

As for the workingmen, they had planned a clambake and beer-drinking contest—teamsters forced their horses to a trot to get the big wagons to the lot; tents rose miraculously, cages were spotted with unbelievable quickness. Then the activities died to nothing. The circus lot was deserted, except for a few Sunday afternoon onlookers, and the grouching attendants who had been forced to remain behind. The most disgusted of these were the elephant men, held over to help Pokey Boanes and Winnie with another rehearsal.

They got the punks into the ring, Old Mom standing dolorously to one side. Winnie gave the first cues; one of them was obeyed. Then the Terrible Twins decided to call it a day and walk out of the ring. An angry rumble came from Old Mom's throat, veering swiftly into a command to halt. The Twins squealed in rebellion and moved faster for the open. Instantly, Old Mom plunged forward, knocking Winnie over the ring curb in her rush. Her long trunk lashed outward. The blow caught Babe on the rear end, lifting her half across the ring, from which point she kept on going, Virginia joining her on a triumphant exit. An hour later the fixer paid for two broken fences and a ruined garden. The Twins, propelled by man power, came back to the circus. Old Mom, bug-eyed with sudden temper, had refused to go near them.

"So now it's you!" groaned Pokey Boanes, when at last the Twins were tethered. Old Mom weaving at her stake, Winnie gone to the hotel and the bull gang on the way to the clambake. Alone with his herd, the bull boss paced for a long time in contemplation of this final disaster. Everything was lost now. Clancy would be aboard the Limited when it pulled out tonight, bound for Chicago and a new bunch of elephants. With the thought of that, Pokey Boanes slowly and deliberately went into his lean-to and took a drink. Then he took another and a third. After that he decided that he might as well finish the bottle.

The afternoon became evening and merged to early dusk. Then the stars came out. One by one the animals began to drowse, all except Old Mom and the Terrible Twins.

The youngsters were still at their usual squealing restlessness. Every variation of sound hit a new discord for Old Mom; she had heard this without respite for days and she was sick of it.

Besides, this was Sunday night, with the rest of the herd half asleep and the menagerie tent unguarded. Time and again, on such occasions, Old Mom was wont to sneak from her picket pin and browse; merely wandering about the circus lot, or finding a good, big dust pocket and wallowing in it. Or moseying into the horse tents to a real stuffing of hay before the watchman found her. Tonight, there was even more incentive; the noises of the night called to her of surcease, of escape. At last she extended her trunk, its educated finger working dexterously at the loop of the quarter hitch which held her to her picket pin.

Slowly she worked, shaking the chain, at first gently, then with more strength. It began to loosen; the loop widened; the chain moved free from the stake. Old Mom looked about her. The Twins were intent upon each other, swapping blows and bellows over a wisp of hay. She took a step, safely. Then, as though the path were paved with eggs, she sneaked to the side wall, raised it with a flip of her trunk and went out into the free, open world.

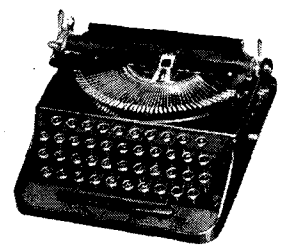
THE show grounds were a quarter mile from the edge of town; this was unfenced prairie, leading swiftly to the steep uprise of the main range. Old Mom headed for it, while, back at the show grounds, Clancy, Chicago bound, headed into the menagerie to say a gloating goodby to Pokey Boanes.

But he halted with a great idea. Pokey lay sprawled on a bale of hay. Across the tent, the Terrible Twins cheeped and chirruped and squealed. Clancy didn't even stop to notice that Old Mom was gone. He only knew that another rampage by Babe and Virginia could make matters even tougher for Pokey Boanes. So, with an exultant grin, he crept forward, pulled loose the clevis pins which held the legs of the baby elephants, then quickly ducked under the side wall.

A half-hour passed. Old Mom had reached the foothills; something of her

(Continued on page 50*)*

THE GIFT



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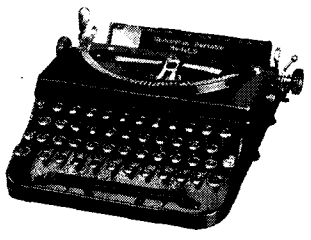

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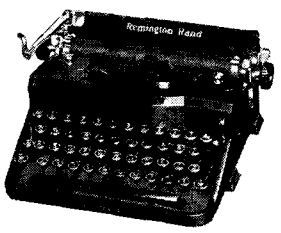

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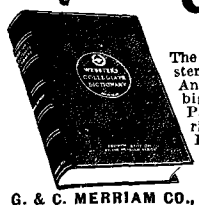

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(Continued from page 49)

old calm enjoyment of life had returned to her. She had tried a fillip or two of fresh grass. She had rolled in an old cow wallow, and she had paused to drink from a little mountain brook, finding it all extremely refreshing. Now she raised her trunk and shook wide her big jaws for a contented yawn—only to halt with her mouth open. There in the moonlight, not five hundred yards away, were the bouncing outlines of two bulbous figures, evidently on her trail.

She snorted. There came a squealing, querulous reply. Then in roly-poly fashion, Babe and Virginia came bobbing along, almost to Old Mom, in some sort of a joyous game which suddenly ended in a fight. Babe slapped at Virginia, Virginia squalled, backed up, ran into Old Mom, turned around and whacked at her with her tiny trunk, then scurried under her belly and hid. Old Mom wheeled to reach her. Virginia wheeled with her. With a bellow, Old Mom whirled a bit faster, Virginia did the same. Then, while the ancient herd leader paused to think it over, Babe came up and began an energetic scratching of her back against Mom's hind leg. Again Old Mom turned. Again both the babies moved as quickly as she did. It was maddening. Old Mom's trunk stiffened. She let out a whoop, gave a great leap to one side, and with the Terrible Twins forced into the open, swung a mighty blow at them.

She missed. As though they had been catapulted, the Twins had pulled in their rear ends and lit out for higher places. A trumpet call of rage roared from Old Mom's throat. Her great legs flexed; higher, higher she chased them. Her trunk was outstretched, quivering with desire to enwrap these maddening punks in its great embrace and scrape them on the ground until they squealed for mercy. But it was like shooting at a flock of quail; finally she stopped flat and blasted a command for them to come to her.

No punk ever had dared disobey that summons. It was threat and command all in one. But to the punks, scrambling higher and higher along the rocky range, it was about as important as a raindrop on a slate roof. At last, the old elephant threw a new note into her call—a queer mixture of pleading. The babies were almost out of sight now. Maternity had swung into command. These were her punks, to be beaten if necessary, true, but to be guarded always. Somewhat frantically she started anew on their trail.

Again she caught up with them. Faint bulks of silvered gray, the three went up the moonlit mountainside.

HIGHER, still higher they went; at last Old Mom veered suddenly with the realization that she almost had gone over the edge of something. She trumpeted querulously and looked downward. Almost at her feet was the break of a long decline of shattered shale; it ran downward, at last to be lost in darkness. To the right and to the left were sheer pinnacles of black buttresses; across the chasm the serrated outlines of a gigantic rock slide sprawled downward to meet the soft shale, two hundred feet below. This was the Bottomless Pit, flanked by the Devil's Causeway, a constantly narrowing upraise leading to pinnacles which even a mountain goat could not scale. The Twins, quite carelessly, were ascending it, at last to halt in sudden fear.

A swordlike ledge of rock was the only footing ahead of them. Old Mom blocked the route behind. A lake lay below on one side; the shale threatened from the other. A note of triumph came into the herd leader's trumpet call. Victoriously she started forward.

Ten cautious steps and she halted, blasting for them to come to her. Only excited chirrups and uneasy padding of tiny feet answered her. Again she moved, her steps a synchronization of slow-motion precision. Then she slapped her trunk against the ground and thundered a raging command.

Wildly the Terrible Twins circled. A broken rock slipped from beneath their feet and went splashing down into the lake; they pulled back in spasmodic fear. Then Babe butted into Virginia; squealing, Virginia retaliated with her trunk; forgetful of their surroundings, they lunged into another of their incessant squabbles. Nearer the shale edge they went and still nearer, while Old Mom bellowed with a quick, high-pitched note of fright, merging swiftly into anguished warning. The pair had reached the shale slide, scrambled frantically in the uncertain footing, then, bawling their terror, tumbled over the edge!

The mountains shivered with the echoes of tumbling bodies, bawling voices, the clatter of loose shale, slithering down into the pit below. Old Mom could only stand there, trembling and chirruping. At last there was a long silence, followed finally by a very faint, very frightened whimper. Old Mom chirruped sadly and looked about her. She did not know what to do.

The same could be said for Pokey Boanes, now awake, and sitting disconsolately on the bale of hay in the menagerie tent. Where Old Mom had been was only vacancy. And where the Twins had rocked and squealed and wriggled were only empty stakes. At last, with a hand to his head, the bull boss found a lantern. Then, uncertainly, he went out of the tent to pick up the trail.

But Old Mom knew nothing of that. Neither did the Terrible Twins, crying their fear in the blackness of the Bottomless Pit, which, after all, wasn't bottomless at all. Terribly frightened, badly skinned up by their ricocheting descent, they now merely stood facing each other, at first whining and then veering into mad attempts each to outbawl the other. Far above, Old Mom heard them, and chirruped again. She moved cautiously, nearly to the edge, tried the shale and drew swiftly back. Then she stood weaving for a long time, her trunk whacking the ground at quick intervals. Finally she turned, and slowly began to make her way around the moonlit trail to the other side of the pit, where ran the rock slide.

The sounds which now came from below were different from any the Terrible Twins ever before had uttered. The old effrontery was gone from their voices; the tantrum-like bawling, the snorty bellows and snooty gusts of temper. Alone, much frightened, their tough little skins badly bruised, they were only two babies in an exceedingly tough spot.

OLD MOM reached the rock slide and hesitated. Trumpeting querulously, she tested the first giant slab of granite. It seemed solid. She moved to it and, pushing out a big foot, once more reached downward. Again there was solidity; granite piled on granite, this slide had lain a thousand years since the one great break which had dislodged it. But Old Mom didn't know that.

Now halting to signal steadiness, now moving with all the fine sense of distance and balance that only an elephant can have, she slowly moved out of the brightness of moonlight into shadows and then into semi-darkness. There were times when she stood, minute after minute, impotent, whipped. Once, shuffling her feet upon a narrow footing, she turned slowly as if to go back. But that incessant crying from below held her. After all, they were her adopted babies.

Again she began the descent, slowly, ever so slowly. Lower she moved, until she was out of the range of light from above. Deeper, deeper; seventy-five feet, a hundred. A rock broke loose; she scrambled back in terror, and edged about for a new trail. A hundred and fifty feet; now she could see the punks. In queer cooings she began to talk to them; breaking her reassurance with sudden gusty blasts of uncertainty, then returning to steadiness again. At last, weak-kneed, she bent on the last rock and dragged off her hind legs in a nonchalant gesture. She was at the bottom,

"Your mother tells me you been a little frisky today"

William Steig

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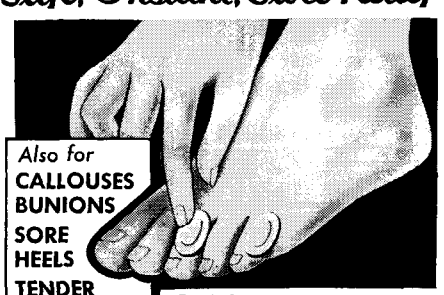

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and there were the punks, scrambling to her. She issued them no welcome. Flustered grand-dame that she was, temper had returned, after much anguish.

Far away, the aching head of Pokey Boanes was jarred by the sound of tremendous squallings. Then would come a roaring trumpet call from Old Mom, the faint sound of a whacking blow, and renewed tremolos of anguish. His lantern bobbing, he began to run. The noise continued.

Old Mom was taking toll for all the worriment these baby demons had brought her. She had them where she wanted them, where she had longed to have them; there might never be another chance. Vainly they tried to elude her. She whacked Virginia until she became tired of it, and turned to Babe. Then she caught them both with swift flailings, or picked them up in her big trunk, and whacked them down again, while from her throat came an incessant jabber of elephantine scolding. Finally she paused, and thumped her trunk on the shale. She blasted a command to come to her. Instantly they obeyed; in a mad scramble. They ran beneath her spraddled legs. They cooed. They whimpered and cuddled close. Slowly Old Mom lowered her head and butted them toward the first small rocks of the ascent. They whimpered and drew back. Shale scattered from her low-slung nostrils as she blasted her displeasure. The punks made no more resistance.

A grueling hour passed. High above a light twinkled. Gaping, the bull boss leaned over the edge of the rock slide and stared below. Tiny bulbous figures were halting, reaching for footing, failing, then succeeding, as a great head boosted them upward. Foot by foot, minute after minute, the progress continued.

"Steady, Old Girl!" called Pokey Boanes softly. "Steady, Old Baby!"

A glad call answered him. After all, Old Mom was herself lonely and frightened. Again Pokey called to her and a dozen times more. At last Babe, scuffling and panting, sighted the bull boss and squalled with terror. Old Mom blasted her displeasure and Babe was silent. Foot by foot the ascent progressed; finally the Terrible Twins were on solid ground again. Old Mom was ten feet behind them, still in the pit.

THEY squealed their joy. A cavorting step came into Babe's gait; she started away, Virginia after her. Instantly a roar of command enveloped them, sounding from the rock slide. They halted. Meekly they came back to the edge and waited.

"I guess that'll be about all out of you," said Pokey Boanes and began to figure on an exceedingly secret return to the circus. The next day, with their hides neatly oiled to cover the marks of bumps and scratches, Babe and Virginia trotted obediently beside Old Mom into the training ring. It was quite amazing to everyone, especially since there had been no hint that the beasts had ever been away from their picket pins. Mr. Platt dropped by, pulling excitedly at his turkey wattles.

"I say!" he began. "I don't see how it happened! Why, Clancy said—"

"Nuts to Clancy," remarked Pokey Boanes. "He don't know bulls."

Débutante's Man

Continued from page 21

not to be entertaining, but to be entertained; and if he's not, he doesn't fail to say so. He is extremely critical of the music and the liquor. If the latter doesn't flow freely he leaves in disgust. He likes to brag about not knowing the name of his hostess, he never dances with the débutante who is being presented unless she is a particular friend. He is always conscious of being pursued and takes pleasure in reporting the telephone calls he receives from girls, although he eagerly accepts their invitations.

He is delighted when his friends get drunk. He guides them to the men's room, pours water over their heads, attempts to keep them out of fights, sees that they get to a hotel. And the next day he tells the story to anyone who will listen.

An Answer to Whose Prayer?

He knows nothing of current art, music, literature. He takes little interest in politics or world affairs. When conversation moves away from the sport zone, Broadway, or the sphere of his immediate activities, he sits by politely and dumbly. He feels no embarrassment at his inability to contribute to the discussion, merely boredom.

He always comments on a girl's figure, he is critical of her clothes. He doesn't like the ingénue type, she must look "smooth." He rushes the girl who is amusing, a good dancer, a "good sport." His definition of the latter is a girl who will tolerate everything he says or does, who never "folds" on him, who always drinks with him, who is ready to go places and do things. He rarely sends her flowers and is unversed in the art of flattery, his compliments being limited to "You're a good egg," or "You've got a swell body." He prides himself on his extreme frankness.

He takes a girl out for the sole purpose of giving himself a good time. He has no protective attitude toward her; he expects her to be able to take care of herself. He will not hesitate to disappear from a party until the end of the evening; or in a night club, a speakeasy, to excuse himself from his table and wander over to have a lengthy conversation with a friend. He is as apt to take her on a party with chorines as girls of her own class. He protests vigorously if she wants to go home when he is having a good time. Sometimes he takes her, making it apparent that he is doing a tremendous favor; other times he allows her to go by herself in a taxi. He doesn't hesitate to get drunk when he is with her and stubbornly refuses to allow anyone else to drive his car. To prove he is "all right" he invariably drives as fast as he can.

No matter how outrageous his conduct, he adopts an amused attitude toward it, and takes it for granted he will be forgiven. He seldom writes a letter of apology; he merely appears at the girl's house (after a sufficient lapse of time) as though nothing had happened. If he is not forgiven, he laughs about the fact that he was "kicked out" of the house, and tells the story in such a way that the girl is presented as ludicrous and narrow-minded.

His chief delight is to brag about girls making passes at him. He is gullible, due to his excessive egotism. He affects a cynical attitude toward girls; he derides them as gold diggers, schemers, liars. He regards marriage, however, as inevitable. His attitude is that he can't escape being "hooked." He can't. He is. He falls in love and he loves it. He is the Débutante's Man.

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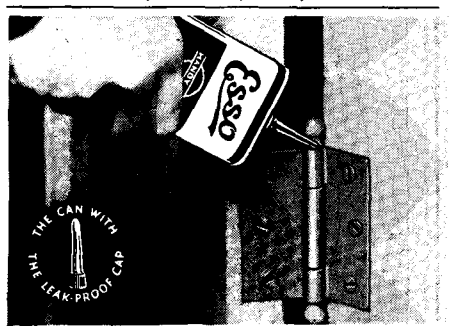

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Stuffed Shirt

Continued from page 8

real—and art is truth—and the cheap molasses you hand out has neither life nor art—truth nor reality. It's just the expression of a stopped brain. In all Hollywood there isn't a man with the chances you have to learn something and express it. And what do you do with 'em? Nothing. Lord! I pity you. For sooner or later a lie is found out. And then what?"

Raynor Galt heard her to the end. Then he said:

"Tell Mr. Oppenshaw that Miss Faye is to be blacklisted in every studio on the Coast."

"Don't worry! I'm through all right," said the girl.

He had a glimpse of a hungry little profile disappearing through the door in the set. . . .

Later, driving toward his home in Beverly Hills, he thought of Sheila Faye.

"Art is truth!" she had dared to say. "And sooner or later a lie is found out." And she had lectured him as if he were a schoolboy.

She had stirred memories of old days in a Paris studio when words like that had meaning and sincerity; when, in search of truth in tone and form and color, every brush mark, to quote his old master, Jean Paul Prideau, must be "a pain."

WHAT right had she to stir such echoes from the past?

He would tell his wife about her when he got home, and Elaine would shake her head and ask, timidly, if there had been any need to go so far. Wouldn't it have been enough if . . . ? Curiously soft-hearted, was Elaine. Tears sprang from her eyes on such little provocation.

He found himself resenting Elaine—her weakness—her uncomplaining readiness to take second place. Why couldn't he find a woman who was a help?

The car stopped at his house and he went in.

Elaine was not downstairs, and he sought her in the bedroom.

A note tucked into the mirror caught his eye, and he frowned at it. His first wife had conveyed the news that she had left him through the agency of a note tucked into the mirror. She said she would have liked to tell him personally, but that he was such a bad listener.

There was a strong resemblance between that letter and the one he now opened. Elaine had written with a force and purpose with which he would never have credited her.

So she had gone too—on the road to Reno, City of Swift Divorce.

One phrase stuck in his throat:

"I shall not apply for alimony. I don't want anything to remind me of you."

There were other unwelcome phrases.

"A man who appreciates nothing and looks forward to nothing. Without a single human instinct or any kindliness—"

And the last lines: "It would be waste of time to wish you happiness. There can be no happiness where there is no feeling. You may not know it, Raynor, but you are dead."

"It's a lie," he said aloud, and went to the mirror and looked at himself.

He saw a face that was almost boyish.

"It's a lie!" he repeated. "I'm alive—very much alive. I'll prove it—I'll . . ."

What? He asked himself what he would do to prove it? The answer eluded him. He had done all there was to do. Life had nothing more to offer. Then he *was* dead.

Panic seized him and he crumpled with his head in his hands.

"I have been found out!" he moaned.

But he was not thinking of Elaine, but of a girl with a hungry profile and a pointed, resolute chin. She had laid a curse on him—the curse of knowing himself.

"I must find her—*must* find her," he said.

But when he arrived at the apartment where Sheila had lodged, he was met

She saw that he was not a stranger but one of the students

by the news that she had left Hollywood for good.

It was not so much the will to find her as to discover his own emotions that drove Raynor Galt to Paris. Only one man knew where he had gone: Ainsley, in whose charge he left his affairs.

"I shall live," he said, "on ten dollars a week."

But as an emergency ration he caused ten thousand dollars to be deposited at the Crédit Lyonnais in Paris.

Then Raynor Galt went aboard a tramp steamer at San Diego and grew hair upon his face and vanished behind it.

Raynor Galt's appearance at the Atelier du Garde in the Rue du Dragon was unattended by the embarrassment of a *nouveau*. In consequence he was not appreciated. The *massier*, head student and chief organizer of the studio, greeted him with an address in which cynicism and a suggestion that he should provide hospitality for his fellows were nicely mixed.

"Monsieur's beard alone marks him as an artist of attainment. We shall consider whether, as a host, he is equally gifted. *Au bar, Américain! En avant!*"

The entire personnel of the studio trooped across to an adjacent café to make wassail and whoopee.

It amused Galt to observe the height and abundance of their spirits. Chairs and tables were dragged out into the roadway and the traffic was blocked. Cries as of Indians at war pierced the air.

He was not abashed when called upon to mount a table and sing. The yes-men of Hollywood had said that his singing was delightful. His fellow students were of a different opinion. Under a barrage of squeals, cat-calls and sounds less reputable, he was driven to cease. He did so with an ill grace.

"If you haven't the civility to be quiet," he said and stepped down.

Which was the reason for his clothes being removed from him and his body painted a startling green. It also explains why, in a state of mental and physical disorder, he fled from the studio to a cable office.

Here he wrote a cable to Ainsley and, to his everlasting credit, tore it up again.

Was it not to recover some such emotions that the experiment was being made? Seeing him in the turmoil and rebellion of his present mood, could Elaine, or any other woman, truthfully have said of him, "You are dead"?

THE manner in which models are engaged to sit in a Parisian atelier is traditional. They wait until the sitting model is given a rest, then mount the throne and assume a pose. A vote, accompanied by jests and criticisms, is taken. If the candidates are successful, their names are entered in a book and they are told when they may be wanted. If unsuccessful they are hooted out of the studio and derisive groans accompany them into the street.

Inured to the summary methods of a Hollywood casting office Raynor Galt found nothing to distress him in the practice. He did not bother himself about it, until one day he found himself bothering very much indeed.

He had almost forgotten Sheila Faye until he saw her standing on the model's throne. She was wrapped in a Spanish shawl and had adopted the semi-defiant pose of the hot-blooded South. It needed no more than a passing glance to see that she was ill. Her eyes, smutted with the brown of fatigue, looked wearily upon the company as though indifferent to their opinion.

Somebody laughed and another cried, not unaptly, "Here is a bird without wings!"

Then some of the younger students started to stamp their feet rhythmically. A colorable imitation of a bassoon smote the air. More laughter—a yell of protest and a crash as an easel went over.

Normally a small man, the *massier* seemed enlarged by indignation.

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"Fools, monkeys, parrots!" he cried. "Do you not know that this girl was the best model in Paris?" He sprang to the throne beside Sheila and coiled an arm round her. "I myself engage you for the month. There will be no vote. Tomorrow, then, at eight."

With an arm still round her he led Sheila from the studio.

Raynor Galt stepped aside to let them pass; there was no recognition in the girl's eyes.

He left the studio early and purchased a canvas for his study of Sheila. He wished that it had been himself rather than the *massier* who had championed her; but then, he was nobody in the studio and it is not the Hollywood way to be a champion of failures. He wondered whether, during the sitting, he and Sheila would become friends. She had not recognized him, so there would be no obstacle to friendship.

That night he went to bed looking forward to something for the first time in years, but although they worked together in the studio for a week, with Sheila no farther away than the reach of his arm, an indefinable barrier prevented his addressing a word to her. She sat and he painted, and because, in work, he seldom taxed his conscience but followed the easy path, he found the task both simple and delightful. He wasted little time looking at the model but improvised forms and colors that Nature had never devised and would certainly have deplored. As a result what should have been a face of tragedy was represented as a bit of pretty rubbish, lifeless as a stone.

WHEN Etienne du Garde, the master, saw the study he screamed like a soul in purgatory. He called upon the stomach of a blue cat to witness his wrath. The students gathered behind him to listen.

"Have you once looked at that wretched girl and tried to translate the truth and the tragedy of her miserable existence?" he shouted. "No, and again, no. Have you suffered with her for one moment? No. Instead you have painted a lie in obscene pink. It is terrible!"

Galt took a knife from his pocket and cut the canvas into strips. Du Garde nodded approvingly. "Bravo!" he said. "Only for so long as we are able to be dissatisfied with ourselves are we truly alive."

"Tomorrow I will begin again," said Galt.

But it was too late. When he came to the studio another model occupied the throne. Sheila had gone. She had been taken ill. For the second time he had lost his chance. He had lied and been found out. They gave him her address, but he did not go to see her. He was afraid.

With the disappearance of Sheila from his horizon the weeks dragged on in a sad procession. It is an unhappy experience for any man who has been a leader to find himself reduced to the ranks. Sick of being a nobody, Raynor Galt determined to go back to California and success.

Chance was responsible for a copy of The Hollywood Reporter falling into his hands. In it was a criticism of the preview of his latest picture. Not an abusive adjective had been omitted.

The company had decided to scrap the picture and write off the loss.

"There is no question of renewing Raynor Galt's contract," he read. "The last piece of hooey from that source is dead and buried. Another big Hollywood director has had his bluff called and has faded out."

Never before had Raynor Galt felt so utterly alone. There had always been somebody to share his irritations in the past. Now there was nobody. One of his hands went to the breast pocket of his coat and fumbled for an address.

"I ask you to sit as a cocotte and what do you do?" said the artist with the shock of red hair. "You move, you sigh, your expression goes dull. Is there so little of the artist in you that you cannot act the part? For what do I pay you? To sit as a figure of despair?"

Sheila Faye shook her head.

"I used to be able to live a character, but . . . it's gone."

"Does that repay me for spoiling a canvas—for wasting paint and time? It is finished. Now go. You may take the coat and the hat. I give you nothing else. By my advice you had best wear them in the streets of Paris; although I do not think you will make more that way than as a model."

Sheila Faye did not resent what he said. Her dismissal was just. The power that once had been hers to steal into the soul of a character and portray it had been killed in a Hollywood studio.

She did not refuse his gift of the black and white check coat and the small scarlet hat. She was wearing them when she went quietly away. They looked strangely out of keeping with the small, tragic face.

On the pavement she paused to think. She had no money. Her rent was unpaid. Suicide was a coward's extremity. What to do? The streets? A small, scarlet hat and a check coat.

Then the pain in her side returned, gripping like the coils of a serpent. She started to walk fast—to escape from it.

By the doors of her lodging a man with a beard was lighting a cigarette. A cigarette might help to soothe the pain. She wondered if she dared ask him to give her one. Then she saw that he was not a stranger, but one of the students from the Atelier du Garde.

She stopped before him, her lips parted to speak.

His lowered eyes saw only the flair of a check coat.

"Not tonight," he said, and looked up.

She saw his eyes open wide and his mouth gape.

"Wait!" said Galt, rapidly. "I didn't mean to speak like that. I . . . I . . . didn't know, you see."

She shook her head and half closed her eyes as she felt the pain vanishing round one of its endless coils. The relief was exquisite.

"Yes," she said. "We have met before, haven't we?"

He nodded.

"At the studio."

HE DARED not give his real identity. He looked her up and down and frowned, for her appearance hurt him. She read the cause of his displeasure and put it into words—challengingly.

"You don't seem to like my looks."

"You've changed—it surprised me."

"There's generally a reason for things," she answered and took a step toward the doorway.

He checked her with a gesture.

"I—er—came here to talk to you."

She shook her head.

"If you want a model look elsewhere. I'm through with sitting."

"No, it wasn't that. I was . . . looking for companionship."

They moved away to a table at a café.

"What would you like to drink?"

"Oh, anything—that'll make me jolly."

"*Deux cafés*, fine champagne," he told the waiter and turned to her. "Suppose we don't bother to be jolly. I've a hunch that you don't much want to be."

Her mouth twisted into a wry smile and she flipped the brim of the scarlet hat with a thumb-nail.

(Continued on page 54)

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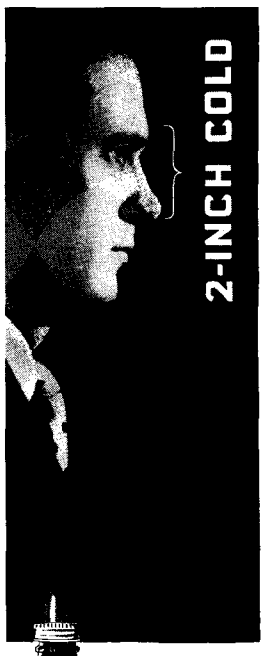

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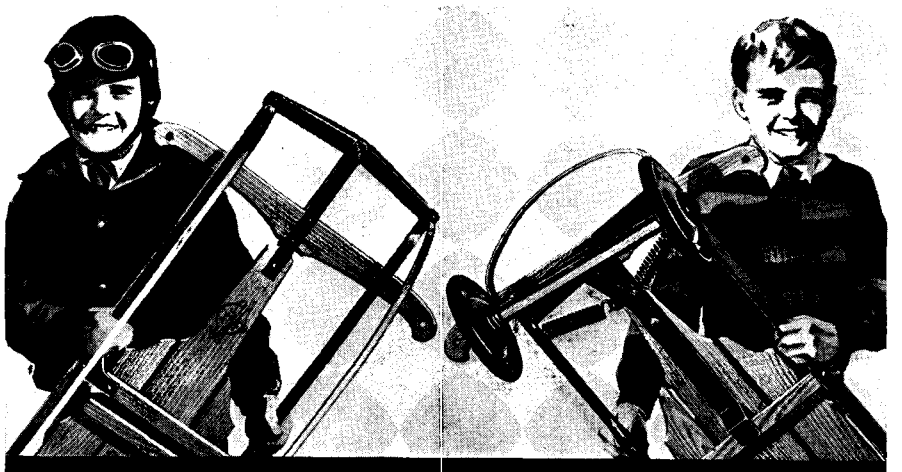

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(Continued from page 53)

"Take a look, brother, at the uniform of failure."

He frowned.

"How do you come to be . . . well, where you are tonight?"

"Honesty brought me here," was the strange reply.

"Honesty?"

"Uhuh! Telling the truth to a man. Honesty's great stuff, but . . . it doesn't always pay."

An uncomfortable sensation of guilt stirred in him.

With difficulty he asked:

"Who was the man?"

"A big movie director. I'd tell you his name if it'd do you any good. He wanted me to do a thing one way, but I wouldn't . . . couldn't. Cost me five hundred dollars and the only chance I'll ever get on the screen or off it. I've an idea it cost him a bit too."

"Why do you say that?"

"There was something about him in the morning papers. Seems he's disappeared. About time too. The picture was a terrible flop."

GALT got up and sat down again, abruptly.

"Anything wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing. This fellow! You're glad he's taken the rap, I bet?"

"Me? No. Why would I be glad? No sense wishing troubles on a man. He's plenty of his own by now. His wife ran away from him and, anyway, he was dead from the feet up."

Raynor Galt shut his fists.

"That's a . . . How . . . ? What reason have you for saying that?"

"He couldn't feel. That's being dead, isn't it?"

"If true, it would be . . . I suppose. You are lucky to have such a forgiving nature. If you were to meet this man now, what would you do?"

"Now?" she echoed, sadly. "I suppose I'd just have to pocket my shame and smile for him."

Raynor Galt banged the table.

"No," he insisted. "No. You couldn't. I won't accept that answer."

"But why not? Didn't I tell you I was honest? You have to do your best at whatever it is."

And, unexpectedly, she put her face in her hands and began to cry.

"That movie man deserves to be shot for bringing you to this."

She looked up, rubbed her nose with a handkerchief and tried to smile.

"I wouldn't shoot him. I liked him too well for that."

"Liked him?" he echoed.

"Uhuh! Women are contrary creatures. He tried to hurt me because he knew I was right and he was afraid of trusting anybody but himself. He knew I'd guessed he was letting himself down. Can you understand how a woman could love a man who was letting himself down?"

"No, I can't."

"It's knowing how much she could help him, if he'd let her."

"You wanted to help him?"

"You wouldn't believe! Sounds silly, doesn't it?"

"Sounds crazy. Why want to help a man who tries to hurt you?"

"What's being hurt matter? Without pain there's no joy." She stopped and started to button a glove. "Well, I'd better . . ."

"Please don't go," he begged. "Listen! How'd you like to go back to the States and make a picture?"

"I failed once; do you think I want to repeat the experience? Besides, where would you come in?"

He thought: "If she knows who I am I shall lose her."

"I'm not fooling," he said. "Say yes and by this time tomorrow I'll prove it to you."

She shook her head.

"Getting late," she said. "Thanks for the drink."

Raynor Galt dived into a pocket and pulled out a fifty-franc note.

"Suppose you took care of this for me?" he pleaded.

She flicked the note aside, angrily.

"Put it away till somebody's earned it."

"You have earned it and much more."

But she was gathering up her belongings and he knew that he was losing her.

"Sit down, Sheila, and listen to me."

At the name she turned and stared at him.

"How did you . . . ?"

"I'm the man who put you on the spot. I'm Raynor Galt."

She accepted the statement without question or astonishment.

"I knew the voice," she said, "but it was different—had lost that petulant note. This is funny! And what a coincidence!"

"Not altogether. When I left Hollywood it was with the hope I'd find you. After that scene at the studio I went to your apartment, but you'd gone. Ever since you've haunted me. I felt as though you had taken with you all my belief in myself."

She looked at him with a new interest.

"Sorry I'm not in a position to give it back," she said.

"But you are. I meant it when I made that proposal. You've given me an idea and something more."

"What more?"

"New vigor—a feeling that together we can do something tremendously worth while."

His voice had the enthusiasm of youth.

"How you've changed!" she said.

"I know it. I feel it. I was asleep, with success for a bedfellow, but I'm awake now and seeing truth. Well, do we meet tomorrow?"

"What's the use?" said the girl. "We're both out of it. Why fool ourselves? For us there is no tomorrow."

"I'll prove that to be a lie," he said. "Meet me here at noon."

But there was no credence in her eyes. He started to talk, to plead, but she held up a hand. The pain in her side was returning.

"I must go, now," she said.

Raynor Galt was dreaming at the café table long after the scarlet hat had vanished through the doorway of the house opposite.

NEXT morning he put through a trans-Atlantic call to Ainsley on the Coast. Ainsley was to rent a studio. The overnight idea had become a resolve. It was not Ainsley who replied to the call, but a female voice that displayed agitation when Galt gave his name.

Through a fog of "isn't it terribles" he learned that Ainsley had crossed the Mexican border, and with him, in a negotiable form, the entire fortune of Raynor Galt.

Save for a matter of ten thousand dollars at the Crédit Lyonnais, Raynor Galt was a ruined man.

It is to his credit that he did not rail or rave at his lot. He thanked his stars that there was still money enough to pay for a passage to the States, and tide him over for a bit. It would have been a pretty mess if he had been stranded in Paris without a penny to his name.

Then he remembered Sheila. From his waistcoat pocket he took the torn slip of paper on which he had scrawled her address and showed it to a taxi driver. "Take me there," he said.

At the house, he addressed the concierge.

"The American girl? Top floor. Door at the end of the passage. Go up? Why not?"

He made the climb, hating the place and its atmosphere.

Sheila was in bed. She opened a pair of feverish eyes as he came in, but said nothing. Her indolence offended him. His words came sharply and fast.

"I had great plans for us, but they have come to nothing. I'm broke. A man I'd trusted absconded with my money. There's no more to tell. I shall sail for America tomorrow. It's of no interest to you, but I wanted you to know. Goodby."

She pointed feebly to the carafe and Galt poured out some water and offered it to her.

Then she spoke huskily:

"Good luck! Hope you'll be all right."

Their hands touched as he took the glass. Her fingers burned like fire.

"Here! What's wrong?" he exclaimed, anxious as a lover.

"Little yellow ducklings on a pond," she answered, and smiled and added, "the lamp of youth *isn't* out—it *can't* be as long as a man can *mind* about a girl."

Raynor Galt went away and came back with a doctor.

"Acute appendicitis and influenza" was the diagnosis.

"But this is serious!"

"Very serious. If she is to be saved an immediate operation is necessary. By your leave I shall arrange for Jules Remartin to perform it."

Raynor Galt hesitated. It was a long time since he had had to consider expense.

"It may be very costly?" he said.

"Possibly."

Raynor Galt hesitated no longer. Personal considerations had ceased to weigh with him. All that he cared about lay in the corner of the room, babbling of yellow ducklings on a pond, and of a lamp that burned with such a warm, kind flame.

"Ring the man up," he commanded.

Later he rode in the ambulance that took the girl to a nursing home; and afterward he paced the Champs Elysées in an agony of apprehension.

NEAR the Arc de Triomphe he came face to face with his ex-wife. She recognized and made no attempt to avoid him; only she seemed mystified.

"But you've changed! You're a different man!"

"This beard!"

"No. You look . . . so human. Are you happy, Ray?"

"I'm miserable, if you want to know—and afraid."

She touched his arm. "I heard about the picture and . . . and other things. I'm sorry, Ray."

"Don't be. All that's nothing." He paused and looked at her. "You got your divorce?"

"Yes."

"You deserved it," he said.

"I want you to forgive that letter I wrote, Ray."

"There was nothing to forgive. You were right. I *was* dead, but I have started to live again and it hurts like—like the blood running back into frozen fingers."

"Have you any plans?" she asked.

He laughed at that.

"Have I? You wouldn't believe!" He looked at his watch and she saw him bite his lip nervously. "I must get back now."

"Goodby, boy," she said.

"Elaine, do something for me? Pray that a little flame won't go out."

"I will," she nodded.

She watched him go. Some distance from her he broke into a run. The rhythm of his movements was swift and eager.

Elaine sighed.

"Some woman will be happy because of him," she thought.

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Rolling down to Mexico

Continued from page 15

"We shall go to work immediately," he announced. He fixed gasoline and tobacco taxes as the sources of revenue. This sounded fine! But did Calles and the Mexicans mean business?

Within a few weeks more the government had purchased in San Antonio 2,000,000 gold dollars' worth of road-making machinery. It has purchased many more millions of dollars' worth since that day eight years ago. And it has been blasting a roadway out of the mountains, with machinery, dynamite and man-power, ever since.

When one truck was stuck, there were five to haul it out, or another to take its place. When they had to carry great steel panels into the mountains for their bridges they did a thing that had never been done before, resting one end of the panel on one ten-ton truck and the other end on another truck, thus connecting huge trucks into front and back wheels, and no one was hurt by the trucks not moving together at equal speed. Man-power was prodigious. And so was the individual driving power of one certain Mexican engineer.

An Engineering Miracle

There was one stretch of 174 miles of almost sea-level tropical land that lay between mountains. Impatient Americans from Texas and other southern points who had received word-of-mouth tips that an automobile could work its way to Mexico City with great effort and considerable risk were insisting back in 1932 on trying the dangerous trip. They were going in two- or three-car parties, wisely carrying their own food, water, gas, oil and spare tires. In dry weather that 174 miles of rich, black, tropical earth was as smooth, shining and hard as macadam; the best part of the trip. But in the rainy season it was an impassable quagmire. Little Salvador Toscano—he's only five feet high, but he's Mexico's greatest road-builder—didn't like to see the new traffic to his country stopped by such a little thing as the coming June-to-October rainy season.

"I shall build a provisional road of broken stone across this stretch," he declared to an American friend. Of course he received the approval of his chiefs, Francisco Leal, President of the National Highway Commission, and Leopoldo Farias, Director General of Highways.

Within thirty-two days, with the help of an army of Mexican workmen, he had laid out 174 miles of single-width road, with broken stone; broken, in many places, by hand. At regular intervals he widened the road so that two cars could pass. "Toscanito," they call this little road builder in Mexico. He is the pride of all Mexicans, for he was graduated from Mexico's own school of engineering in the capital. He's as brave as a surgeon. No problems defeat him. And yet, no matter where his roads may wind, he will never use more than an easy six-per-cent grade. You can always find your six per cent, he said, if you blast and cut enough and use enough bridges and hills.

Let's take the trip—say next October, when the highway is open full width, when the bridges and culverts are all in and the rainy season is over down in the black lowlands of the Huesteca regions in the state of San Luis Potosi.

We begin at Laredo, on the Rio Grande. The people of San Antonio would like to have us reach Laredo through their town, where the Mexicans have purchased many millions of dollars' worth of road-making machinery and highway supplies.

Here's a bridge which you cross into Mexico. And no passport is necessary; only a tourist's card of identity, given by a Mexican consulate. Over the river and you're abroad! Seven hundred and eighty-three miles ahead of you lies the capital of this new land of the tourist.

All sorts of climates lie before you in the coming three- or four-day drive. But in this distant beautiful Mexico City you will find the finest climate of all. You will see violets of early spring, roses of mid-June and the asters and golden rod of autumn, blooming side by side the year around. You will see cornfields growing all year, with corn on the cob on your table any day you wish it, and fresh strawberries at Christmas, Fourth of July, your birthday or any other old time. This is climate à la carte. Every morning is a brisk spring dawn. By noon you're in a hot July. Indian summer is your lazy hot afternoon and every night of the year you go home in your overcoat to sleep under at least two blankets through a cool October night.

We roll into Mexico, pass the customs, and swing out into one of the longest stretches of straight road in the world. We whiz along for forty-five miles without a curve. We're on our way to old Monterrey. It was founded and named a quarter of a century before our Pilgrims landed. Here the country is bare, like parts of southern Texas, but mountains aplenty are just ahead of you, less than two hours away—the Sierra Madres. First you see their dark outlines, then you begin to climb the foothills, then you are winding along their shoulders and soon you are at the famous Mamulique pass. Four miles of solid-rock blasting; a crew of 2,500 men; as much road machinery as room could be found for on the mountain sides; by these means this mountain-topping cut was completed a month after the engineers had laid out the trail. It's thrilling, this pass. But save some of your excitement for greater thrills than this in the mountains ahead.

Monterrey—and a Night's Rest

And now down the other side of the Sierra Madres to Monterrey. There are 150,000 people here. It's a factory town; the touch of the United States is all over it. I've said the road to Mexico City will not be safe as to grades and width of roads until after October, 1934. But the road to old Monterrey is open now, a complete and perfect highway. But you don't seem so very far away from home after all, when you're at Monterrey. That's why it will be a good place to spend the night, for the hotels are as good as those in any middle-sized American town. Besides, this was once an American battlefield. Here's the Obispado, once a bishop's home. Zachary Taylor bombarded and took it in the Mexican War in 1847. The French stormed it in 1864, when Maximilian was emperor. Carranza and Villa both used it to defend themselves. But you can play in the evening, if you don't care for sight-seeing.

When you eat, ask for game. Venison? Certainly. Wild duck? Wild geese? Wild turkey? Black bass? Trout? Yes. No trouble at all.

You've slept at an altitude of 1,500 feet; during the previous day you had climbed as high as 2,280 feet through Mamulique pass. But you'll think of that pass as part of the lowlands before

(Continued on page 56)

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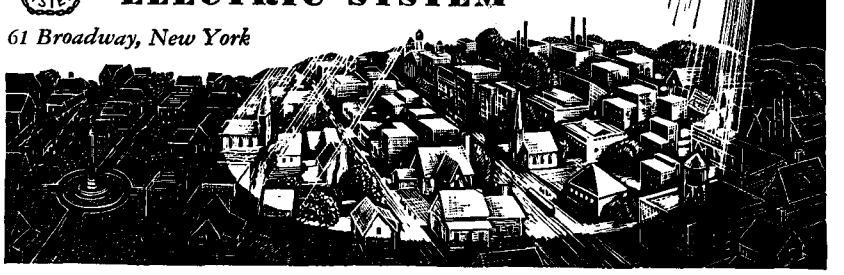

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(Continued from page 55)

you've finished the amazing 626.5 miles to Mexico City which lie before you. You'll dip into the deep tropics and then climb to the great Mexican plateau, over a mile and a half high, within the next two days.

Ahead of you, 180 miles distant, is your next important stop, the lovely tropical city of Victoria. It is the capital of the state of Tamaulipas. Let's talk about the roadway of this Monterrey-Victoria sector first and of the sights later. You sort of bump your way, as you do over city streets occasionally in your tours in our own homeland, for less than a mile, passing between the casino and the cathedral out of the city limits of Monterrey and joining the great highway. Settle down comfortably, for directly ahead of you, clear to the orange-grove-scented town of Montemorelos, lie 78 kilometers (you'll have to get used to these things) of uncriticizable pavement; about 48 miles, to you. The remaining 130 miles to Victoria is excellent gravel road of the Mexican standard width of twenty feet. You were just about level with the southern tip end of Texas, say the town of Brownsville, when you were at Monterrey.

In the Land of the Aztecs

But you'll come across the real Mexico, untouched by the United States and only slightly touched, indeed, even by Spanish influence, before you have dropped down twenty-five miles from that city. You're in for a surprise. You have been thinking of Mexico as Spanish, perhaps. But along this road you'll begin to see your mistake. These people are Indians! They are the Mexicans who have not changed from the time long before Cortez captured the Mexican capital.

Putting it down in figures, the population of Mexico may be analyzed about as follows: The total population is 16,000,000. Half a million are true Spanish, born in Mexico. Seven and three quarter millions are part Indian and part Spanish. But the remaining seven and three quarter millions are Indians, scornful of Spanish folk and immoderately proud of their ancient blood. Cortez never touched them except remotely through the church. And the saints they worship in almost idol-like fashion are, for the most part, brown saints; all saints of their own race. Very few of these people speak Spanish.

Here is one of the hundreds of corners of Mexico where a Spanish-speaking Mexican from one of the cities will feel himself as much a stranger among the Indian people as you will. He will not understand their speech, nor they his. The Mexicans, unlike us, have had no Custer's last stand, no massacres, no Indian reservation scandals, and it looks as if they never will. The white Spaniards may have conquered this land but they didn't whiten it. No wonder the country will seem foreign to you. Your motor car has taken you to a land of another race; of unknown races.

Here's Montemorelos, still on the paved road. You're in orange country. Come here between Christmas and May Day and the sweetness of the blossom odors will be almost more than you can endure. Soon you strike hilly country, rather bare in places, and then, to your amazement, you flash onto a great fine-arched steel bridge which crosses the lovely, tropical Purificacion River. With its approaches, it is almost nine hundred feet long. You spin along for another fifteen minutes and come to another extremely modern bridge. It is almost three hundred feet long. It crosses the Corona River. The dedication of these two bridges two years ago was marked by ceremonies in which the leading engineers of the country took part. It was a proud day for the nation's school of engineering in the capital which had produced the bridge builders.

You're now down even with the lowest tip of Florida—Key West. Within a couple of hours more you will be on a latitudinal level with the city of Havana.

This district is sparsely inhabited. There are one or two towns, like Linares (where, by the way, there lives an American physician), Villagran and Los Cruces, where in a pinch you can get oil and gas and some slight mechanical service if necessary. But you will feel more comfortable in this stretch if you have spare tires, spare oil, spare gas, some food of your own and your own drinking water. There's game here in abundance. Deer and bobcats. Lunch time may find you in the city of Victoria; the population is 12,000. There is a tourist camp here if you want to spend the night, or two fair hotels. You can telephone anywhere from here. You are at an altitude of 1,473 feet; it is only this height which prevents you from feeling the heat of the tropics, for you are now at the edge of the torrid zone, where the government will shortly erect a monument for tourists showing the line of the Tropic of Cancer.

Now you are farther south than Americans have ever before been able to go in uninterrupted journeys in their own cars. We've finished the 180-mile sector from Monterrey, and now to the next town. That's Valles. It's 235.3 kilometers distant. And here, leaving Victoria, there's another mountain to cross. Only the Mexicans call it a mesa —the Mesa de Llera. You climb seven hundred feet, around wide sweeping curves, and on the other side, when you come down after three miles of mountain-winding, you'll see with your own eyes that you are truly in the tropics. Here's real jungle, through which your splendid road has been cut. Great jungle trees are laced into almost impenetrable tangles by huge vines. You suddenly realize that things which you find only in luxury shops back home are here growing wild. Someone in the car will probably shout "Orchids!" And she'll be right; a tree smothered with them.

Parrots and noisy cockatoos, brilliantly colored, like those the sailors bring home in their ships from tropical ports, perch in the trees or flash through the branches. You see birds, unknown to you, of dazzling hues and strange cries; you don't recognize any of the trees. Among the grasses you see the plumes of real bamboo and where the jungle has not killed them off you will see great palms. You could turn to the left here and go on to Tampico, along the good road those Mexican soldiers started to hew out of the jungle with the machetes.

Real Mountains to Climb

But this isn't lonely deserted jungle about you. The Mexicans have learned how to raise sugar cane here. Former President Calles is in this business. At Villa Juarez, a little off the main road, there are 40,000 acres of cane, employing over 5,000 people. The sugar mill is new; one of the most modern in North America or anywhere else.

Here, between Villa Juarez and Valles, you leave the hills and go on a tropical level along the road that was last completed. It's a stretch of sixty-two miles with many culverts and fills and several bridges.

And now real mountains! You're beginning to ascend the great central Mexican plateau, where lies the Mexican capital.

On the mountain shoulders workmen first toiled with picks and shovels, hanging onto roots and shrubs, to hew out footholds for other workmen with dynamite who came after them. Shelves were blasted out of the solid stone by dynamite so that a large army with picks might handle the débris. Some of the shelves were made wide enough to hold great steam shovels which had been taken apart and were carried up to their perches piece by piece, sometimes by man-power and sometimes by burros and sometimes by small cars that could turn sharply and hug the inside turns. Once on a mountain-road shelf, driven at top speed, a giant shovel of this sort could eat away into the mountain side and widen several miles of dynamited roadway every day.

An Evening in Valles

This is the roadway you're on now. The mountain views of peaks and valleys are thrillingly beautiful. Wild game is all about you. Mountain lions, wild turkeys, deer, pumas and other "cats"—for until these road-builders came men rarely, perhaps never, went into these grim mountains. But the wild life scampers away from cars, the road men say. And here's Valles. It is small but a good place to stop; a railroad junction town, and civilized. The hotel is "possible." Evening in Valles is dreamlike.

After the day's ride through the tropics a cool breeze comes nightly from the Gulf of Mexico, 100 miles away. Everyone goes out—young, old, boys, girls, rich and poor—to stroll or sit in the plaza under strange great tropical trees, amid tropical flowers of a colored brilliance that we North Americans never see even in our best-tended gardens. And there's a native out-of-doors restaurant there—Dolores Lopez owned by the cook—which no epicurean Mexican traveler ever misses if he comes that way. It borders the plaza and I am assured that if you eat native dishes there you may be sure that you can never expect anything better to eat anywhere in all of Mexico.

Three hundred and fifteen miles now, from Valles, up to Mexico City. Here's a day's ride for you such as you've never had before. There are mountains ahead of you on which the snow is eternal and before sunset you shall see those two world-famous and exquisitely beautiful, eternally white-tipped dead volcanoes which brood over the Mexican capital—"és-tä-*see-wa-tl*" the "Sleeping Lady" and "po-po-ka-*teh*-petl," named by the Indians for goodness only knows what. Don't worry about the Mexican spellings, Ixtacihuatl and Popocatepetl. I've shown you how to pronounce them. But all that lies ahead of us for early evening, after a hard day's drive. We must climb to 8,600 feet above sea level, if we cross these mountains today.

Here, outside of Valles, running through river valleys, you go for thirty-five miles practically at sea level. In this sector you can ride up into Tancanhuitz, and can flash into the town which we Americans will surely call "Thomas 'n Charlie" because we won't be able to pronounce Tamazunchale any other way. We are in the Huesteca Indian country now. Until this road came to this town two years ago it was ten days away by burro, or afoot, along polished pathways worn in places a foot deep in solid stone by the travelers of a thousand years, from Mexico City.

But the town has filling stations now and all ordinary repair services for motorists; and several times a day the Indians must jump out of the way of the huge busses that come through between Mexico City and Tampico.

The climb begins here. You'll rise almost a mile within the next fifteen miles. No mountain scenery anywhere in the world exceeds this in beauty. You see your winding road for miles behind you. You catch glimpses of it ahead of

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you on the shoulders of peaks that are brushed by drifting white clouds. But these mountains you are climbing and the great plateau on which finally you will level out are not like the Alps or the Rockies, up in the colder temperate zone. These are equatorial mountains; they are hot-country mountains of the torrid zone. The great variation between the coolness of their heights and the heat of the tropical winds which sweep up their sides from below plays tricks of weather that are difficult for us Northerners to understand.

This climate with its varying daily temperatures and its fogs or hot white sunshine is so weird that you seem to be on another planet. There is something mystic about it. If you have come here between June and October, you are in the rainy season. But that, in these mountains and on the plateau, is not as bad as it sounds. It will rain for only about one hour every day. In Mexico City, day after day, I have seen the clouds rise quickly and the rain begin to fall amost exactly at four o'clock every afternoon. At five o'clock it would all be over. Hot winds, blown up from the coast at Vera Cruz, had struck the cooler mountain tops. At 5:30 the sun would be shining brilliantly again on a cleaned, cooled city.

Nothing to Worry About

Just as the "rain hour" came every afternoon in Mexico City, so, on this great plateau, it comes at varying times in the forenoon at some places, in the early evening at others, and in the depth of the night at still others. But between October and June, it rarely rains. These mountains are not, therefore, stony, bleak and bare, but covered with a richer deeper hue of green than you have ever seen outside of a hothouse.

Valleys of vast sweep, down below you in the torrid zone, are sparsely dotted with tiny, white villages. Your car heading toward the capital will be traveling, from time to time, along a shelf of smooth, solid rock, with a sheer wall of mountain on your right and a precipice perhaps a thousand feet deep on your left. But a firm retaining wall of stone stands between you and the startling edges. The nearer you come to Mexico City the higher your altitude grows. When you have only about seventy miles more to go your engine may, perhaps, be laboring. It needs more air, for you are now 8,300 feet high.

You drop five hundred feet within the remaining distance and roll into the mystic city of Mexico. Here is every comfort or luxury of civilization that you have the money to buy. There are its two dead, snow-covered volcanoes. Cortez found sulphur in one of them for making gunpowder. In this city he found Montezuma, a king ruling over a people separated from all the rest of the world, who had schools and universities, astronomy, mathematics, temples, a religion, a civilization and a culture all their own. And they had traditions of races who had existed ages before them. They had pyramids and the ruins of temples left to them by these strangers of a remote past, monuments as mysterious to them as the pyramids and the sphinx of Egypt were to the succeeding generations of mankind in Egypt.

Your car will take you easily to these monuments. It will take you down to the torrid zone at Vera Cruz; it will take you part of the way, through Amecameca, up to the clear-aired, wintertime climate of the two volcanoes. Or you may swoop down past forests of mahogany to the Pacific at Acapulco.

But this is no travel talk about Mexico City. I've got you here in your car. Enough to say that you will discover you are surrounded by wonders—by legends, sights, sounds, odors, perfumes and foods—especially foods—that you will never forget.

As Nelson O'Shaughnessy used to say—he was in the American diplomatic service and had wined and dined in all the capitals of the world—"Mexico City is the eatingest place on earth, for its vegetables and fruits are fresh the year round and wild game is more plentiful than beefsteak."

The road is not cement, all the way. But it is a good, wide road, with easy grades, well marked and safe. And, at this writing at least, it is far safer from bandits than some of the finest highways of which we proud Caucasians of the north may boast.

"Here comes the sergeant. Let's do that tricky triple twirl!"

Walter Schmidt

An invitation

TO EDUCATED MEN

In a literal sense, education covers a multitude of accomplishments, or one accomplishment well. But a true sense of education includes no provision for satisfaction. Its principal characteristics are an *insatiable desire to learn* and, greater still, the *practice of adaptability.*

Any man who is content with his present knowledge is not truly educated though his name may be inscribed upon diplomas and degrees be affixed thereto. If the desire to know more is not the beacon light of his mind, he has merely finished some course of study. And if he doesn't recognize *adaptability* as a moving force of life, eventually he is as out of date as the course of study he finished.

Today's problems are a constant challenge to men to demonstrate the power and practicability of education . . . to go forward with progress by modern methods.

The established procedure of a few years ago is obsolete. The man who holds to old methods and old-fashioned training is not making any contribution to a New Deal for himself. In fact, he is carrying an economic millstone round his neck! We suggest that present-day business leaders, who completed International Correspondence Schools Courses only a few years ago, ascertain if some regular or selected form of modern training cannot be of considerable help to them.

Other business leaders, college-trained, cannot return to the institutions where they received their training. The demands of business and advancing years restrain them. But they, too, can modernize their training, by spare-time study of I. C. S. Courses. Thousands of successful men are doing that very thing today. Why not follow their example? The instruction you will receive is the latest accepted by authorities in the subject of your choice.

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Fight for Honest Money

IN THE babel of voices talking about money, President Roosevelt unquestionably stands out as a conservative leader and influence.

His position is not easy. Not since 1892, when the Populist dam broke, have politicians been wilder and more foolish in their demands. Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma is the silliest. He is the leader of a congressional group which would outdo Soviet Russia in debt repudiation through the issuance of printing-press money. The President's great work has been to substitute sense for the insane dishonesty of the schemes which Thomas would force upon the country.

Prices generally have gone down after great wars. Thirty years elapsed before the money troubles precipitated by the Civil War were settled. Nobody wants to wait thirty years this time.

Everybody agrees that prices should be raised, since rising prices and prosperity are closely associated. Nearly everybody thinks that the way to raise prices is through money reform. Senator Thomas would make money with printing presses and repudiate the contracts underlying the government bonds. Others have had the same idea. As Russia and Germany proved, this is the sure road to desolation and national catastrophe.

President Roosevelt set forth a part of his plan in his famous radio speech of October 22d. Announcing his money policy, he described the goals he sought to reach through currency reform. These are:

1. To give work to the unemployed in agriculture and industry.

2. To make possible the payment of public and private debts more nearly at the price level at which they were incurred.

3. To restore a balance in the price structure so that farmers may exchange their products for the products of industry on a fairer basis.

Beyond these points President Roosevelt would prevent price fixing. He proposes a stabilization of prices with a dollar which will not change its purchasing and debt-paying power in the succeeding generation.

All debts were not incurred at the same time. The great increase came between the years 1922 and 1929. Dollars earned and saved in those years were loaned by the thrifty. Nor are all debts payable on the same date. Some have years to run before payment is due. In general, however, advocates of money change have selected the year 1926 as fair both to borrowers and lenders. Conditions generally were good that year. Employment was widespread and there was abundant money to lend. Borrowers who expected to make money with their loans also were numerous.

The task which the President has undertaken is, accordingly, to restore the buying power of the dollar to the level of 1926 or something similar and then to keep it stable.

In 1926 a dollar could be freely exchanged for 25.8 grains of gold .900 fine. Since last March dollars may not be exchanged for gold in this country. Private citizens may not lawfully possess gold except for use in industry or art. President Roosevelt has accordingly undertaken to control the buying power of dollars not for the moment redeemable in gold.

But sooner or later paper money must be exchangeable for something of value. Otherwise strips cut from yesterday's newspapers would be money. Everybody knows that in the long run dollars and all other good moneys will be worth some amount of gold. The practical question is, how much?

President Roosevelt thinks it unwise now to guess how many grains of gold a future dollar will buy. Dollars are of course exchanged for other commodities besides gold. Like other commodities the value of gold depends upon the supply and demand for it.

All of the great nations are now busily engaged in accumulating as much gold as possible. Our desire to save what we had, by far the largest supply in the world, induced the government to stop gold payments last March and establish a gold market late in October. Gold is being piled up against the day when admittedly it will be used.

Even now when we are legally off gold, the American paper dollar buys in Amsterdam or London about two-thirds of the amount of gold it bought last February. The explanation is our gold hoard in the Treasury and the Reserve Banks. If, as a nation, we had no gold our paper money would buy nothing. Without any gold reserve we would exchange commodities, trade eggs for calico, as in the old days.

With a tremendous gold reserve piled up in the Treasury and bank vaults, President Roosevelt is attempting to manage the buying power of the dollar so that it will be worth, roughly, what it was in 1926. For the moment and for domestic purposes the dollar is to be measured by the prices of 786 important commodities upon which the Department of Labor keeps books.

Even with this great reserve of gold, always potentially available, this is a vast undertaking. It is possible to manage a currency. Sweden seems successfully to have done so during the past two years. Currency is managed by buying and selling gold, by the manipulation of interest rates and by other intricate banking devices.

One great difficulty in this country lies in our lack of a unified banking system. We have forty-eight state systems and a national system. President Roosevelt's task would be greatly facilitated if American banks were organized in strong chains as are Canadian and British banks. His policy, however, is in purpose essentially conservative and constructive. The method is new but vastly to be preferred to the schemes of the wild men who would dishonor debts and degrade the money of the nation.

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